Collier's
TEN CENTS
JANUARY 20, 1945

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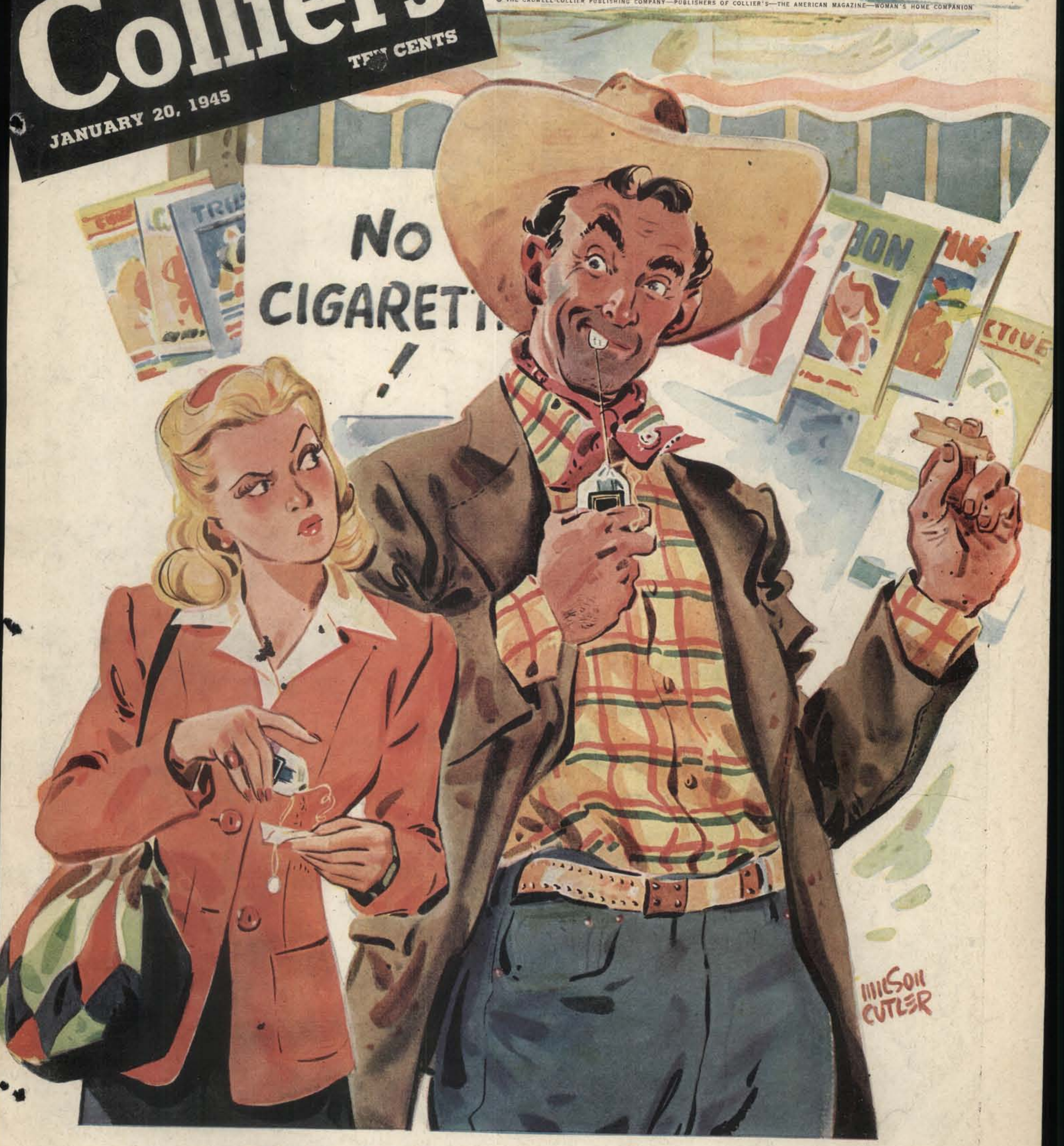

NO
CIGARETT
!
TRI
DON
CTIVE
WILSON CUTLER

REPORT *from* ITALY

By ARCHBISHOP FRANCIS J. SP

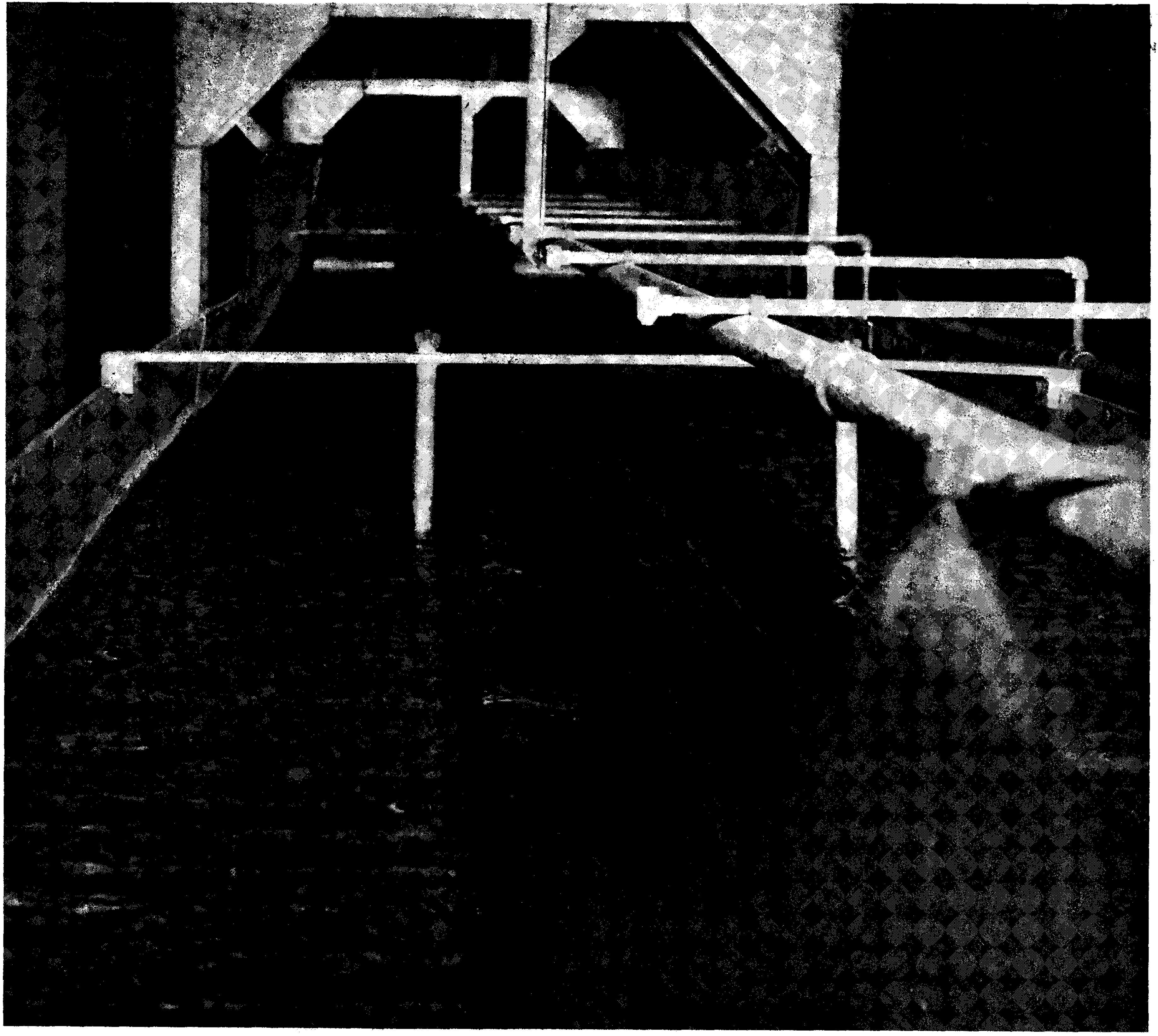
Jan. 20, 1945

First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
RESERVE
THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
RESERVE

Yours to enjoy
AT ITS PRE-WAR BEST

With its rare basic whiskies* drawn from precious pre-war stocks, Three Feathers is skillfully blended with the choicest of American grain neutral spirits. Three Feathers, at its pre-war best, is deservedly termed "First Among Fine Whiskies"!

FEATHER YOUR NEST... HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY!... Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. *The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. 12½% straight whiskey 5 years old, 12½% straight whiskey 6 years old, 15% straight whiskey 7 years old.



Where tire treads go swimming

No other rubber company makes tires this "odd" way . . . a typical B. F. Goodrich improvement

B. F. Goodrich engineers put a "river in a factory" to make tires that wear longer. Soft, uncured rubber for tire treads—the part that rolls on the road—used to be squeezed out through an opening, like tooth paste out of a tube. The opening gives the right shape.

But the rubber always had to be worked, or "milled," a long time before it was soft enough to squeeze through—and milling always takes some of the strength from it. Even the largest and best tire manufacturers had long accepted this as an unavoidable loss of quality.

Then B. F. Goodrich men developed a machine that *rolls* the rubber through the opening instead of squeezing it through. It can handle firmer, tougher dough, with much less milling. Then they added the water conveyor shown above, to carry the tread away from the machine. A continuous stream of rubber flows into the water and floats along with it—carried without being distorted or strained while it is still new and hot.

No other tire is made today with this new kind of tread. It's one of the reasons why B. F. Goodrich synthetic-rubber tires are wearing so well today. Another, of course, is the fact that B. F. Goodrich made and sold tires containing synthetic rubber three years ahead of every other manufacturer.

Continuous research at B. F. Goodrich has just one purpose—better tires—for cars, trucks, farm or special purposes. Because B. F. Goodrich all-synthetic tires are backed by this policy of constant improvement, they give you extra wear, extra safety, extra value. The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio.

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Picture
OF THE MONTH

"NATIONAL VELVET"

A CLARENCE BROWN Production

Based on the Novel "National Velvet"
by Enid Bagnold
Starring

MICKEY ROONEY
with
DONALD CRISP • ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Anne Revere • Angela Lansbury
Jackie Jenkins • Arthur Treacher

Photographed in Technicolor

Directed by..................*Clarence Brown*
Produced by...............*Pandro S. Berman*
Screen Play by *Theodore Reeves and Helen Deutsch*

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

It took a long time for M-G-M to get around to making the Enid Bagnold best-seller "National Velvet" but when they did it, boy, they did it!

This review is really two reviews because in the space of two days we have seen the picture twice and we are all set to see it again. It is just about the pleasantest and yet most exciting movie we've seen. In order to believe a reviewer, you have to know the kind of things he likes. We're the "Meet Me In St. Louis" type, the "Mrs. Miniver" type, the "Random Harvest" type but above all, the "National Velvet" type.

Clarence Brown, who had been planning to direct it for a long time, just waited until the right girl came along to play Velvet, the daughter of the channel swimmer. Velvet wins an unruly horse in a lottery, and carries him (or rather he carries her) to the Parnassian heights of turfdom. Elizabeth Taylor is her name and she is just right.

Mickey Rooney gives a truly important acting performance in this wonderful film. Indeed, the entire cast deserves praise and for special mention we single out Donald Crisp, Anne Revere, Angela Lansbury, Jackie Jenkins and Arthur Treacher.

Beautifully produced in Technicolor by Pandro Berman, who has an amazing contemporary record what with "Dragon Seed" and "Seventh Cross", the screen play by Theodore Reeves and Helen Deutsch has captured all the nuances of this picture which wins the sweepstakes.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer going into its twenty-first year has reason to continue its anniversary celebration.

We do not think that anybody in the country who is able to walk, see and hear will fail to attend "National Velvet." Many will go more than once.

Collier's
FOR JANUARY 20, 1945

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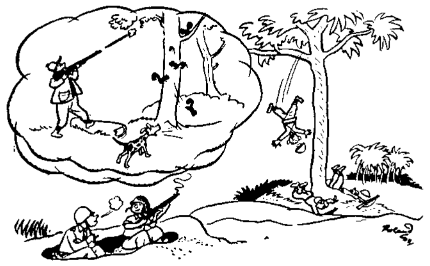
COVER *WILSON CUTLER*

any week

RECENTLY, we had lunch with Lieutenant Eddie Albert. Lieutenant Albert is one of America's best young actors (Brother Rat, The Boys from Syracuse, etc.), but lately he's been fighting Japs. He told us that on one of the South Pacific atolls he shared a foxhole with a Marine sharpshooter who was knocking Jap snipers out of trees like anything. Between Jap casualties, the lieutenant and the Marine chatted. Presently Mr. Albert asked the Marine how long he'd been in the Pacific. The latter carefully aimed at a tree a hundred yards away, pulled the trigger. "Two years," said he, as a Jap came tumbling down. "Homesick?" asked Albert. The Marine aimed again, fired. "Nope," he replied, as another Jap crashed. "Like it out here?" asked Albert, as the Marine aimed again. "Ain't complaining," said the Marine, as a third Jap hit the ground. "Guess you'd like a visit home, though," insisted Albert. The Marine drew a bead on a tree a couple of hundred yards away, pulled the trigger. A fourth Jap was through sniping. "Well, mebbe," said the Marine thoughtfully. "Mebbe long enough to get in a little squirrel shooting."



ROLAND COE

WE'VE picked out this week to feel sorry for all those who have not read Gertrude Stein's articles about the end of Nazi occupation of her French village—Liberation, Glory Be! In our dependable opinion they're the . . . But there, there. If you were so unfair to yourself that you missed them, we wash our hands of you. Scurry around now. Ask your friends to lend you those back issues of Collier's. Get going!

WE'RE also reserving a day to be indignant in. It's in behalf of a staff sergeant who writes from France after reading Harold Wayne's piece about G.I. divorces. "There are two sides to Mr. Wayne's article—one side skipped too lightly to suit us. What about us who have been overseas a year or so and suddenly hear that we are 'now separated'? After fourteen months of sending home $96.20 every payday, I find my wife leaves me because of nonsupport. What's more, I can't apply for divorce. The Army legal department says I have no reason."

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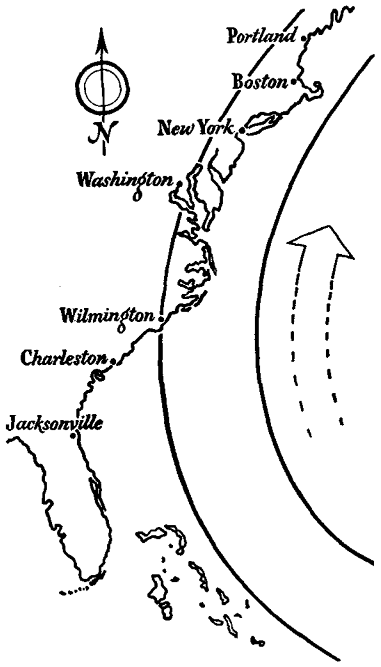
Seven million people saw their homes blacked out



This shows the hurricane's path as it tore up the Atlantic Coast.

On the job in Connecticut. Line crews came to the rescue from as far away as Detroit.

This photo, made from a Navy blimp, shows the wreckage on Long Beach Island, New Jersey, with boats and buildings jumbled like a giant jig-saw puzzle.

The big blow twisted the steeple off this Massachusetts church and toppled it into the street across the electric wires. Another headache for hard-working linemen!

Emergency centers, like this one on hard-hit Long Island, New York, were set up to handle the torrent of trouble calls, radioing them to crews in trucks.

LAST FALL, a raging hurricane roared up the eastern seaboard and left a $400,000,000 trail of wreckage from North Carolina to Maine.

Falling trees crushed houses, cars and power lines. Poles were snapped off by the fury of the storm. Hundreds of towns, millions of people had no electric service.

The electric light and power companies moved *fast*. Line crews worked around the clock. 18-hour stretches were common. Clerks, meter readers — everybody — pitched in to replace workers now at war. Short-wave radio helped direct the job.

Men and equipment came to New England from other electric companies as far west as Ohio and Michigan. In fact, some trucks were already rolling before the storm struck.

In most cases, service was quickly restored. Hospitals got first priority, then war plants. It was a staggering job, swiftly done — and helped immeasurably by the patience and understanding of customers.

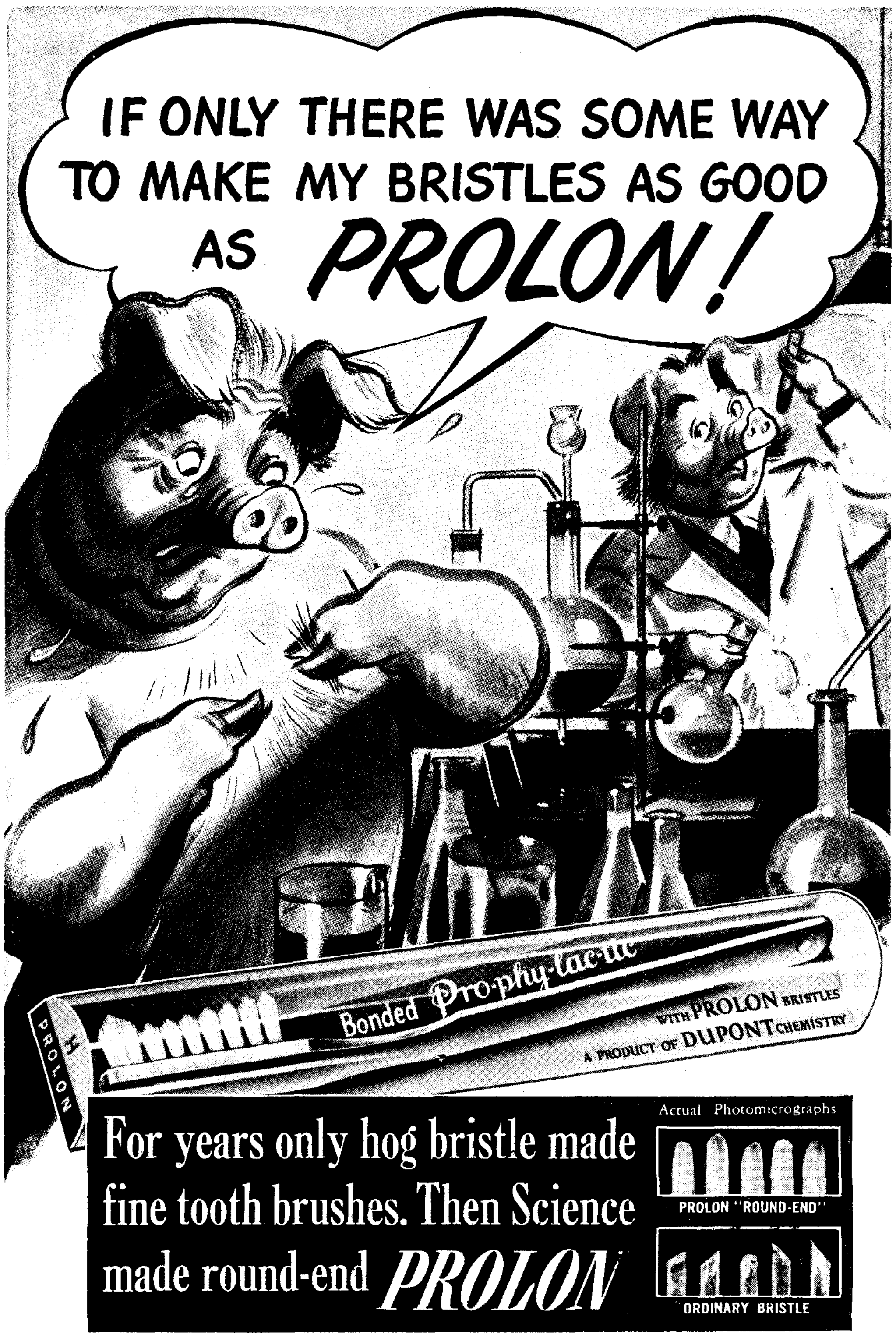
This hurricane — like fires, floods, tornadoes across the country — dramatized anew the fact that only a major disaster can interrupt the even flow of electric service.

It proved again that *business*-managed electric companies are organized and able to meet *any* emergency as completely as they met America's greatest emergency — *war*.

160 ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES* **SELF-SUPPORTING, TAX-PAYING BUSINESSES**

★Names on request from this magazine

• HEAR *NELSON EDDY* IN *"THE ELECTRIC HOUR,"* WITH ROBERT ARMBRUSTER'S ORCHESTRA. NOW EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON, 4:30, EWT, CBS NETWORK.


IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME WAY TO MAKE MY BRISTLES AS GOOD AS PROLON!
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY
PROLON
For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end PROLON
Actual Photomicrographs
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

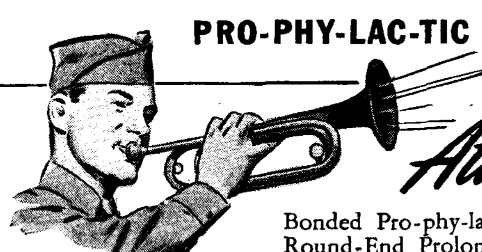
It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

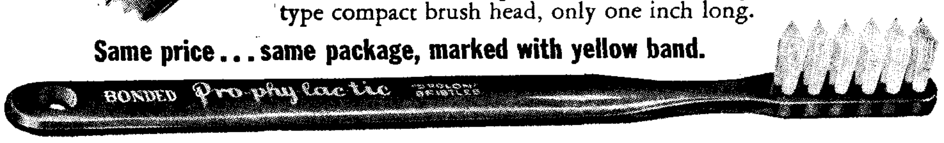
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

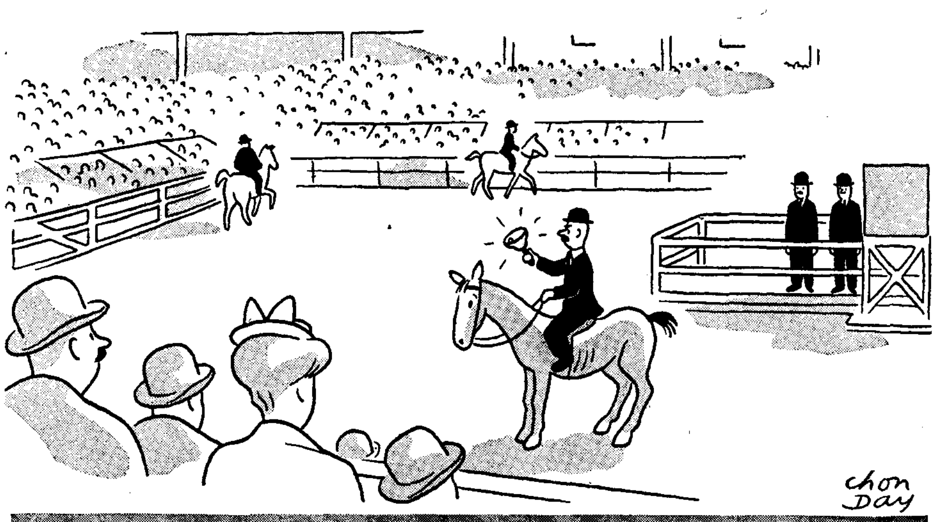


Attention! **Users of Smaller Brushes**

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.





Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Probably no American ever spent as much time and money playing pranks as did Brian G. Hughes, a wealthy New Yorker who died in 1924. Of his scores of practical jokes, all succeeded but one: an attempt to win a prize at a Madison Square Garden horse show in the 1900s with a nag he had bought for $11. Noticing that the animal would not move until its rider jingled a little bell in its ear, the judges became suspicious and questioned Hughes, and he confessed trying to fool them with this horse which he had purchased from a streetcar company and named Orphan Puldeca (often pulled a car).

The Campo Santo Cemetery in Pisa, Italy, is believed to be particularly holy because, when under construction between 1188 and 1200, it was filled in with 53 shiploads of earth imported from Calvary.—*By Jean Dabney Robinson, Palls, Va.*

As speed indicators in airplanes register accurately only at sea level, pilots have to estimate speeds by adding two per cent to their readings for each 1,000 feet in altitude. For example, when the indicator registers a speed of 225 miles an hour at 5,000 feet, a pilot knows that he is actually traveling almost 248 miles an hour.

Between 1939 and 1944, the price of wolfram, or tungsten ore, increased from $300 to $20,000 a ton in Spain and Portugal, through the bids of Allied agents who were instructed to pay any price for this indispensable war material to keep it out of the hands of Germany.

A platinum wire, now used in this country, is drawn so fine that, although sold at $1.50 a foot, the cost of one pound, avoirdupois, would be $217,500,000.—*By Lieutenant Robert Seymour, Jr., New York City.*

In the polar circles and atop lofty mountains in the tropics, sometimes the fall of snow is much heavier during a cold summer than during a still colder winter.—*By Lieutenant Alfred J. Voyer, Montclair, New Jersey.*

Probably no writer ever approached the record achieved by Edgar Wallace in 1928 when his thrillers constituted one-quarter of all the books printed and sold in England, other than Bibles.—*By Louise Leone, St. Paul, Minn.*

The sea coconut, found only in the Seychelles, is the slowest maturing fruit, requiring ten years to ripen.

The latest decoy duck is a bird-shaped balloon that, after being inflated and anchored to the hunter's blind with a long cord, floats in the air with its wings kept in motion either by the wind or by jerks on the cord.

Ringworm is one of those rare diseases that, in some cases, can only be detected with ultraviolet light. Under its filtered rays, the infected hair roots of a child, whose scalp looks perfectly normal, will reveal the presence of the fungi by glowing with a bright green fluorescence.

The longest solid mail train in history, consisting of 97 cars, traveled between Chicago and Galesburg on last October 18th, loaded with Christmas packages for servicemen and women overseas.

A new micromanipulator that holds tools invisible to the unaided eye, such as a chisel only one twenty-five hundredth of an inch wide, enables a scientist to use them under a microscope to spread out, pick up, saw in two or pull apart infinitesimal specks of dust and rust.

Although nearly 19 years of age, Princess Elizabeth of Great Britain has never been allowed to have a date, shop alone, ride in a bus or taxi, or attend a party given by a friend.

While the Japanese look upon their emperor as a god with no thoughts of earthly things such as money, Hirohito has made the greatest fortune in history since attacking China in 1937. Through war profits and increased values of his personal holdings in every important enterprise in his empire, Hirohito has enlarged his wealth, according to an informed source, from about $1,600,000,000 to $6,000,000,000—and in that land in which the average wage of skilled workmen is still 80 sen (19¢) a day.

In chemically treated soil not long ago, a single plant of crested wheat grass developed 300 miles of roots, all under seven feet in length. . . . Machine-gun bullets are now tested by firing them into the entrance of pipes, instead of sand traps, in which they are stopped by the convergence of four jets of water.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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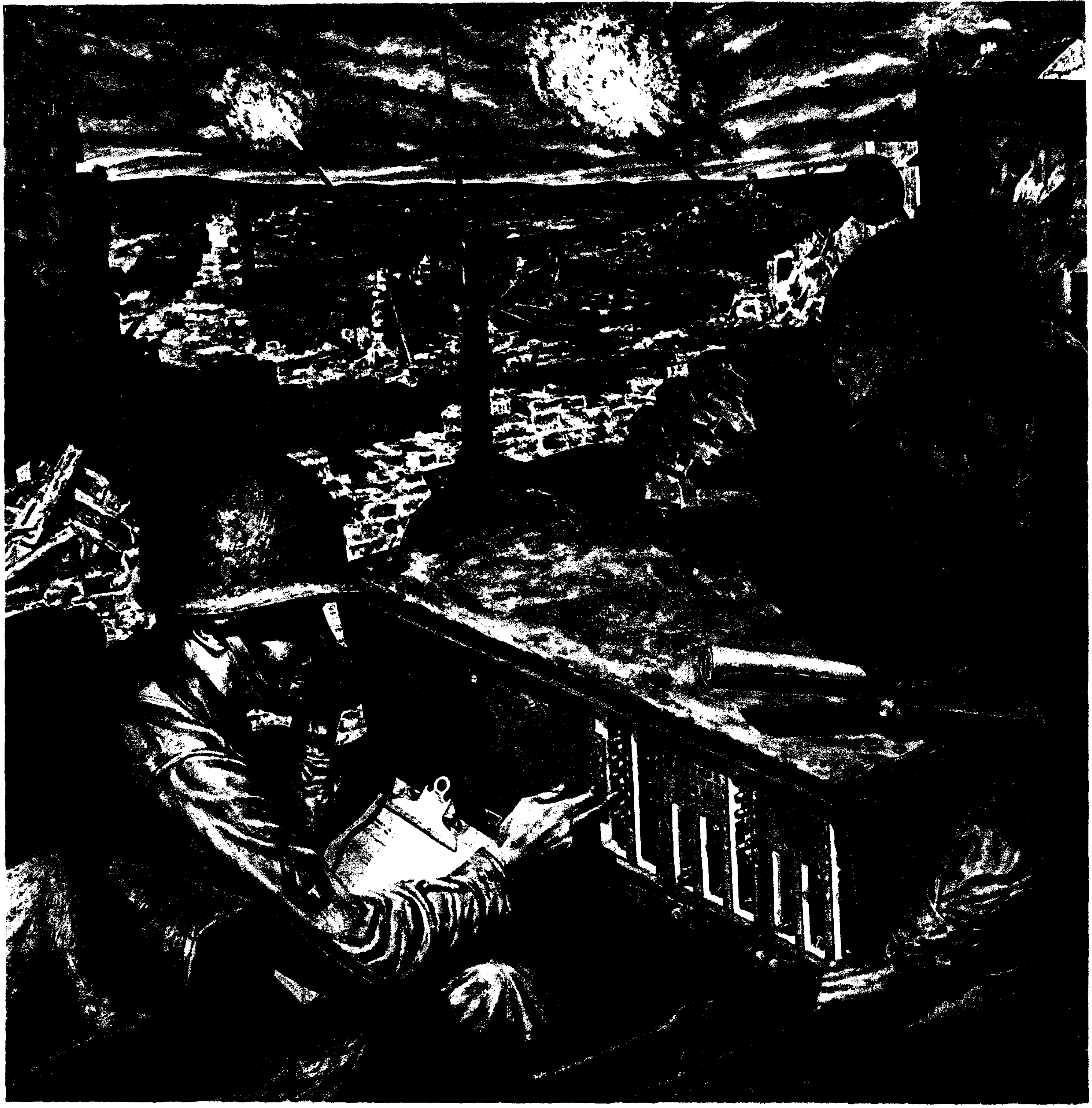
Every branch of the Armed Services uses the telephone. No. 14 of a series, Field Artillery.



Long Toms—blasting unseen targets—are directed by voices flashing through this artilleryman's radio telephone "switchboard." Using its many channels, he connects the commander with spotters up front and in planes; then with battery commanders who focus tremendous firepower. He is helping soften up the long, hard road ahead.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Western Electric

IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.

Message for YOU!

Every time a 155mm "Long Tom" is fired, it costs Uncle Sam $37.78. Our leaders believe in using vast numbers of costly shells to prevent losing priceless American lives. Help provide the ammunition—*invest all the dollars you can in War Bonds!*

It's a postwar Promise ... from

Admiral

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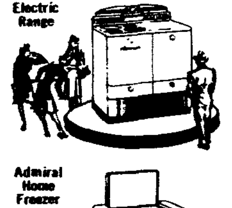
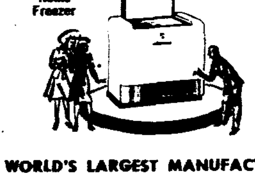
THE OPEN DOOR TO GOOD MUSIC

Tune In: CBS Sundays 2:30 pm EWT. for Admiral's "World News Today".

Admiral Dual Temp Refrigerator



Admiral Electric Range



Admiral Home Freezer

After the war, you can choose from a wide range of models in Admiral's line of radio-phonographs with automatic record changers. And only Admiral can give you Slide-A-Way. Just open the cabinet doors, out slides your complete phonograph turntable and automatic record changer. Put on the records you want to hear, close the doors, and sit back and enjoy the music. That's Admiral Slide-A-Way.

Admiral automatic record changers will offer many other exciting developments—faster changing time, permanent point needle, fewer moving parts, higher fidelity of tone.

For better listening pleasure, efficiency, and a *foolproof* record changer mechanism—choose Admiral, America's Smart Set.

Admiral Corporation CHICAGO 47, ILL.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS WITH AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGERS

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

LOCKHEED

The crew of the gallant PV-1. From left: Av. Radioman 2/c D .V. Klier; Av. Mach. Mate 1/c F. M. Kessler, navigator; Lt. H. C. McWilliams, pilot; Ensign L. E. Burton, copilot; Av. Ordnanceman 1/c C. W. Gardner, gunner; Av. Mach. Mate 2/c H. J. Fleming, mechanic

IN THE early morning of July 29, 1938, the four-engined Pan American Hawaii Clipper took off from Guam for Manila with six passengers, a crew of nine and a load of mail. It never arrived at its destination and no trace of it ever was found. Officially it occupies a small file in the Safety Bureau of the Civil Aeronautics Board in Washington marked "Cause unknown."

But people familiar with the pioneering of the Pacific air route are convinced that the Hawaii Clipper encountered turbulent air of such extreme proportions that no airplane could survive.

Of all the experiences with Pacific turbulent air which our Army and Navy airmen have encountered, one stands out as approaching closest to what, it is unofficially believed, struck down the Clipper.

It befell Lieutenant Herbert C. McWilliams of Sierra Madre, California, pilot of a Navy Lockheed Ventura PV-1 torpedo bomber operating from an advanced base in the Pacific. He credits his life and the lives of his crew to the "rugged construction of this aircraft."

Lieutenant McWilliams and his five companions took off from a Pacific island base on a mission, the weatherman suggesting that he climb through the overcast and break out at 10,000 feet.

"We went on complete instruments soon after leaving the field," McWilliams reports. "Flight conditions were not too bad, although we flew through heavy rain while climbing through the overcast. The air was fairly smooth. After about forty-five minutes, the light filtering into the cockpit from outside became nil, though it was 10:15 o'clock in the morning. It was black as ink, and the light of the instruments stood out plainly. After about five minutes of this and still climbing, we hit a thunderhead, to the best of my calculations, although we could see nothing outside of the plane.

"The first violent updraft hurled us from 10,000 feet to 11,500 feet and threw us on our back. In the recovery, the ship was righted in nose-down attitude to pick up speed as we were near stalling in the updraft. About this time, we were gripped in a violent downdraft which carried us down to 6,500 feet. We indicated 420 knots speed before the descent was checked."

Things began to let loose from the airplane. The pilot's escape hatch and the windows on his side were torn away. So was the outside of the entrance-door panel. The antennae were wiped clean. At 6,500 feet, the Ventura again was caught in another violent updraft which pitched the ship up to 9,000 feet. Lieutenant McWilliams poured on the power to prevent a stall and subsequent spin and threw all his weight forward on the controls to attempt to descend again. He went down fast in the blackness and broke out at 600 feet above the sea, and in heavy rain.

He stayed at this altitude, and fifteen minutes later was in the clear. But he had 500 miles to fly, and with a ship he knew to be crippled; how badly he dared not let himself think. He couldn't go back through the storm in that condition, so he pushed ahead.

When it came time to put her down, he found all control surfaces were badly jammed, and the landing was accomplished only by clever manipulation and co-ordination of the trim tabs (those tiny movable surfaces on the elevators, rudder and ailerons) and his two engines, which had roared reassuringly throughout the flight.

Lieutenant McWilliams still shivers when he thinks of the sight he saw after he stepped out of the PV-1. He already knew his escape hatch and his side window were blown out, that his loop antenna and mast were twisted to a point of uselessness, that all his antennae wires were ripped off, and that the entrance-door panel was gone. These could be called relatively superficial injuries.

But he found the main wing spar buckled on both sides; the fuselage twisted in counterclockwise direction, bent and buckled; all his control surfaces as well as the wings and stabilizer wrinkled, and the control surfaces out of line. Also, a number of plates forming the eggshell *monocoque* fuselage had ripped loose. He thinks a lot of the PV-1.

It is a fast-flying, rugged ship, descendant of the famous Lockheed Hudson which did so much for the British in the early days of the war. Its heritage also is tied in with the Lodestar, a high-performance airliner carrying fourteen passengers. For the Navy, its best job has been operating out of Alaska against the Jap Kurile Islands; but it is in action in the Pacific, on Atlantic antisubmarine patrol, and with the Australians and New Zealanders. It can carry torpedoes or bombs and, fully loaded, its two Pratt & Whitney Wasp engines, of 2,000 horsepower each, can haul it into the air weighing more than 30,000 pounds. F. R. N.

WHEN I GO HOME...

The guns fade down . . .

And it seems to me I hear a dog's sharp bark, and a girl's voice and the shrill of my own clear whistle . . .

And the next thing I know, I'm over the gate and out of the war and . . . it's Christmas again and I'm home.

I stop to make sure this house is mine, and I hear the slam of a door, and my feet crunch deep in the soft cool snow and I take the steps at a leap and she's standing there just as I see her now. And she says, "Tom, how brown you are" because there are no words for what she means. And the world stands still for a while.

And then . . .

I'm walking into a room with the biggest and brightest tree in the world and the kids look up from their toys and jump to their feet and come running to meet me and their voices are sweet in my ears, and I duck down quick and hold them tight . . .

The night comes on . . .

The music stops and the carols are stilled and the bombers come up and the fighters scream against the surf-beat of the guns and I'm back where there's still a war to be won.

But I know when I go home . . .

I'll go home sure no kids of mine will ever spend *their* Christmases in jungles, in foxholes, or on beachheads.

When I go home, I want it understood the victories we've won . . . the peace we have secured . . . will be meaningless to us unless all our strength, all our power to destroy can be the power to create . . .

Unless the power of men and women working together to win a war can be the power to prevent a war. Unless the power to free nations can become the power to free men and women and children from greed, hypocrisy and vice. Unless the power to kill can become the will to make for all of us a new and finer life . . .

A new and greater America than we have ever known before, where every man will have the opportunity to live his life in peace and in security.

That's what I've fought for . . .
That's what I'll still fight for . . .
When I go home . . .

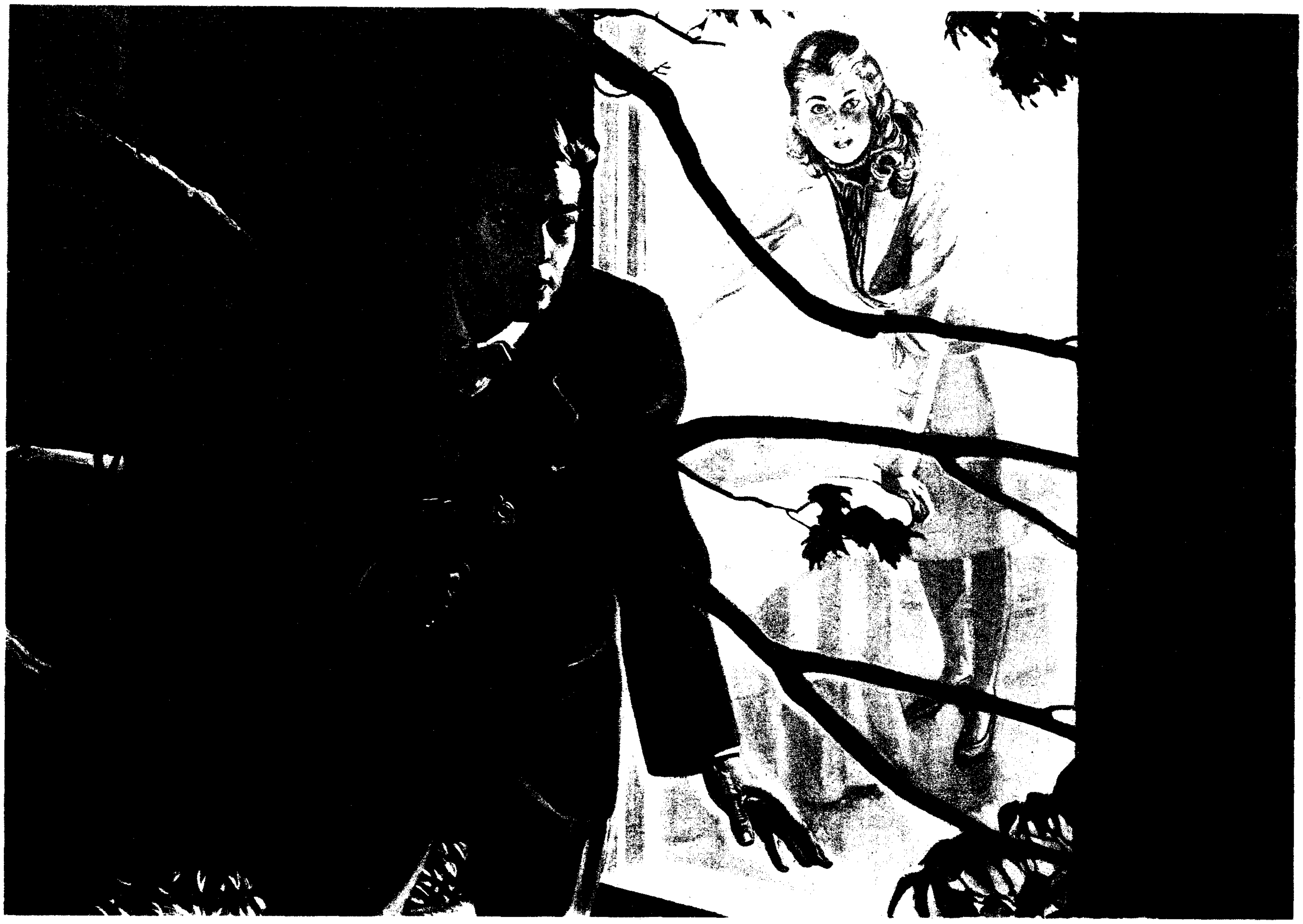
• • •

Here at Nash, when our war job is done, it will be our obligation to convert all our new strength, all our new power to produce, all our new ability and skill, to production for peace.

That means Nash will build more automobiles than we have ever built before . . . even finer automobiles than the great Nash cars that are today proving their outstanding quality and economy. It means all those things that will make an automobile a more important, a more useful, a more intimate part of what you want to do—when peace comes. It means that Nash will do its part to contribute the jobs and wages that will keep this nation strong in peace as in war.

For only in this way can we give to those who have fought to preserve it a strong, a vital, a growing America.

NASH
of NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION
N·K



The thrilling escape of Henry Lent

Henry Lent wriggled himself deeper into the big armchair, opened a new book by his favorite author, and began to read:

> "There was a slight rustling in the bushes. A twig snapped.
>
> "Suddenly, outlined for just an instant against the moonlight, a shadow, black and sinister, slipped through the gap in the hedge. It was followed by another, and another. The watcher at the window counted: one, two, three, four of them!
>
> "Stepping back, he dropped an arm about the shoulders of the white-faced girl at his side. 'Darling,' he whispered lightly, 'I believe our visitors have arrived. I'll go and welcome them!' The heavy automatic appeared in his hand as if by magic, and with one final, reassuring squeeze, he slipped through the door and vanished in the darkness, silent as a ghost."

Well, you know how it goes from there. In the following chapters, that fellow with the automatic and his girl will battle through a series of the closest shaves imaginable till finally, with maybe a little help from Scotland Yard, the stolen plans are recovered, the murderers unmasked and brought to justice, and everybody's happy . . . including Henry Lent.

Especially Henry. He reads thrillers by the dozen, and with his nose buried in one of them, he's that rare bird, a completely happy man. He's succeeded in escaping, for a little while, from every care and trouble in the world.

We have no quarrel with Henry's method of getting rid of his cares, except the obvious one *that it works for such a short time.* Those banished troubles don't stay banished. The worry about his family's future and his own, the worry about what might happen if accident or illness should take his job away . . . back they all come.

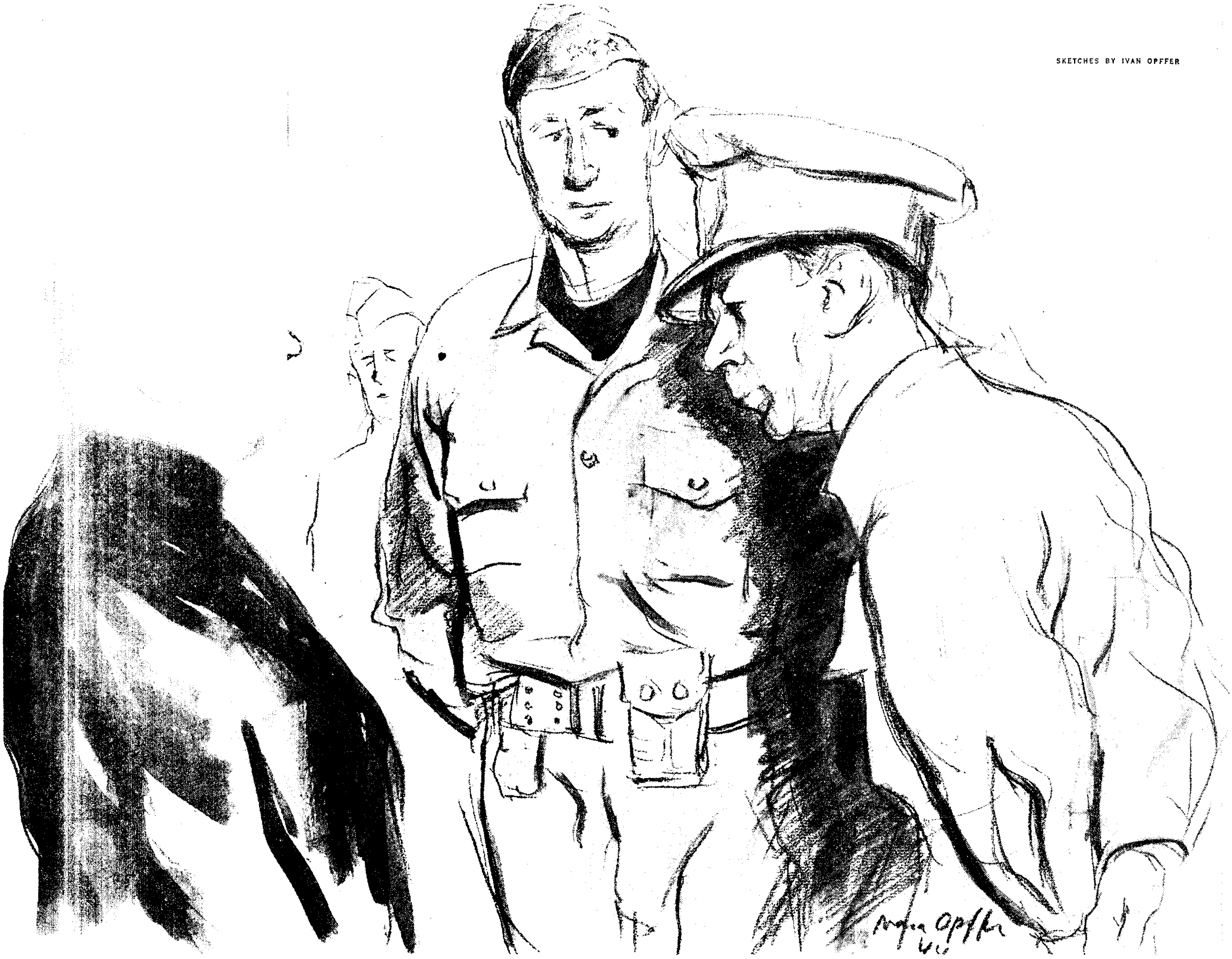
Now in this day and age, outside of a short-time proposition like Henry's, there's probably no way you can escape your cares completely. But there is a way in which you can get rid of many of your major worries, and get rid of them permanently, finally, once and for all.

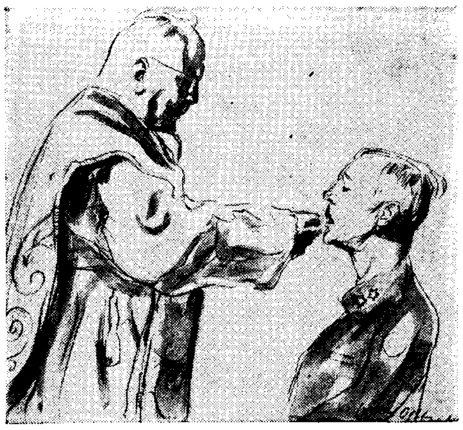
You can simply hand them over to a Travelers' agent. Through insurance, he can help you see that the poverty and hardship which old age so often brings are not in store for you or your family. He can show you how to protect yourself against a fire that might take away your home, against loss of household goods and personal possessions by theft, against accidents that might take away your earning power for many years, or against accidents to others who might sue you for heavy damages. He can, in short, help you to protect yourself against all the hazards you're ever liable to meet, except, perhaps, in some of Henry Lent's books.

* * *

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.

SKETCHES BY IVAN OPFFER


Archbishop Spellman was with General Mark Clark in the field when King George of Great Britain arrived



REPORT from ITALY

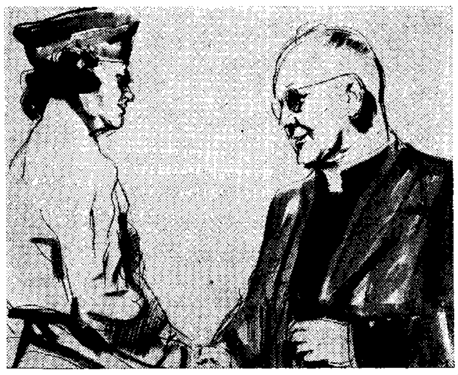
BY ARCHBISHOP FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN

Home from a recent trip to Italy, New York's Archbishop tells of conditions in a defeated nation. He describes vividly his experiences with our soldiers and the visits of G.I.s with the Pope

I HAVE recently returned from the battlefields and battle fronts of Europe where I have seen and come to know thousands of our American soldiers. They are fighting, not brutally to kill and enslave, but to achieve a victory and a peace that men may live once again as men—and not as killers. America fights, not for earthly gain, but for freedom's fruit: the liberty of men and of nations.

The devastation in other countries should make us gravely conscious of what might have been our own plight had we not been victorious. For even the ravages caused by the barbarian invasions of the Dark Ages were insignificant in comparison with the desolation and chaos blanketing Europe today. In only a few months the heritage of centuries has been destroyed—a heritage not alone in material achievements but also in moral values. And America must never forget, even after victory, that hate and cruelty are contagious, and we must be on our guard lest we ourselves become contaminated with these diseases; lest destroying one evil, we germinate and nurture another.

Before I left home for Rome, I went to Washington to say goodby to President Roosevelt. He explained that we have no intention of destroying the German nation or of killing or enslaving eighty million German people. The end we seek and the terms on which we rightly insist are those which eliminate the possibility of Germany ever again becoming an aggressor. The Germans desiring total victory must now endure total defeat.



I was flown swiftly to Algiers and I visited with some wounded British soldiers who were being evacuated from the Italian fighting zone. When I attempted to sympathize with one boy on the loss of his leg, he said simply and boldly, "I didn't lose it; I gave it."

Leaving Algiers Airport we flew fairly high over Algeria and Tunisia and on up to Rome. I was met by friends and driven into the Eternal City. The streets, last year deserted, were thronged. Old horse-drawn vehicles seemed older. All the motor vehicles were military; camions, command cars, jeeps, and even the old green taxicabs had military designations overpainted on them. The Vatican cars and trucks had the gold and white colors of the Papal State. Soldiers were everywhere, and the signs in English on the hotels indicated that they had been requisitioned by the Allied armies. Rome seemed unreal.

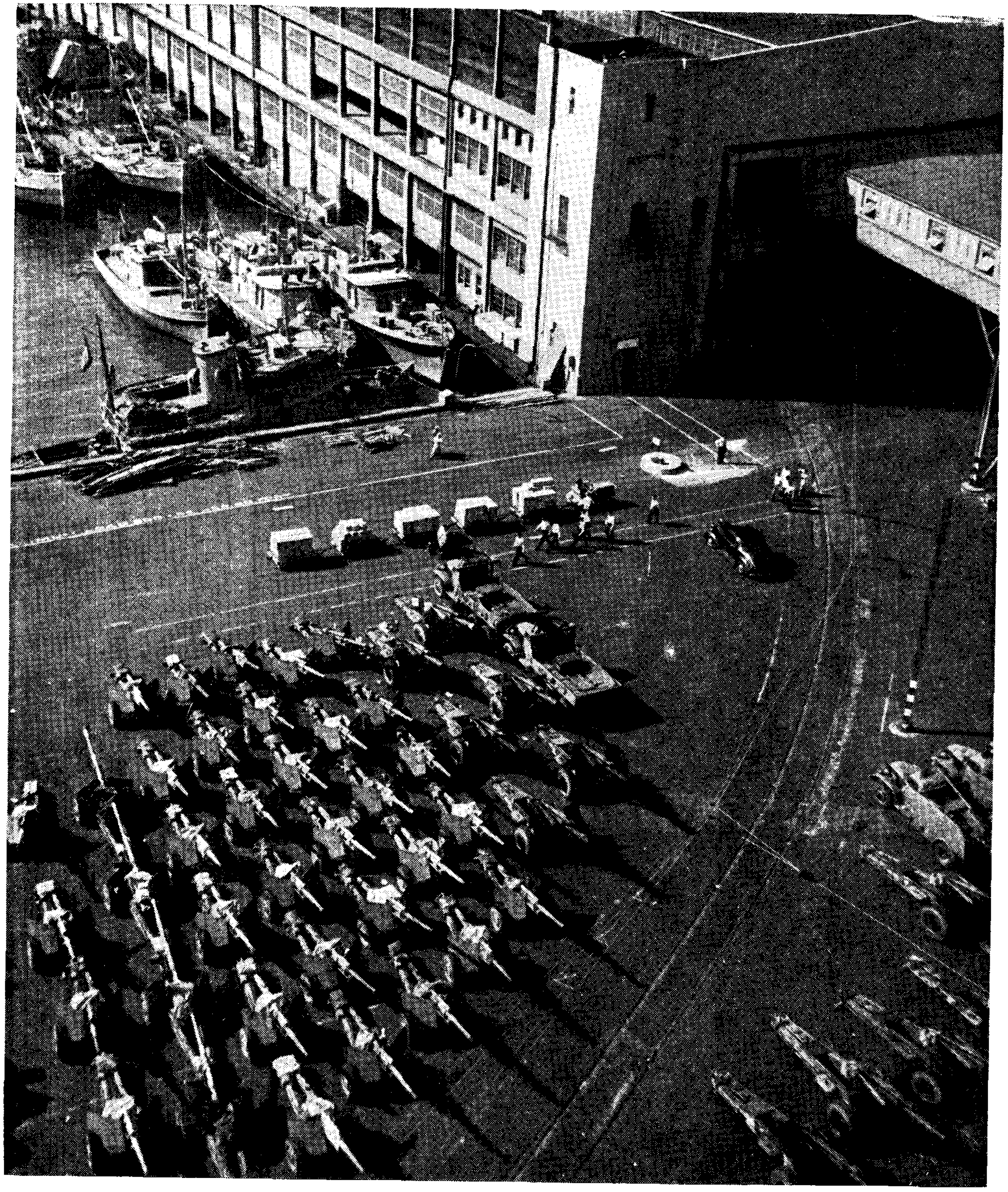
I went at once to St. Peter's and then to the Papal Government Office Building where I met Mr. Galeazzi, who had been my intimate friend for many years. I found him pale and worn, as surely he should be, from the weight of troubles that oppress him, for he is charged with the great responsibility of the administration of civil affairs of the Vatican. We went together to the American College Villa, where I stayed when I was in Rome before, and where I was to live during this visit.

We had much to discuss. It was almost dawn and still we talked. Mr. Galeazzi told me of the terrible consequences of Italy's irresponsible act. Rimose mountain caves were homes for the homeless and hiding places for the hunted. Roads have been torn up and mined. Drainage systems of swamplands have been destroyed, and malaria has returned.

Every energy necessary to life is lacking in Italy. Not a single railroad remains in order, not a train or any other means for travel or transport is functioning except for military uses. Flocks have been stolen and killed, and men like herds of cattle have been deported and families torn apart. Entire cities and towns have been reduced to rubble and ashes;

(Continued on page 58)

ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN HAS GIVEN THE RIGHTS TO THIS ARTICLE TO THE NEW YORK FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, A CHARITABLE INSTITUTION WHICH CARES FOR CHILDREN WITHOUT DISTINCTION OF RACE, CREED OR COLOR



Supplies from all over the United States come to the dockside in New York. When there is an overabundance, the material is left outside the warehouses. Here, at the Brooklyn Army Base, 75-millimeter rifles and 105-millimeter howitzers await the ships which will carry them to Europe

Gateway to VICTORY

BY LT. GEN. BREHON SOMERVELL

COMMANDING GENERAL, ARMY SERVICE FORCES

MORE than 24,000,000 ship-tons of Army cargo were sent overseas in six months through the New York Port of Embarkation. Fourteen tons of Ordnance equipment alone—artillery, rifles, ammunition, automobiles—leave our eight ports of embarkation every minute of every day.

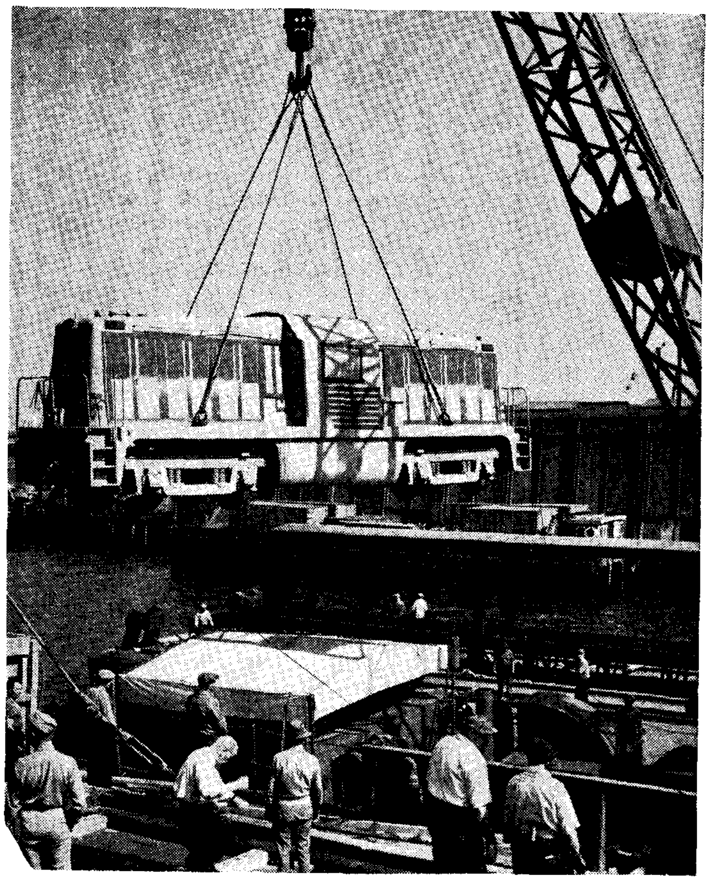
The Port of New York is the world's largest. Within it are an airport, a great hospital for American soldiers wounded overseas, an important ammunition loading area, railroad yards, the world's largest military warehouse and a plant where all types of military vehicles are processed for shipment. Near by are the staging areas for troops in transit overseas.

It requires ten tons of organic equipment—such as trucks, clothing and weapons—to get one soldier into the European theater of operations. Sixty pounds of supply are needed each day to keep him there. In combat he needs a ton of ammunition, food, clothing and medical equipment each month.

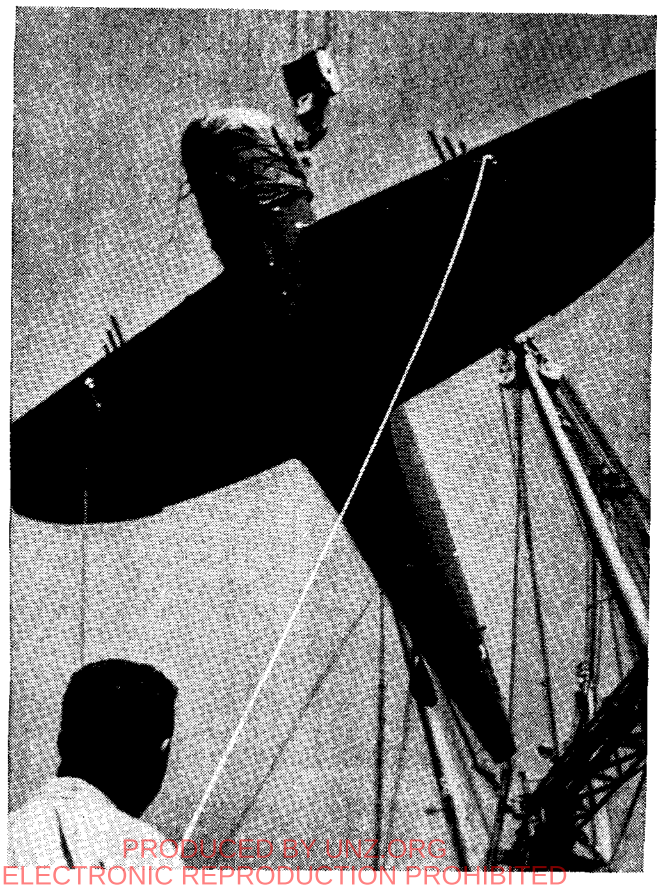
Our ports are gateways through which flow endless streams of men and matériel. They easily could become bottlenecks. Fortunately, never since the beginning of the war have either men or supplies been delayed because of the nonfunctioning of our ports. Our troops fighting around the world deserve fast service to the front. We're going to see that they get it. ★★★

(Editor's Note—Although it is one of the war's busiest areas, activities at the New York Port of Embarkation are highly secret. Until now, no pictures were permitted. This pictorial story of NYPE is the first released.)

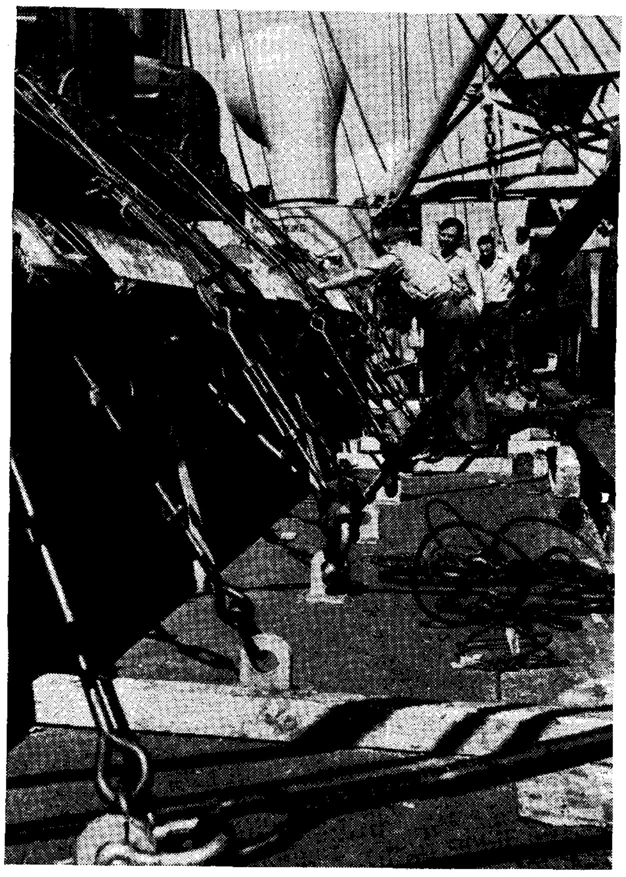
It would take a lot of valuable time to disassemble this 65-ton Diesel locomotive. And more time to reassemble it at its destination. A crane lifts it intact and loads it on a waiting Victory ship

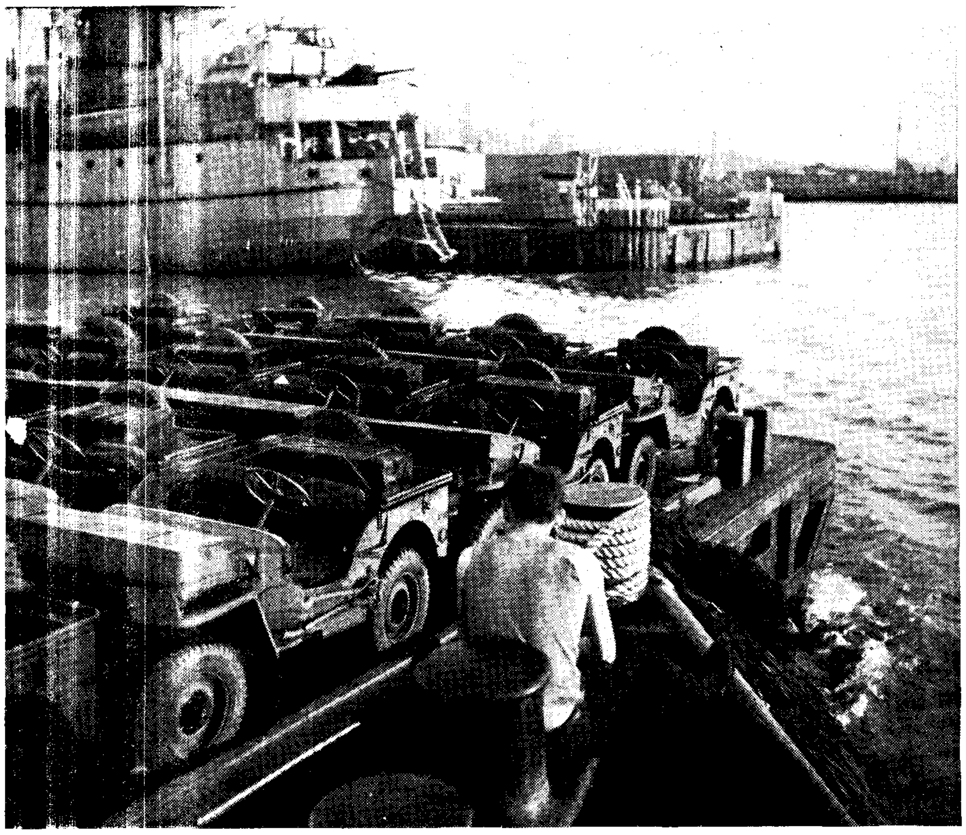


The tail and some of the fittings of this Thunderbolt have been removed prior to shipment, but it is largely intact as it is lifted "into the wild blue yonder" to a barge. The barge will carry it out to a cargo vessel

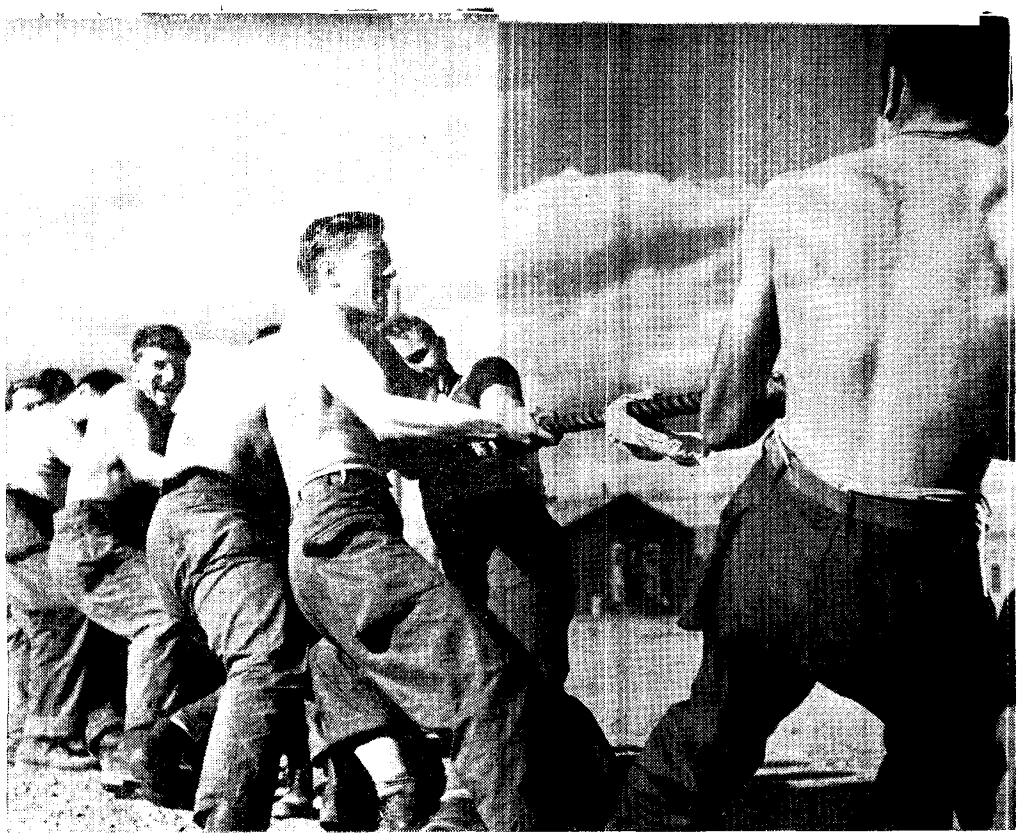


All cargo must be lashed securely, and thousands of civilians at New York Port of Embarkation help with the job. These men are securing trucks. In a storm at sea, shifting cargo can sink a ship



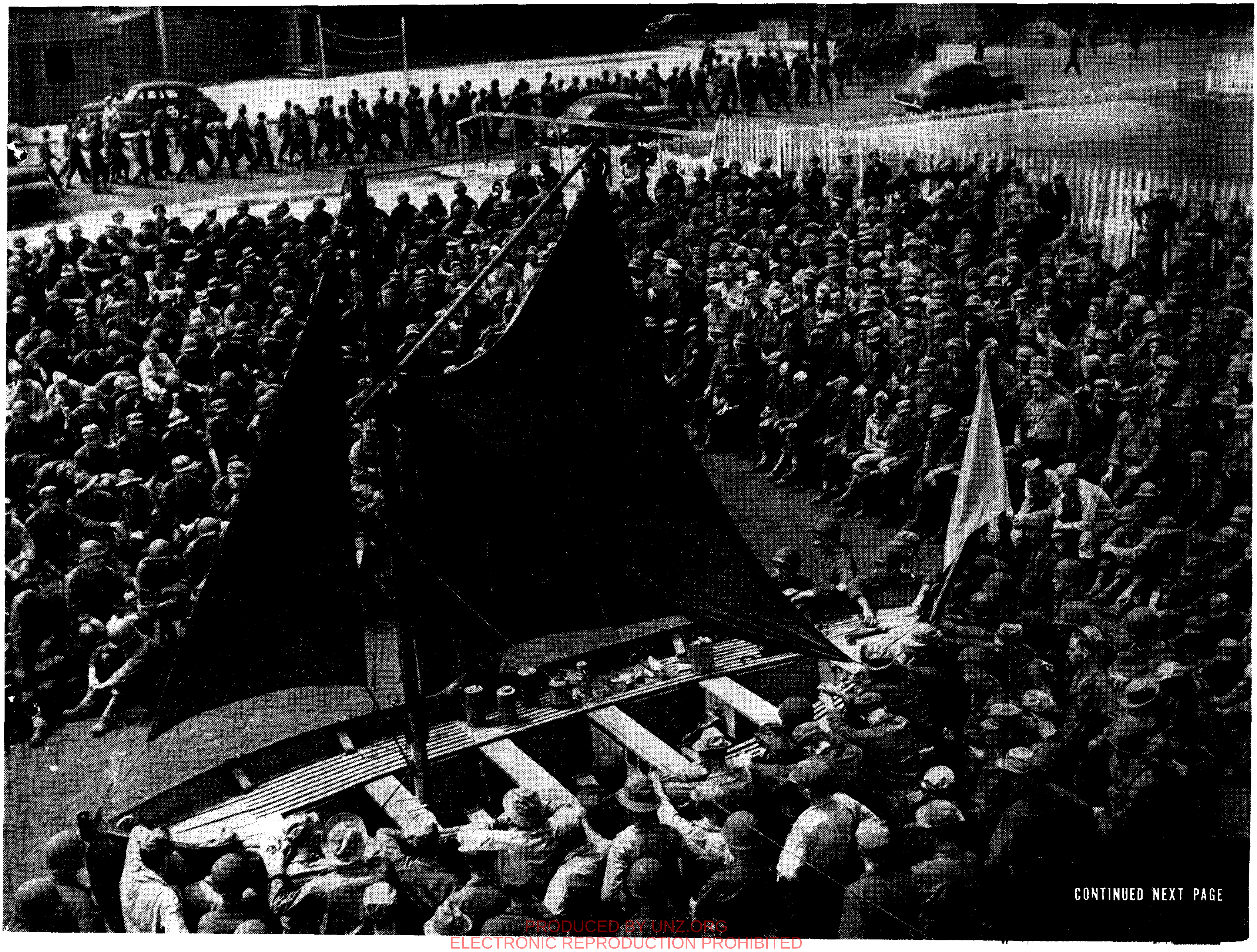


Jeeps, too, travel by barge to midstream. There a big seagoing crane lifts them casually and drops them gently into the hold of a ship. The tugboat deckhand checks the heavy hawser which holds the laden barge close to the port bow



The G.I.s have fun at Last Stop U.S.A. A tug of war is fun only for men who are fit. These men are at one of the staging camps around New York City. They have been briefed for the trip across and they now await the transport whistle

Below, hundreds of troops at a staging area are listening to lecture on how to abandon ship. They will examine the full-rigged lifeboat in the foreground, see where the water and provisions are stored. This lifeboat can hold 64 men. Immediately after the lecture, the men go to a ship tower and scramble down rope nets to lifeboats resting in a pool of water. In the invasion on D-Day, this training paid off. Transports assigned to NYPE did not lose a single man in the debarkation off the Normandy coast

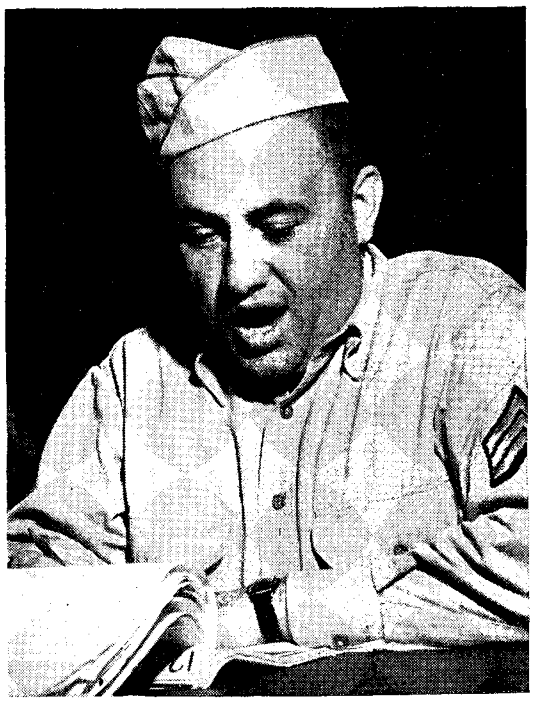


CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

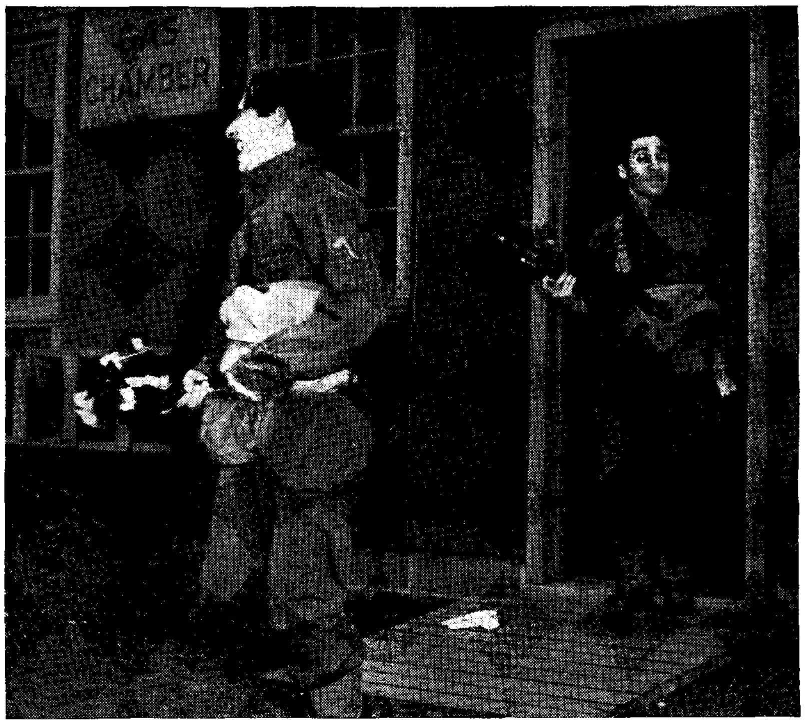
GATEWAY TO VICTORY—Continued

This medic chalks the number on his helmet. But his thoughts are far away

"Jumpin' Jiminy! The Queen Elizabeth!" A study in surprise is on the gangplank

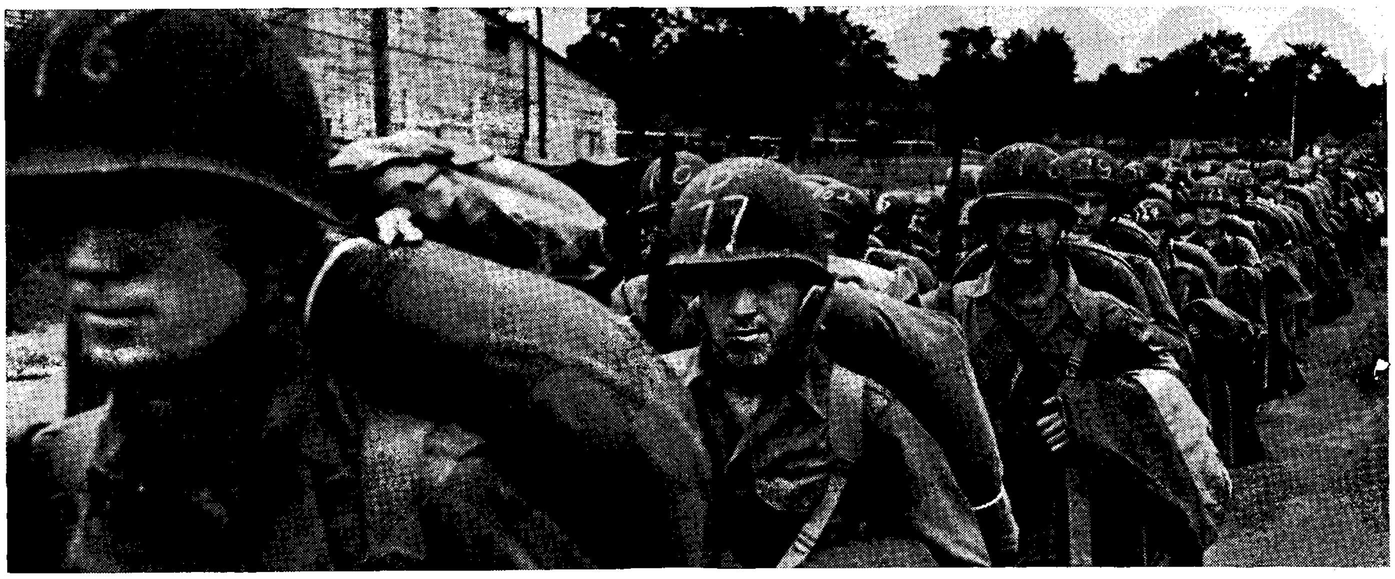


The sergeant yells "Johnson!" And the sergeant (below) calls "Edward E." Thus the men are checked aboard troopships

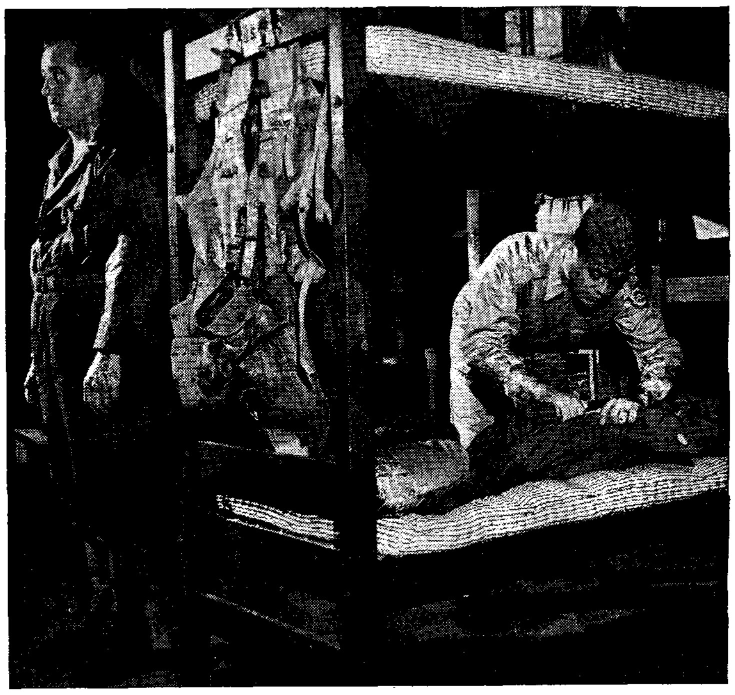


One of the last-minute gifts to soldiers is a late-model gas mask. Each man must test his own in a chamber filled with tear gas. The expressions show that some men remove the masks a little too soon

No man leaves NYPE without a thorough inspection of rifle and other equipment. Hundreds of Wacs assist in this vital job



They don't smile when they leave camp for the transport. They carry everything they'll need and they know now that they are on their way. Each man has been given a train seating number and it is chalked on his helmet. In this way, the Army discovered it can load an entire train in four minutes. From the train, ferries carry the men to transports in the harbor

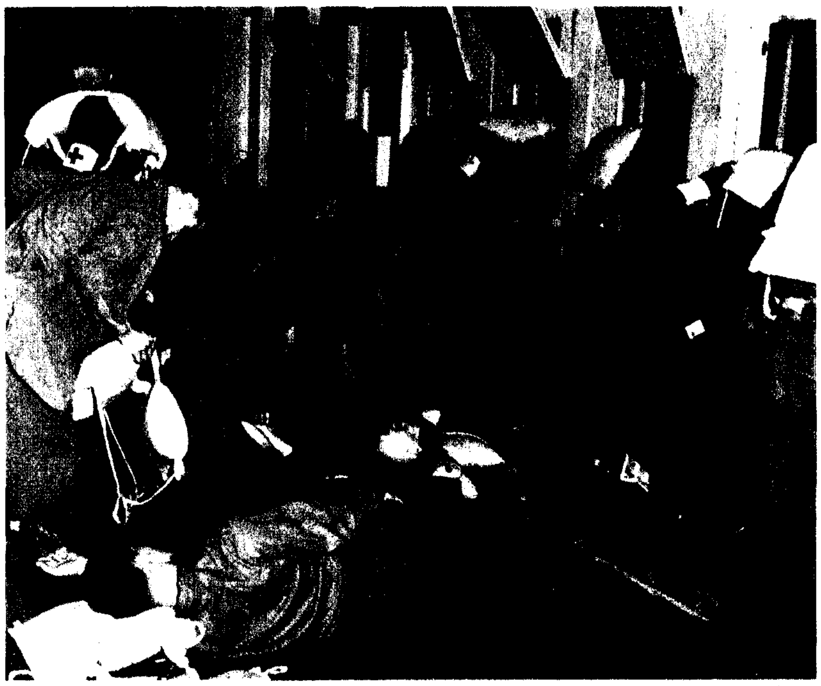


The soldier has had his "shots" and now stands final inspection of his equipment. A port officer examines each item carefully. Anything showing the slightest wear is replaced

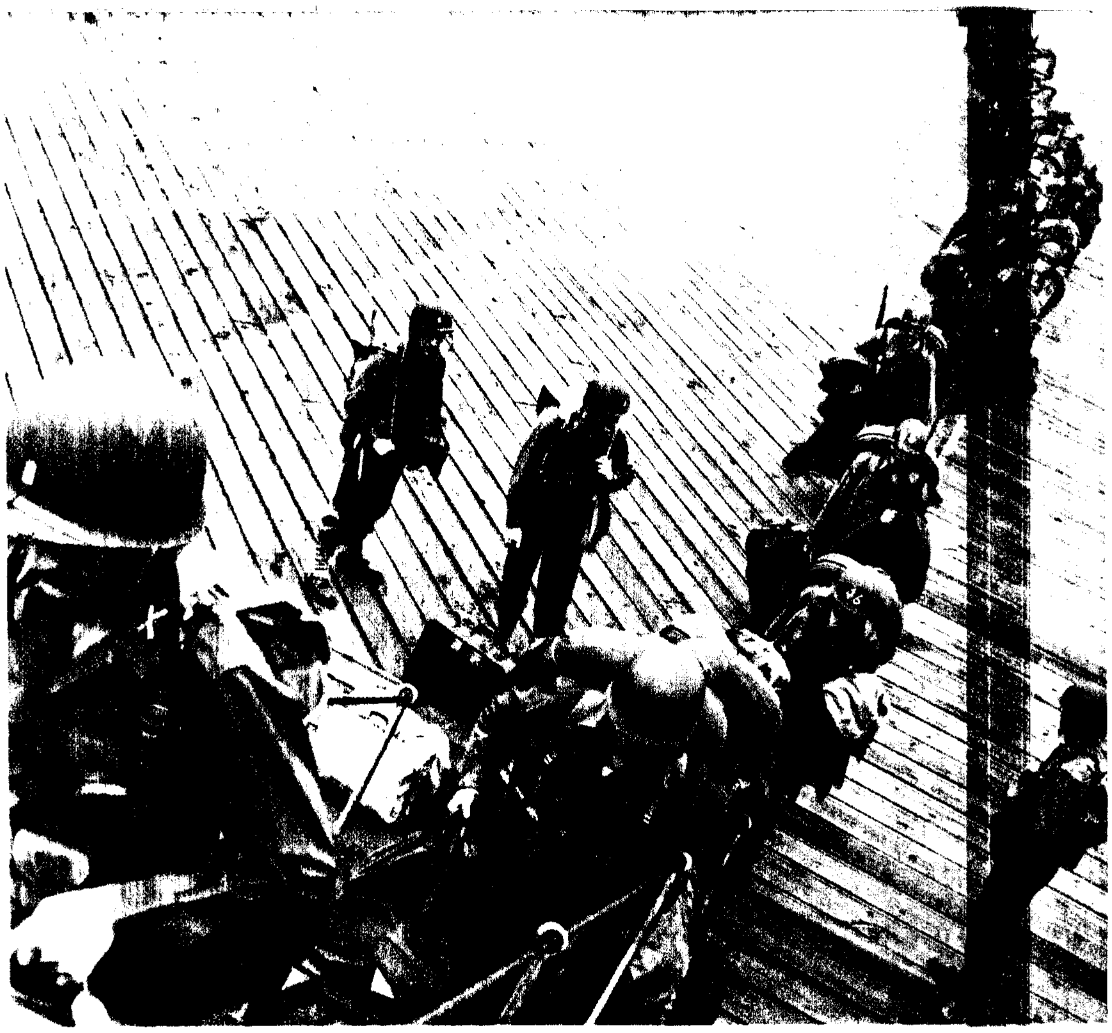
Officers and men spend the last hour at Camp Shanks harmonizing, giving that barbershop alto one last tryout. They are all overseas now

The boys shoot the breeze and try hard to be casual while waiting for the final order to "Fall in!" They've already learned the lesson about sticking close to their weapons. And those last letters home are mailed

That final train ride isn't an uncomfortable one. The soldier carries full field pack and rifle, and his seat has been predetermined by number. He takes a last longing look at the land he calls "home"



The men are now aboard ship. The G.I. in the foreground is tired and a little bored. The others enjoy a last look at New York from promenade deck of the Queen Elizabeth. Men take turns sleeping on deck



Full and down, this cargo ship moves out of New York harbor to take her place in a convoy. Aboard her are the guns and the tanks and the trucks our G.I.s will need when they disembark

The Quack Hack

BY BEN MERSON

Taxis are hard to catch nowadays—as Harry proved to the cops and to his girl when he took off in a reconverted quack, better known as jeep—the amphibious variety

"MA," I said, "it's like I once read in the Bible. A man cannot live by spongecake alone."

Right away my mother got worried. "Maybe I didn't put in enough eggs?"

"No, Ma," I said. "You put in enough everything. Except I can't put any more in me."

She looked like she didn't believe it. And I couldn't believe it myself. For three years I had been dreaming of my mother's spongecake. Now after only seven days home from the Army I couldn't keep my mind on it.

"Try another piece, Harry," she said.

I tried. The spongecake stalled on my tonsils and backfired. Coffee blew out of my nose like an exhaust. Then all of a sudden it hit me: My old taxicab! That's what the trouble was. That's why I was so happy in the Army. All the tanks I drove reminded me of my cab.

"Ma," I said, "I'm going back to work."

"You mean pinochle?" she said.

"I mean for Mike Schnitzer."

When I walked into the Bronx Gasket Garage the next morning Mike gave a look like he swallowed a worm. "Back so soon?" he said.

From Mike this was the kind of hello I expected. He never had no use for me and always said so. Mike was a boss who made up his mind and kept it. Not like the Army, where four times the colonel gave me medals for valor, all the time the sergeant gave me hell for recklessness, and once and for all the doctors gave me the heave-ho for hay fever.

"Mike," I said, "it is fine to be here again. And even finer to see how it disagrees with you."

He shrugged. "Personally, I almost can stand you. Only professionally you make me sick."

"Professionally, you are jealous of my driving."

"A driver you can call yourself," said Mike. "But I call you a lunatic."

"Look," I said, "stop talking like a traffic court and talk English. Do I get my job back or don't I?"

"You do. You got a priority. So I'm stuck."

"I get my old cab?"

"The same."

"When?"

"As soon as Joe Krumm comes in and I tell him he's fired."

"Good," I said. But the next second my brain caught up with my tongue. I knew this Krumm, and he was mostly with troubles. Six kids he had with his first wife and four more with his second. Also a sister who couldn't work, a brother who wouldn't, and a father who didn't. And to all of them he chipped in.

"Mike," I said, "I been thinking . . ."

"Beginner's luck," he said.

"I been thinking that since you are a dope, and since it is a disease that is catching, I don't think I want to work for you. Now this Krumm, he's a healthier man than me."

Mike gave me a wise grin. "Okay," he said, "but before you get so bighearted, let me warn you. Taxi jobs are like imported sardines now. There ain't any."

"I don't want none. I'm going in business for myself."

"What kind?"

"Oh, a sales agent or something."

"Congratulations," said Mike. "That is the best news for the taxi industry since they paved Broadway."

"I'm glad you're glad," I told him. "Because then maybe you won't mind making me an eight hundred-dollar loan."

"Eight hundred dollars!" He whistled. Then he gave me the once over, very suspicious. "What's the security?"

I had to think fast. "My new business. Take yourself a mortgage on it."

For a minute he just stood there. Then he went to his desk, made out the check and drew up the agreement. "Eight payments," he said.

"Mike," I told him, "you're a gentleman."

Strictly speaking, he was also a chump. Because with the loan, and a couple of hundred I had myself, I was going to buy a taxicab.

TWO months I shopped around. But a taxi I couldn't buy. New ones they weren't making. And the secondhand ones were junk or too expensive. It was a terrible fix. And what was worse, I had to make those payments to Mike. If I did, he would soon have all his money back and I wouldn't have nothing but an honest reputation, on which you can't eat so good as on twenty cents a mile.

Then one morning I read an ad in the classified: "GOVERNMENT AUCTION. Used and rejected military vehicles. Federal Warehouse, 10:00 A.M."

Grabbing my eight-hundred-dollar bundle, I hopped down to the auction. Two hours later I was back, a happy man.

"Ma," I said, bringing her downstairs, "see what I got."

"Aha," she said, "a jeep."

"Look closer, Ma, in the back."

"A jeep with a washing machine."

"No, Ma. A jeep with improvements. A quack."

And that's what it was. A jeep with a little propeller behind so it could swim when there was water instead of road. We had them in the Army. Any jerk who could handle a car could handle one of these. Just turn a switch on the steering post, and the drive shaft disconnected from the wheels and picked up the propeller. Automatic. The only trouble with this one was it didn't have a rudder. And no place to hook up one. A manufacturer's boner. So the Army wouldn't take it.

"What did you want such a thing for?" asked my mother.

"I didn't. It was the only kind I could get."

"But for you the war is over, Harry."

"That's right, Ma. So I'll do like they will have to do in Detroit soon. Conversion."

With me this conversion business was old stuff. All my life I was fixing things. And with this quack I bought, it was just plain carpentry and tinsmithing. From Smith's junkyard I bought a smacked-up taxi body. A little paint, a little elbow grease, a little juggling around, and that was all. The body fitted on the quack like they was hatched together. The little propeller I didn't even bother to take off. It was so far under the body now you could hardly see it.

"Ma," I said, "all my troubles is over."

"Could be," she said, "but a smart boy like you could always find new ones."

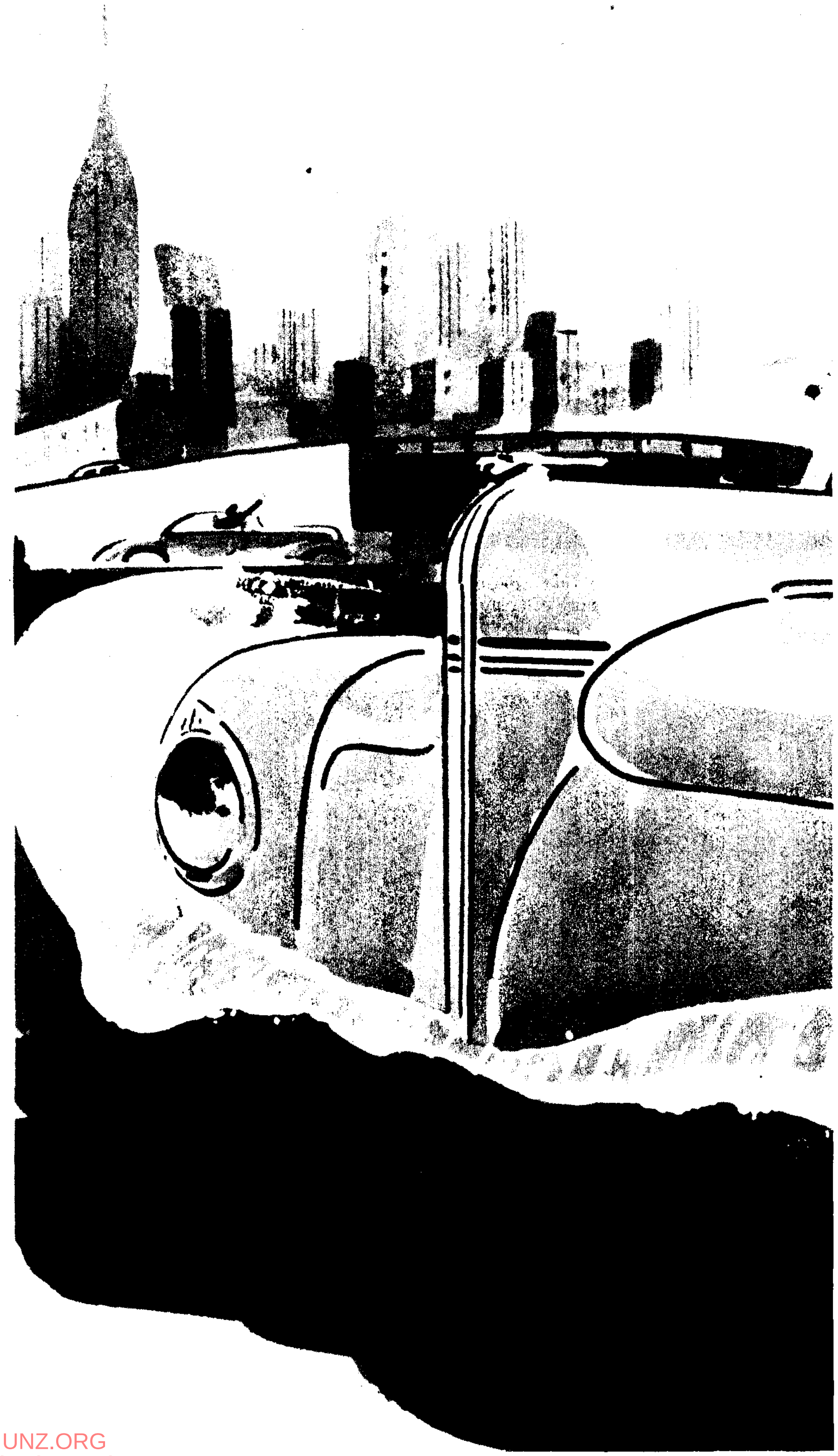
For once my mother was wrong. The troubles found me, not me them. All kinds I had. With a license for the cab, with a license for me and insurance. And also trouble with Mike Schnitzer.

On paper, to pay Mike a hundred a month figured easy. But when the paper was OPA gas coupons it added up almost to the eight ball. Debts from before the war I had like a League of Nations. And with me there was no Lend-Lease. Under such a setup, and the mileage the OPA allowed me, I just hung on by the eyelashes.

Then happened a very disgusting thing. It was just after I made Mike the second payment. I was jockeying through a narrow street in the West Bronx when a jerk in a big sedan cut me off. There was only one thing to do. Give him the slow burn if he was in such a hurry.

Pass him on the left I couldn't. Too much traffic the other way. So, swinging the wheel hard, I jumped the curb onto the sidewalk, skipped by the jerk like he was standing still, and jumped back on the road in front of him. Then I crawled. Five miles an hour

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



block after block. He nearly threw a fit. There were no side streets. All he could do was creep after me while behind him a fleet of trucks piled up like for an invasion.

The tactics was perfect. But not the strategy. I had forgot that the road went past a police station.

It added up to thirty days in the crier. Twenty for reckless driving and blocking traffic. Ten for standing in the way of the war effort. Only I could get such a bum break. The trucks which I tied up were carrying Army pup tents.

Sitting in the pokey wasn't too bad. Since I was there the last time they got a new cook and radios in every room. Also sitting with me was two accountants, who played pinochle according to the law of averages. With a deck of cards that I knew by heart I repealed the law and won fifty bucks.

But my luck and my sentence ran out together. I still needed fifty dollars more for the third payment which was due that day to Mike Schnitzer.

"Mike, old pal," I said, handing him the wad, "on the rest you must give me an extension. For old time's sake."

It was pure butter, but he refused to slip. "For old time's sake I can give you only bills for damages."

"So what do you want from me, an arm and a leg?"

"Jackass meat I can't use," he said. "Just hand over the cab."

I could see now he wanted my hack even more than he wanted his cash. "Nuts to you, Shylock," I told him. "I am removing two tires and selling them. And tomorrow you will get your fifty."

Mike's chin fell in his overalls. "Sell tires off my . . . I mean this cab. For fifty bucks! I'll give you seventy myself."

"Give," I said.

When the deal was over I had twenty dollars in cash and a receipt for the hundred-dollar installment. Mike had the two back tires and a weaselish expression. "How'll you ride now?" he asked.

"Nothing to it," I told him. "I'll sell my other two good tires, and with the money buy four not so good ones."

"Don't be a sucker," he said. "I got two spares you could have cheap. Twenty bucks."

It was cheap. For twenty bucks I couldn't even buy tires for a bicycle. But the heel wasn't being bighearted for nothing. He figured there was a good chance he would foreclose on my cab one of these days. But he wanted it with the super de luxe rubber Uncle Sam put on it.

CUT up in little slices and mixed with peppermint, these tires Mike sold me might have been all right as chewing gum. But riding on them was like riding on land mines. Five, six times a week I would get blowouts. And mostly when I also had passengers.

"Ma," I said, "this Schnitzer has me coming and going. And even standing still."

She shook her head disappointed. "The trouble, Harry, is you have been making spongecake without first beating up the eggs."

"Meaning what, Ma?"

"Meaning you should have steady riders, Harry. When you beat up the eggs, the cake grows. And when you have steady riders, the profit grows. But still you use the same eggs and the same tires. No extra."

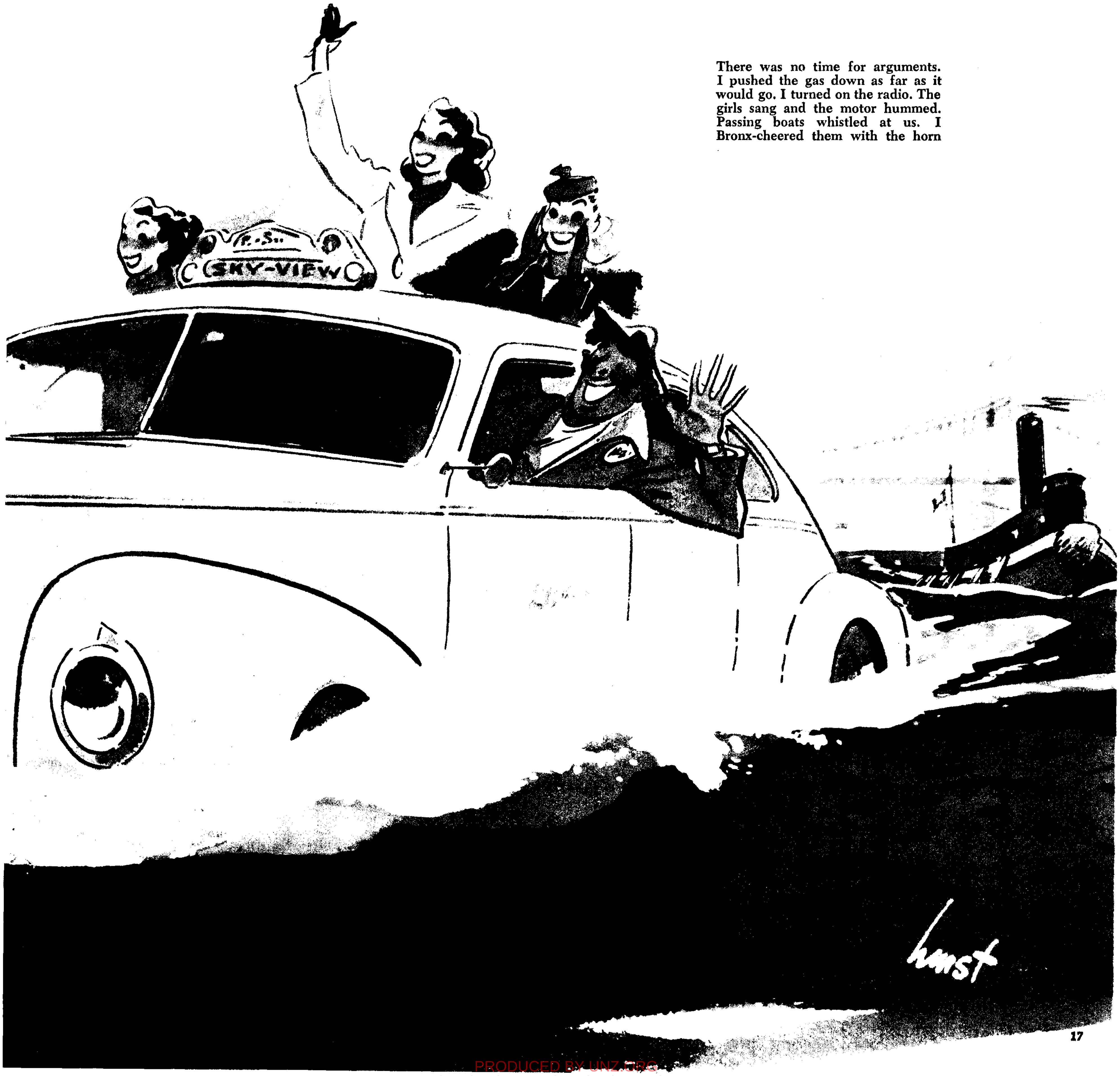
"You think you got an idiot in the family?" I asked her. "I tried to get steadies. But people who want to go to the same place at the same time I can't find."

"That's because you didn't look in Apartment 2-A," said my mother. Towing me down the hall, she rang the bell and marched in. A girl in slacks and a sweater bounced out of the living room. "Meet Mary Fogarty," said my mother. One look and I forgot all about business. She was a dream. Black hair, blue eyes, and a shape like a guitar.

"I'm delighted to meet you," said Mary with a voice that was music.

"Ditto," I said. "What are you doing tomorrow?"

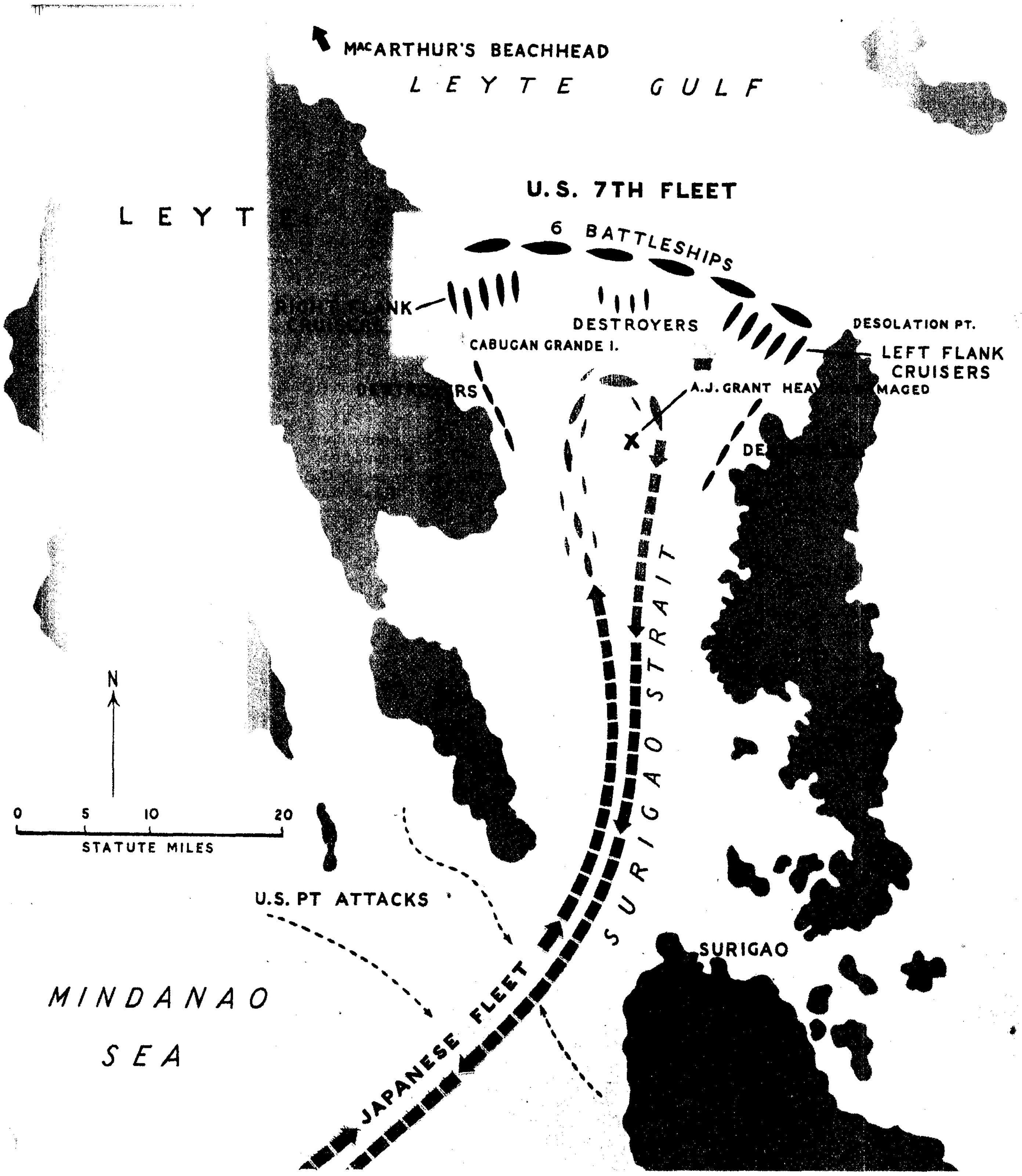
(Continued on page 29)



There was no time for arguments. I pushed the gas down as far as it would go. I turned on the radio. The girls sang and the motor hummed. Passing boats whistled at us. I Bronx-cheered them with the horn

Rear Admiral G. L. Weyler, commander of our battleship force which "crossed the T" on the Jap southern force in a night action

Commander Terrell A. Nisewaner, skipper of the destroyer A. J. Grant, who saved his ship from almost certain doom that night



Map showing Jap ships in southern force allowing our battleships under Rear Admiral Weyler to "cross the T." As the enemy battleships and cruisers reached the northern end of Surigao Strait in two columns, the lead ships in each reversed course, presenting a perfect broadside target for the heavy guns of our battlewagons, veterans of Pearl Harbor

AMERICA'S GREATEST NAVAL BATTLE

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
with the Pacific Fleet

GEORGE E. JONES
with Admiral Mitscher

RALPH TEATSORTH
with Admiral Kinkaid

FRANK D. MORRIS
at Washington

The Story:

The Japanese Navy, shamed out of hiding by our invasion of the Philippines, moved in three groups against our Leyte beachhead, hoping to cut off and destroy MACARTHUR'S army. The U. S. THIRD FLEET under ADMIRAL WILLIAM F. "BULL" HALSEY and the SEVENTH FLEET under REAR ADMIRAL THOMAS C. KINKAID awaited the enemy. It was like a three-ring naval circus. In Ring One, south of Leyte, American planes and submarines harried the Japs' southern naval force moving toward Surigao Strait, and our beachhead. In Ring Two, north of Leyte, VICE-ADMIRAL MARC A. MITSCHER'S planes had pounded a second Jap force, which on October 24th was reported turning back from San Bernardino Strait. In Ring Three, far to the north, HALSEY was leading most of the THIRD FLEET away from the beachhead to meet a third force, moving down from Japan or Formosa. This left San Bernardino Strait guarded only by escort carriers and destroyers.

II

OUR gallant ghost ships—rebuilt from twisted wreckage raised off the bottom of Pearl Harbor—were poised for revenge on the Japanese in the early morning blackness of October 25th, when the Second Battle of the Philippines reached its first big climax. The final day of the three-day naval action was one of sweet anticipation for thousands of men who still rankled under the personal humiliation of Japan's 1941 attack on the Hawaiian naval base. But it was also a day of infinite peril, a day on which Japanese craftiness again thrust us close to disaster.

The battle had fallen naturally into three sectors and it was in Ring One, south of Leyte, that action began on October 25th. At 2:49 A.M. there was only darkness and silence and the tenseness of vast but unseen danger over Surigao Strait, a bottleneck ten miles wide and thirty-five miles long, through which the Jap southern force had to pass to get at our Leyte beachhead. The moon had set, and on Rear Admiral Jesse B. Oldendorf's flagship the men could not see even a star in the sky. They could not see the men at battle stations on their own ship; nor could they see the giant ghosts of prewar American naval power waiting close by in the blackness. But they were there; the proud ships that had exploded in clouds of fire and oil that desperate morning at Pearl Harbor.

Morris Reporting

You could call the honor roll of ghosts that morning in Surigao Strait. There was the California, now a quarter of a century old, which, on Sunday morning, December 7, 1941, was hit by bombs and torpedoes, and sank at her berth in Battleship Row off Ford Island. Six months later—to the day—she was floated out of drydock and, after refitting, rejoined the Fleet.

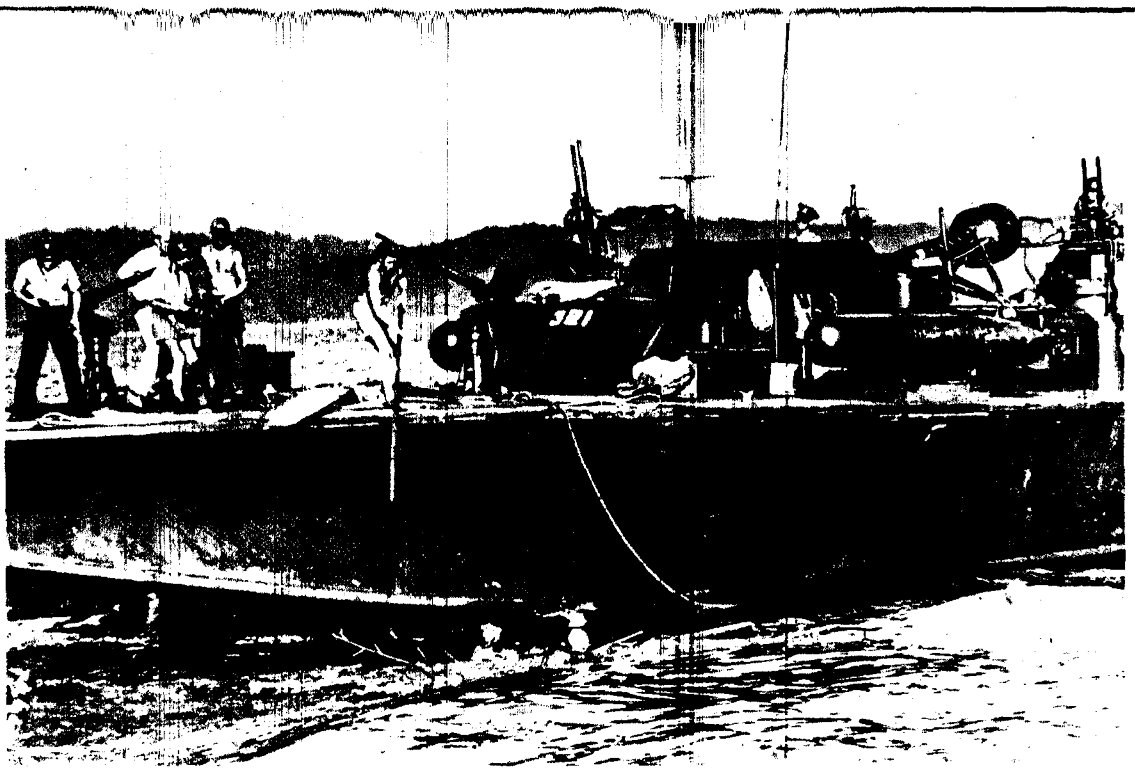
Teatsorth Reporting

There was the Pennsylvania, which, immobile in a floating drydock at Pearl Harbor, had been bombed, but whose crew had fought off waves of Jap planes. There were the Maryland and the Tennessee, each hit by a pair of bombs, but returned to active duty several months later.

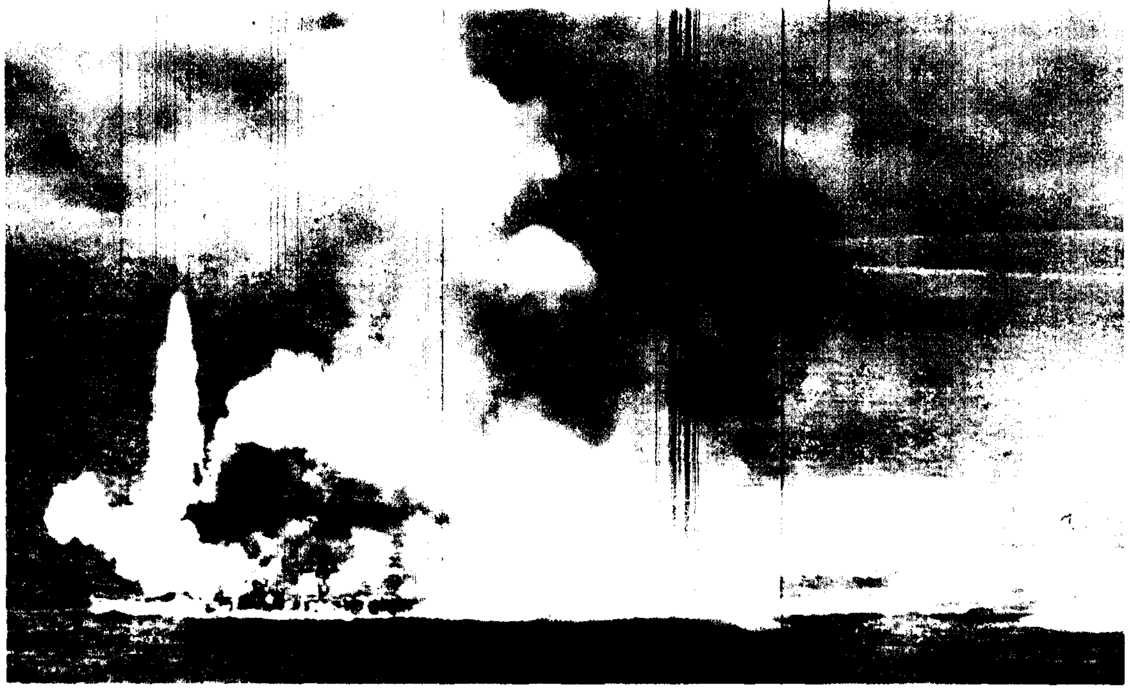
And there was the West Virginia. Six torpedoes and two bombs plowed into the West Virginia on December 7th and, a mass of flames and billowing black smoke, she listed badly to port. That day her skipper, Captain Mervyn S. Bennion, was mortally wounded. Fighting to save the "Weevie," 104 more of the ship's complement gave their lives. Three were trapped in a compartment when the ship sank, and their bodies were not recov-

OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS • MAP BY LIEUT. COMM. ROLF KLEP, U.S.N.R.

The Japs don't think it's so funny, but Admiral W. F. (Bull) Halsey, commander of the famous Third Fleet, chuckles over the prospect of drawing the Jap fleet out of hiding



After making successful night torpedo runs on enemy ships entering Surigao Strait, PT-boat crews pick up Jap survivors from debris-filled waters after the battle. Some of the Japs resisted rescue and our PT men were ordered to haul them out with boat hooks



Ise-class Jap battleship zigzags in vain effort to escape furious attack by our carrier-based planes. Direct hits have set the ship afire, and near-misses send geysers high into the air as our Helldiver dive bombers and Hellcat fighters punish the crippled vessel

ered until months later, but it was discovered, from a record they had kept in chalk, that they had managed to stay alive until Christmas Eve.

Those were the ghost ships come to life and waiting for the Japs in Surigao Strait. And the men of Pearl Harbor were there, too, ready to close the trap that Oldendorf had set for the enemy.

Reynolds-Reporting

Oldendorf had formed a steel gantlet in the darkness of Surigao Strait. First, he had lined up five destroyers on one side and behind them he placed five cruisers, parallel to the eastern shore of the strait. On the western side of the strait, he had more cruisers, preceded by four destroyers. Then he drew a line on his chart from Desolation Point, on Dinagat Island, to the island of Cabugan Grande, and ordered his battleships to take station in column just north of that line. They closed the northern end of the gantlet.

And now the Jap force of two battleships, the Fuso and Yamashiro, two cruisers and four destroyers, with a second group of cruisers and destroyers four miles astern, was steaming in twin columns into the trap, into the steel gantlet. There were about fifteen Japanese ships in all, moving at eighteen knots.

Morris-Reporting

About 3 A.M., Oldendorf gave the order, "Commence firing." Our destroyers raced in toward the enemy ships, swung around and launched torpedoes. There was no more darkness that night in Surigao Strait. There were blinding flashes as the torpedoes struck, and then everything happened at once—especially to the Japanese.

The torpedo attack was a signal for cruisers on both sides of the trap to direct a blistering cross fire against the enemy ships. At first the Japs thought it was a mistake, that they were being fired upon by their own guns. Their warships flashed colored recognition lights, which was proof that they were completely surprised and bewildered, and these lights furnished an excellent point of aim for our gunners. Then the Jap ships laid down a protective smoke screen. As they did so, our destroyers—except for one which was hit—withdrew through their own smoke screen and opened up with their five-inch batteries.

On one of the destroyers of Captain Kenmore M. McManes, a U.S. squadron commander, there was a gunner with good eyes. He saw the door of a Jap admiral's flag cabin fly open after a salvo struck one of the enemy battleships. A bright light flashed out. McManes' report on the incident concluded with: "We closed the door with our next salvo."

This was superbly planned slaughter, and real revenge for the veterans of Pearl Harbor. Oldendorf, from his cruiser flagship, saw the Japs squirm and twist and fight back in blind desperation, and he began to hope for still greater success—the classical tactic of crossing the T, an opportunity for which every naval commander hopes but which few realize.

The Jap columns plunged up the strait, firing sporadically and, for the most part, inaccurately. Their shells fell short sometimes, and again they overshot. Then, when they got the range right, they were usually off in deflection. Even the star shells that they sent soaring into the darkness to light up our ships were falling in front of the targets instead of behind them, as was required if they were to silhouette our ships. But Oldendorf was looking for something else and finally he found it.

This story was too big for one war correspondent to see or cover, so Collier's asked four veterans to report various phases of the battle. Jones (United Press) was aboard Vice-Admiral Mitscher's flagship and Teatsorth (United Press) was with Vice-Admiral Kinkaid. Reynolds covered the over-all story at Pacific Fleet headquarters, and Morris did the roundup of information at Washington. All four reports blend together, but, in a general way, the work of each reporter is indicated by marginal labels.

Reynolds-Reporting

The lead ship of one Jap column, reaching a certain narrow point in the strait, reversed course. The lead ship in the other enemy column followed suit later and so did the second ship in each column—at the same point. It was the opportunity of a lifetime for Oldendorf. If the Jap ships had turned simultaneously, they might have escaped the worst punishment, but they didn't. And Oldendorf crossed the T.

As each enemy ship came to the turning point, it presented a perfect target, at constant range (twenty thousand yards—about twelve miles), to broadsides from the big rifles of our six battleships, deployed across the mouth of the strait under command of Rear Admiral George Weyler. It was almost too

(Continued on page 67)

Fightin' Irish

BY JIM MARSHALL

Ever since she was five, June Haver has been battling her way upward to film stardom. At eighteen, she's almost made it

DON'T ask June Haver that. Everybody asks her that, first off. Mostly old-timers. "June," they ask, "you any relation to Phyllis Haver?"

She gives them the big Irish smile and the big blue eyes, but you can see her heart isn't in it. "Everybody asks me that," she'll say. "The first time was in Cincinnati when I was seven years old."

That would be the time she took her first screen test on the stage of the old Albee Theater, having been made up in the lobby before a critical throng composed mainly of other child devastators and their mothers. Anyway, she won the test and got an offer from Metro, which was looking for a triple-threat brat to oppose Shirley Temple. Her mother said, "No, by golly! June's going to have a normal childhood," and nixed the bid.

This was tough on June, because she'd been managing her own career for two years, having started at five by contracting for piano lessons, taking a few on credit and coming home to play her mother into paying for them. Mother bought the deal.

Her dad had been a composer who had played with Sousa and during the first World War had conducted his own band in the Navy. Her mother had been a stock actress all through the Middle West, so she was in show business from the start. Her mother was Marie Hansen; her father, Fred Stovenour.

When she was ten, and a whiz at school festivals, singing contests and piano orgies, the family moved back to Rock Island, where she had been born June 10, 1926. By that time she had won a medal from Eugene Goossens, copped first prize in Cincinnati from a flock of Hamilton County, Ohio, speaking contests, learned five styles of dancing and was doing a smidgin of composing music in her spare time away from the Frances Willard School.

Life seemed to be slipping away pretty fast with not much accomplished, so she took foot in hand and sold the manager of Station WHBF on a show she had organized with some other kids. It was a combination quiz, singing, music and wise-sayings-of-children affair and she quickly sold it to an ice-cream company for $2 cash and four quarts of ice cream, vanilla or strawberry, depending which the concern had a surplus of.

"Not much, but no ten per cent out for an agent," June says practically. She's got herself all the jobs she's had up to now and still wonders what agents are for, a by no means rare wonderment in Hollywood.

A few months later she entered a singing and impersonations contest conducted by the Glendora Coal Company of Waterloo, Iowa, a patron of the drama, and won over sixteen hundred other kids. The prize was $200 and a trip to New York. After that she kept on earning money by managing herself, making $5 and $10 a night being mistress of ceremonies for cultural uproars staged by the Elks, Eagles, American Legion and a church or two.

Every time an orchestra would come to Rock Island, June would be down selling the maestro on the publicity value of having a local name as soloist. People like Freddie Martin, Dick Jurgens and Ted Fio Rito were impressed and hired her. She got her picture on page one of the newspapers: "Local girl to sing with famed band."

Just what had become of Mother's "normal childhood" plan, no one knows. Anyway, Fio Rito offered her a song spot and she and her mother toured with the band. At Dallas, Texas, in a moment of exhilaration, they wired Dad up in Rock Island to sell everything and come a-running. Dad sold his automobile agency, his home and whatever was loose, packed a few grips and June's sisters, Dorothy and Evelyn, into the car and burned the roads to Dallas.

"Well," he asked briskly, upon arrival, "where do we go from here?"

"Hollywood," said Mother, who had been prompted.

This was in the fall of 1941 and for some weeks the 15-year-old June sang at the Trianon and other places, going to Beverly Hills High School late in the year. A week after Pearl Harbor she produced a thousand-word oration upon the subject, titled: "Don't Weep, America!" It was declaimed with great dramatic effect at the high school.

Talent Scouts Make a Discovery

Early in 1942 she appeared in a school production of Ever Since Eve and got offers from talent scouts from Metro and Fox. She was undecided, but Mother was mindful of the precarious nature of show business and chose Fox.

"It's nearer the house," she explained. If the family fortune disappeared, June could walk to work.

Mother was right—or almost. Fox inked her to a contract in the spring and fired her in the fall. This was a bit unfair, because she never had appeared in anything, and was apparently blamed for doing nothing. It was just before Christmas, she hadn't any money, and life blacked up. She went to Lew Schreiber, the casting director, and said: "Look, why?"

He said: "You're too young."

She cried.

He said: "Now, don't go and commit suicide."

She said: "I might at that—d'you know any good ways?"

He didn't. So she went home and, being a spunky little mick, she fought back. Her sister Dorothy lent her $150 to buy a slinky white evening dress. She wrote herself a test scene, got hold of a piano player she knew and asked him for help. He said okay, the way piano players do, and they showed up at Fox and demanded a new test. Mother had lent her a diamond ring—a notable sparkler—and June casually flashed this around for morale-building purposes. So they gave her a new test.

In this one June gave her all. Her hair and heels were up and, having fixed the set with black velvet drapes and posed the piano player, she became the Empress of Stormy Emotion, in her new white gown, with the key-pounder hardly visible. She sang How Deep is the Ocean? and without waiting for computation ended up on the piano player's lap, saying "Goodby" with all stops out—tremolo, grand diapason, vox humana—everything. Since nobody could see the black-clad piano player against the black drapes, it looked as if she were sitting on a moonbeam or something and considerably puzzled directors who looked at the test. There was a palm tree on the set, too.

"It helped make things more exotic and sophisticated," says June. "It aged me a little."

Mr. Schreiber was one of those who saw the test and it so impressed him that he gave her a $50-a-week pay boost and forgot all about her again. This was in February; in June she was still doing nothing. This time she fired herself, or tried to. They said: "No, go ahead and take a little vacation, but stay on the pay roll. Any year now . . ."

So she went out and got herself a job on the stage in Meet the People, singing, dancing and acting, bringing home two checks every week. It was (Continued on page 71)

INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON

BY DOROTHEA MALM

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Jane was in love with Henry; Henry was in love with Jane. But no one took them very seriously—not until they had learned to hate each other, too

"IT IS really ridiculous," Jane had got into the habit of saying at intervals to herself. She always said it very coolly, looking smart and efficient and thirty-four years old, her hair smooth and dark, her face aloof and arrogant, and her long hands clenched so tightly that the knuckles showed white.

It was really not only ridiculous but maddening. Sometimes, sitting at her desk in the bank, she would look up at the golden Venetian blinds and try putting the case to an imaginary stranger, as a way of reaffirming her own sanity: "I have fallen in love with a man, a very nice man, his name is Henry Amberson and he's the right age for me, thirty-nine, and he manages a large and important department store; we like the same sort of music and the same kind of books, and I can honestly laugh at his jokes; we're both too young to settle down to living alone, and we want to get married; and the only reason we don't is that my mother won't let me, and his daughter won't let him. . . ."

Then the imaginary stranger would laugh heartily, and she would laugh too for a moment, and then stop laughing, remembering all the reality that was tied by a thousand threads to that brief summary of the situation: Priscilla in the hysterical tears that fourteen-year-olds know so well how to produce; her mother speaking the forthright tearless logic of middle age, her gray head lifted, her eyes stern, and every bit of the logic based on a most towering sentimental mistake.

"But why, Mother?" Jane would demand.

"You will never be happy with him, Jane."

"But *why*, Mother?"

"Because he hasn't any heart. And you are too deep a nature, Jane, to be satisfied with any man who lives wholly on the surface. Why else do you suppose he was able to take you dancing the other night, leaving his little daughter in helpless tears?"

"As a matter of discipline."

"But what man except a completely heartless man would be able to discipline a tormented, tearful child?"

And the funny thing was that Priscilla on the night of the dancing had said practically the same thing.

"But just tell me," Henry had said, squatting on his heels beside her as she lay drowned in grief on the divan in his living room, "just tell me what you've got against it, Pris? Don't you want me to be happy?"

"But you wo-won't be happy, D-daddy, y-you w-WON'T. . . . She's cruel and c-cold and she couldn't love you—she's so heartless!"

"So you see," Jane summed it up later on in the evening over a couple of crème de menthe frappés at the Covered Wagon, "we're a kind of phenomenon—both being without hearts, we've still managed to fall in love!"

"No, it's more than that," Henry said. "It's the old, old conflict between sentimentality and reason. Both Pris and your mother are taking the sentimental view. Because we still manage to get our work done efficiently, because we don't swoon at the sight of each other, we simply can't be *really* in love. . . . That 'really' is the important word. In the sentimental view, there's a great difference between love and real love. If you'd go off your feed and I'd take to drink, we might stand a chance. That would be *real* love. But work would suffer."

"If that's all it takes, I'd just as soon work suffered a bit."

"I wouldn't," he said calmly, smiling at her. "And besides, I've got a better idea. I'll meet you after work tomorrow and tell you. You might arrange to take a day or two of your vacation right away, if you can. . . ."

She was puzzled and interested and completely trusting. She arranged for her holiday without a great deal of trouble, and when she came out of the bank at six, there was Henry in his nice little green car waiting for her with a book propped on the steering wheel to pass the time.

He smiled at her and leaned to open the door. "Everything fixed?"

"Everything's fine. I've got the week end, with option of returning late on Monday. What's the plan?"

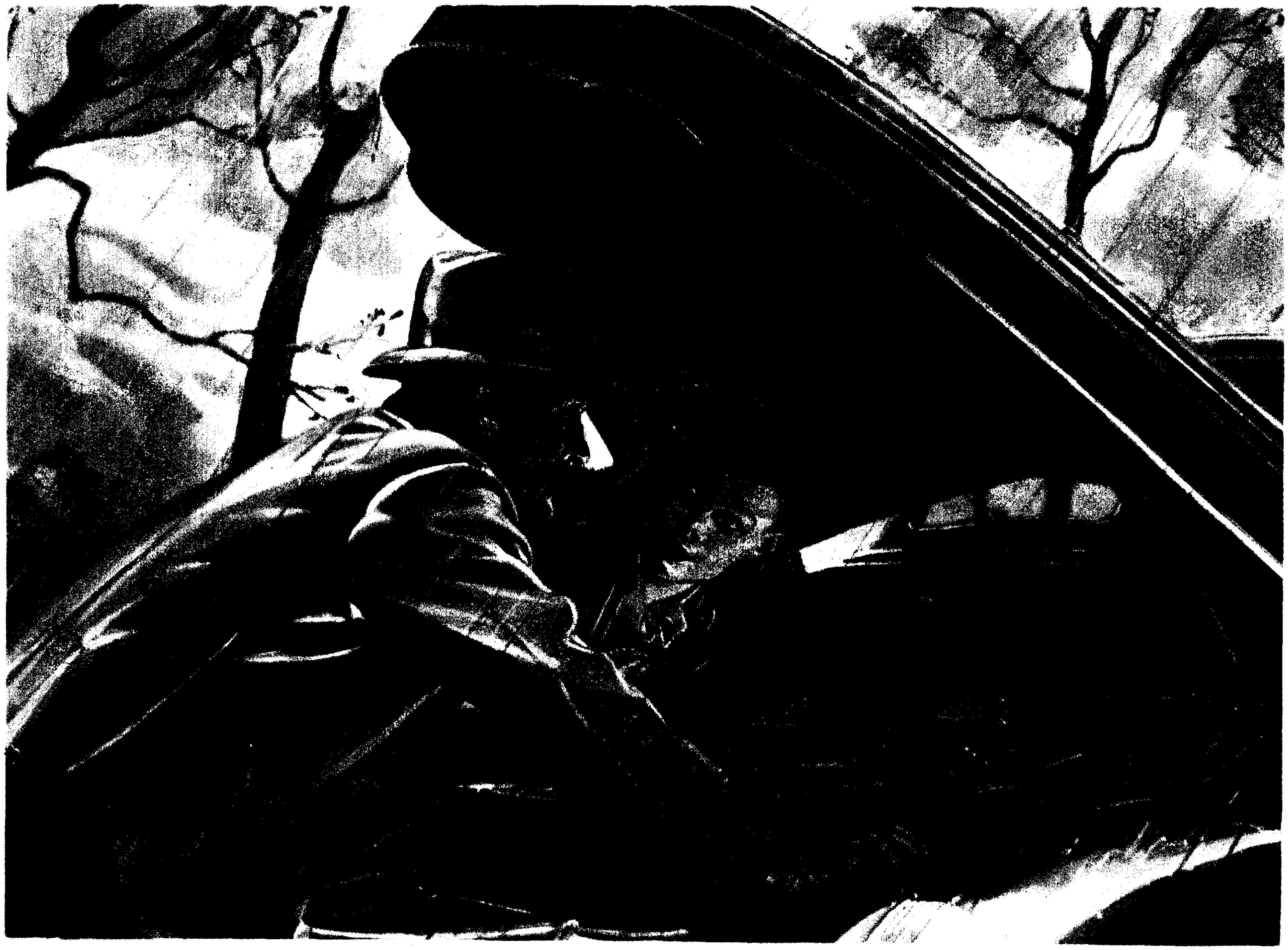
"Simple enough to astound you," he said, starting the engine. "We're going to elope. I've got my whole A book intact, and we're going to blow it on a honeymoon."

And then before she had got over her first surprise, he had stopped the car again at the corner of the park, very close to a large dark green mailbox. "And here," he said, "we pause so that you can write a last anguished letter. I know the sentimental mind, and there's nothing to send it spinning like an elopement."

"Especially an elopement without clothes,"

(Continued on page 52)

"Let's try it now," he said. "I've taken a look at it and that's all garage men do." "I'm losing faith in you," Jane said laughing



Girl citizens of the Republic learn child care and other homemaking skills while they live as a family group in the home economics cottage. Staff members lend their babies for practice purposes

Junior REPUBLIC

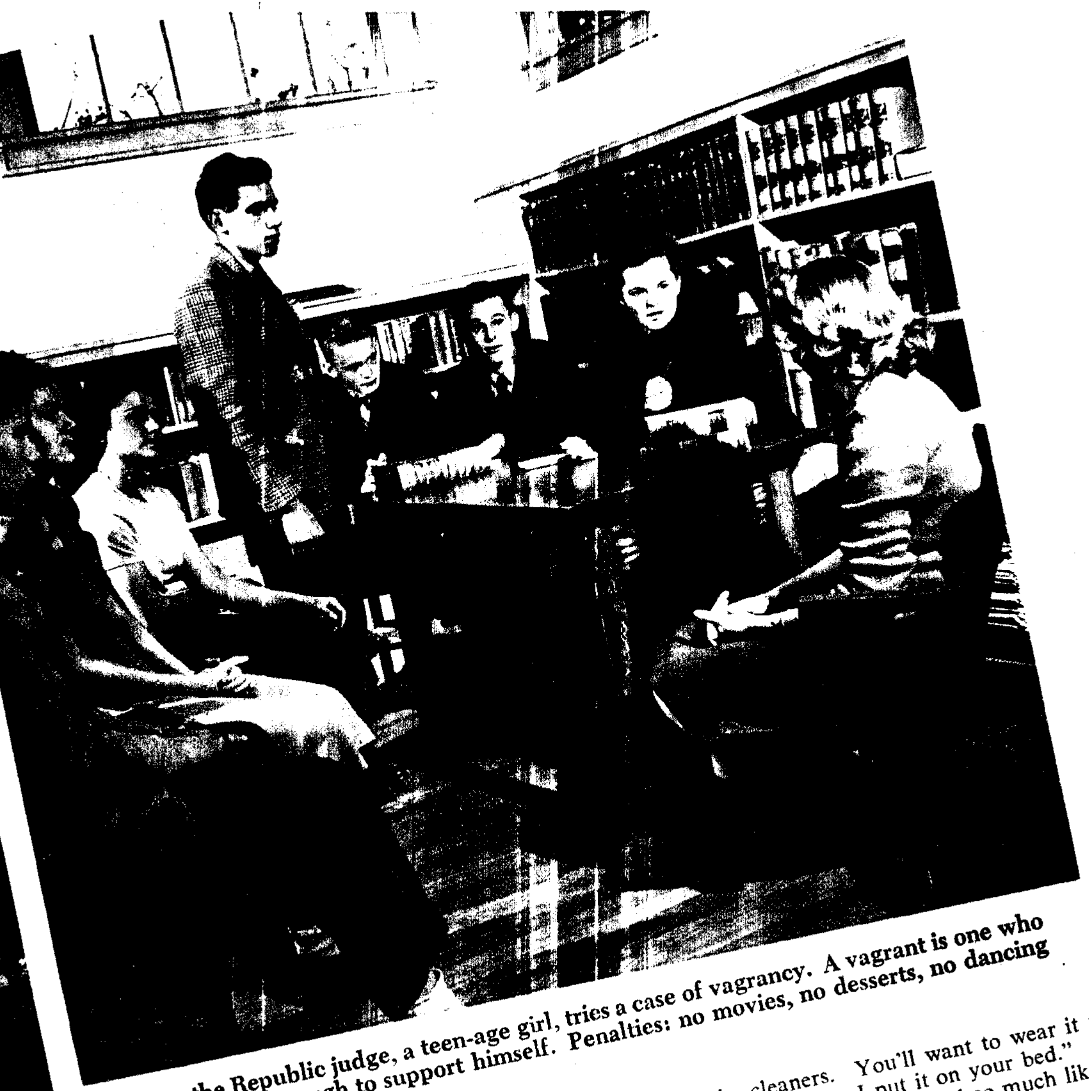
By Amy Porter

Here a citizen presses his trousers in preparation for a dance. Boys and girls see a lot of each other—under adult supervision

Farm work is an important part of Republic training. Boys learn advantages of modern agricultural methods

A citizen conducts services in the nonsectarian chapel

The schoolhouse, damaged by fire last year, can't be repaired until more funds are raised. Citizens get "wages" for attending school



Here the Republic judge, a teen-age girl, tries a case of vagrancy. A vagrant is one who fails to earn enough to support himself. Penalties: no movies, no desserts, no dancing

Rebellious kids tackle their own problems, and learn that you have to work if you want to eat, in almost any kind of society—and all of them want to eat. Here is how one man taught boys and girls—some of them regarded as misfits—to assume responsibility and thus to become worthy citizens instead of post-graduate toughs. Today there are plenty examples to show "Daddy" George had the right idea when he turned a farm into a community for young citizens

TWO overalled, mud-splattered boys of high-school age walked up to the front door of a neat white Colonial house. A woman stuck her head out of the door and said, "Hello, boys. Would you like to pick that paper up off the grass before you come in?"

"Nope," said one, "I wouldn't like to."

"Well, will you pick it up anyway," she asked, "as a favor to me?"

"Oh, sure, Mom," said the boy. "For you, we'd do anything."

The woman took the papers from them, chatted with them while they pulled off their muddy boots, then opened the door wide to admit them to a shiny-clean waxed hallway.

"Was my room all right today, Mom?" the second boy asked.

"Practically perfect," she said; "and your new suit came back from the cleaners. You'll want to wear it to the dance tonight, won't you? I put it on your bed."

The boys and "Mom" look and sound so much like a regulation family, it's hard to believe they aren't that at all. A short time ago, back in their home town, the boys were rated "bad." They swiped things, they cut school, they bullied younger kids. Everybody said they were just two jumps ahead of the reform school.

Then they became citizens of the George Junior Republic, where "Mom" is one of the house parents, and within a few months they had dropped their bad-boy ways.

The Republic is a private educational institution, not a reform school, but in its fifty years of existence it has reformed hundreds of unruly boys and girls. Its aim is to catch young people who are headed the wrong way and switch them around to the right way *before* they get into serious trouble. The switch is made by giving them more, rather than less, freedom and responsibility. At the Republic, the teen-age citizens manage their own lives just as adults do. They work for a living and they run their own government—finding out as they go along why law and order are necessary. Some children, too, are there because their parents feel they will benefit by the Republic's unique kind of character training.

The Republic, located on 500 acres of fine farm land near Freeville, in upstate New York, looks like an ordinary farm community, with neat white cottages, a school and a chapel strung out along a tree-lined country highway. But its citizens are eighty boys and girls, aged 14 to 19, who were classified by parents, teachers or social workers as "difficult" or "problem" children. A few were actual delinquents, given into the Republic's custody on the recommendation of a court, with their tuition paid by public-welfare agencies. The rest were sent there by parents or guardians, and their expenses are paid about half and half by their families and by private philanthropists.

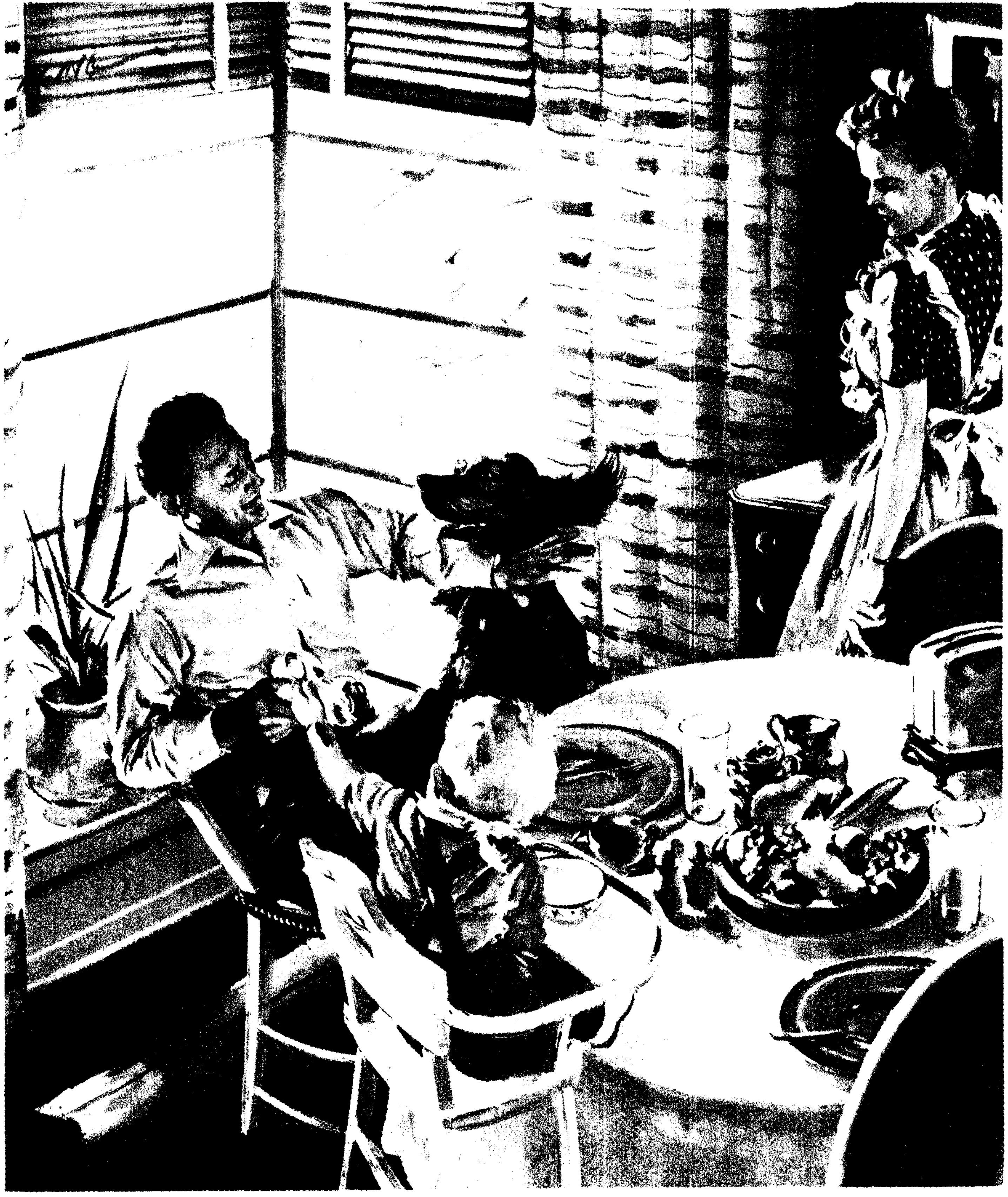
At the Republic, these junior citizens govern themselves in an orderly democracy—the two muddy boys being among the elected officers. They enact their own laws and enforce them strictly. They run their own court, police department and jail. An adult staff of teachers and counselors, headed by Donald Urquhart, gives guidance, but has never yet found it necessary to overrule the majority will of the citizens.

A new boy coming into the place may think he's tough. He may have terrorized everybody back home. But when he tries something at the Republic, the citizens (kids his own age) slap him down—with due process of law, but hard. He can't get away with a (*Continued on page* 64)

A herd of 25 cows supplies dairy products to all Republic residents, and makes a small profit besides

Here's the judge again, without her judicial robes. She rides a bicycle to her job as a telephone operator

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY H. J. KNOPF—PIX



Jupiter tore like crazy up to this new male and Hemmy screamed with delight. "Get down, you," Steve yelled calmly. "Karen," he said, "where did he come from?"

T-DAY
for the Townsends

BY ELSIE TAYE

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

Career girl, or mother—Karen couldn't tell which Steve wanted her to be. Still, as long as she was his wife it was his decision. Or was it?

AT THE first yip of the day from Hemmy, his mother slid out of bed. Usually she just called back to him, and took her time, but today she went down the hall fast. Opening his door she held it against the September breeze and eased it shut.

Hemmy, who had planned on lying there trying his voice in different ways, looked at her through the bars of his crib and struggled to his feet.

"Ma-ma-ma-ma," he shouted.

"Ssshhh," said Karen.

Clear silver eyes wide with surprise, he hung over the side of the crib. Noise was part of the beginning of the new day, the volume depending on whether your happiness was excruciating or just normal. Louder this time he tried again, "MA-MA-MA-MA!"

"SSSHHH!" said Karen. "We are not alone."

Talk, any kind of talk, was wonderful to hear. Hemmy bounced and waited for more.

"Your father," said Karen, watching him, "arrived home last night."

Hemmy made his rabbit face.

"Sharpen up there," said his mother. "Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe you don't know half that I say to you. Listen, my little cupcake. Daddy is home."

Whirling about to the picture of his father on the dresser, Hemmy flung out a short brown arm in an appealing gesture.

"Now you've got it." Karen kissed the top of his beige silk head. Nice straight hair he had, boy-cut, and it stood up in little paintbrushes from sleeping. She smiled at him, a big smile that half closed her long brown eyes. "He came in to look at you last night. I rolled your upper lip back the way they do with horses so he could see your teeth. And we flopped you over so he could see your nice straight back. He likes you."

Naturally, Karen whisked her son over the side of the crib and gave him a brisk pat. Housebroken, he was allowed to sleep bare. A compromise by which Hemmy tacitly agreed to leave his pants on outdoors.

He ran into the adjoining bathroom. At two he could do things for himself, like pulling the footstool over to the washbasin, brushing his teeth, making a pass at his face and hands with water.

While he went through his little act Karen opened the door again, holding it against the breeze as she listened. Not a sound from the guest room. Which if anyone asked *her* was a funny place for a husband to be sleeping after a two-and-a-half-year absence.

With embarrassing alacrity Steve had agreed to Karen's suggestion last night that perhaps he would sleep better in the guest room. The suggestion had been born of an idiotic attack of shyness. He should have known. As he should have known that by looking silently out the window as they drove home he made a wall of those two and a half years behind them. Only in the matter of Hemmy had Steve been satisfactory.

Arching his sun-tanned chest and walking on tiptoes because you could use up more energy that way, Hemmy came back.

"It's a good thing you're attractive," his mother told him. "Otherwise I might not have liked giving up two of the best years of my life to you."

THEY *had* been two of the best years of her life, according to her sister Jessica and Jessica was a very smart woman. Jessica was twelve years older than Karen, and together they formed the firm of Rayburn Sisters, Inc. Karen had never rated a full partnership and said so. "Don't be silly," Jessica had laughed, insisting on it when Karen was out of college only a year. "You're good. You're airborne when you get going. And I'm not taking any chances on that firm in California grabbing you off. Your cotton models this year threw every designer in the country for a loss."

They had, too. Cities in every section of the country were coming up with ideas for American fashions, and Rayburn Sisters had begun to put their own city of half a million population on the style map.

Holding yellow shorts for Hemmy, his mother continued, "Of course, it's been a nice experience. But now that you're practically a man I'll be getting back to my own job. You needn't think," she said glibly, remembering more of Jessica's words, "that I'm going to be one of those women with chapped hands and big hips who get flowers only on Mother's Day."

Hemmy looked with hate at the shoelaces she was tying firmly in double bowknots, then resigned himself to shoes and smacked his lips. It was as far as he would go in announcing that he was hungry. Karen bounced him to his feet, and then hand in hand they went down the curving stairway. The rest of her life, Karen thought, she'd probably go down this way, both feet on every step.

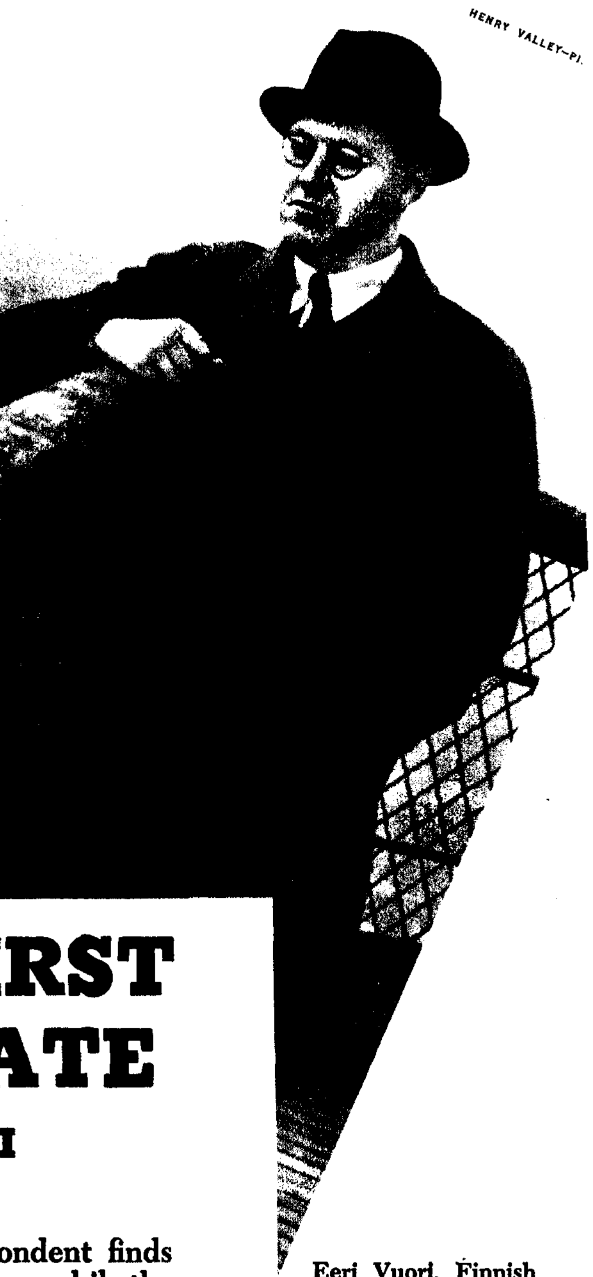
Still it gave her a chance to admire her handsome little house, not perhaps as shining as when Cora was with them, but neither Hemmy nor Karen minded a few blocks scattered on the floor, and dust was something that arrived every day. Jessica had found the house for them, and when Steve and Karen had cleared their throats simultaneously, Jessica had ignored them. Later she had said privately to Karen, "You've got to start right. Load Steve up. And with you carrying your share, he'll have to pull up his socks and make the grade." The house was less than a block from the slightly overpowering French Provençal job where Jessica lived with her husband, Carpenter Sayres, and a houseman by the elegant name of Lincoln. Carp rejoiced in the title of general manager and personnel director of Rayburn Sisters, Inc.

And as always, Jessica had been right. Steve, who was known to sell insurance to such of his friends as ardently desired it,

(Continued on page 45)

SOVFOTO

Col. Gen. Andrei A. Zhdanov's frequent trips to Moscow for orders upset the already jittery Finns



HENRY VALLEY-PI.

Eeri Vuori, Finnish labor minister, has the seemingly hopeless task of adapting his weary country to peacetime conditions

BLACK STAR

Finnish Communists have begun a war of nerves against the cabinet of Premier Paasikivi (left) that may end its existence

RUSSIA'S FIRST BUFFER STATE

BY OSCAR JACOBI

After a tour of Finland, one correspondent finds that half the population likes the Russians, while the other half is apprehensive. But the Russians—with icy correctness—seem to be getting what they want

RADIOED FROM STOCKHOLM

THE chauffeur of one of the few taxicabs still functioning in Helsinki glared at me. I'd let him wait a quarter hour and he didn't like it. The meter of his asthmatic cab ticked faster when the car was running than when it was standing still. Irate over having lost money this way, he threw at me: "You fine gentlemen seem to think you can continue to treat us any way you like. But that's all over in Finland now. Pretty soon we're going to be the masters. Stalin's gonna see to that." I was overcharged 100 per cent for the ride, I discovered afterward.

Such was my introduction to post-armistice Finland. It was evidently going to be a bit different from that time in the Finnish capital five years ago when a United States military attaché, just transferred from Moscow, had been smacked in the jaw for saying, from force of habit, "Pardon me" in Russian to a Finn he happened to collide with. The first Russo-Finnish war had started only two weeks earlier, however, and indignation against the Russians was then at the boiling point. The elevator boy at the Kaemp, the city's best hotel, was studying Russian grammar between rides. In the elevator I met a Tass News Agency man—a Russian—I knew from Berlin. He grinned.

"You know, these Finns are simple-minded," he told me, in his broken German. "They've started coming to us with their troubles. We're swamped with all sorts of requests. People want their relatives demobilized quickly, or extra ration cards, or travel permits, or other favors only Finn authorities can grant. We have all we can do telling them it's none of our business."

Half of the Finns like the Russians well enough for one reason or another and honestly try to adapt themselves to the new situation. The other half view them with distrust and even fear. That's what I found after two weeks in Finland, traveling all over the country from Helsinki to Lapland above the Arctic Circle. The enlightened part of the pro-Russian half condemns the 1941 war against Russia as a grievous mistake and sees in a Russo-Finn *rapprochement* Finland's only chance for at least nominal independence in the future. Some others in the pro-Russian bracket are grinding axes of their own—opportunists and people who naïvely think a membership card in the newly formed Finland-Soviet Union Association carries both remission for old sins and a guarantee of being left alone in any leftist-inspired social upheaval that the relatively near future may bring.

Then there are those who believe that the Moscow influence will improve their living conditions, needless to say at the expense of the upper and middle classes. And Finn Communists: How strong they are we won't know before the general elections scheduled for early in 1945. But they're vociferous enough and have already shouted one of their members into the new Paasikivi Cabinet. Of course, it's only natural that these Communists should now try to cash in on the situation, especially those who've been made martyrs for their political faith and spent the last five years or more in jails and concentration camps.

The distrust and fear of Russia isn't limited to any one class; it runs right through the entire social fabric. On my travels I talked to politicians, businessmen, authors, newspapermen, civil service employees, workers and peasants. Worry about the future was the leitmotiv in many of these conversations. A typical question they ask themselves is: Will Russia gradually swallow us, or are we going to have a chance to live our own lives once relations with Russia have been stabilized? A typical answer they give themselves: Russia means ultimately to absorb Finland, not by external pressure, but instead by using Finn Communists and radicalized masses to produce, when the time is ripe, a "spontaneous" demand that the country join the Soviet Union.

I mingled in some food queues just to hear what the ordinary citizen was saying. One was a milk line-up—people waiting patiently in the rain and wind to buy milk for their children.

"Perhaps this time the foreigner will stay with us for good," said an old woman. "Perhaps this time we'll all of us have to go Russian," she wailed, and nobody challenged her statement.

Another queue had formed in front of a store where they were selling salted fish. One woman, fresh from a fortunetelling séance, announced the prophecy she'd just paid for: "Twice would Reds rule the land, but finally a man will rise to lead it toward happier times."

"Well, it won't be Mannerheim, for he's old and sick," said somebody else, and no one had any guesses as to who this man on horseback would turn out to be.

But the misgivings of the nervous and what has actually happened are two different things. So far, the Russians in Finland have been painstakingly correct in their contacts with the natives. It is true that only picked officers, officials and other personnel have

(Continued on page 69)

The souvenirs above are strictly according to regulation and will delight some G.I.'s parents—fancy cosmetic kit, center, and a 3-piece carving set in foreground

Plumage, such as bird of paradise feathers and fan above, is contraband. With quilts at bottom, they are on exhibit at National Museum in Washington, D. C.

Pickup Boys

BY WILLIAM S. ABBOTT

Many souvenirs our servicemen send home never get beyond customs inspectors. But if the boys keep on collecting trophies at their present rate, the Germans had better bolt down what's left of Berlin

IT'S the largest, best-equipped Army, Navy and Marine Corps in history. It's covering more land and water right now than any array of fighting men in history. And it's undoubtedly the goofiest souvenir-collecting machine that ever took the field—and we mean *take* it.

For our fighting curio and trophy picker-uppers are in action on all fronts, turning up the heaviest tonnage of unassorted objects ever to move at one time toward a single continent. This mass is approaching our shores by water, air and submarine, by freight, mail and in the baggage of returning soldiers, sailors and Marines.

But for all of this mountain range of loot, too little of it is reaching the fathers and mothers and best girls it was meant for. That's because Army and Navy and Marine Corps officers, customs inspectors and mail sleuths are seizing it for infractions of military regulations. They are snatching it out of baggage because of prohibitory federal laws; whisking it off freight piles because of state rulings. They are holding it up by the ton at New York and other ports of embarkation because of legislation or ukases in the foreign lands where our fighters collected the stuff.

Not that plenty of souvenirs are not getting through the legal barbed wire. Living rooms and hallways all the way from Vermont to Texas are taking on the aspects of harems or igloos. Uncle Jud down in New Orleans doubtfully eyes the 20-pound walrus-hide bedcover Cousin Joe sent him for those cold Louisiana nights. And prim little Aunt Hattie cherishes the wonderful thing Nephew Sammie gave her—a tommy gun, fully loaded, which may blow her head off at any moment.

It would seem that because of their training, fighters are preternaturally dulled to the lethal possibilities of weapons. The most murderous keepsakes and mementos that the military and customs men have ever seen are arriving at our ports.

Consigned to mothers, wives and brothers, or brought along by the men themselves, are grenades, packs of ammunition, pistols, torpedoes, loaded shells. There are American and foreign automatic rifles, machine guns, tear-gas grenades, flares and "thunder-flashes." One of the most terrific contraptions to reach here, along with a variety of booby traps and land mines, also fully loaded, was a butterfly bomb—a gay horror which flutters about, exploding as it leaps and bounces.

At one port an extra heavy packing case puzzled the inspectors. It contained pieces of machinery, no item of which seemed to match any other. So they put it aside temporarily. A little later they came on a second box, in all respects like the first. It also contained no clue.

Not until two other cases showed up in a later shipment did the answer emerge. Contents of the last two, dumped beside those of the first pair, showed the customs men that they had a German jeep—a complete *volkswagen*. Some enterprising soldier had painstakingly dismantled it, fitted it together so it could be shipped, and addressed it to his family.

Military officials are also on the lookout for inflammables, films, maps and diaries. Enemy equipment, too, is the property of the U.S. government and not of the serviceman who may pick it up. On this point, however, officers are inclined to give the souvenir hunter a break by signing a certificate declaring the object the property of the soldier who has it. These certified things cannot be held up by customs, either at port or in the mail unless they violate some civilian law.

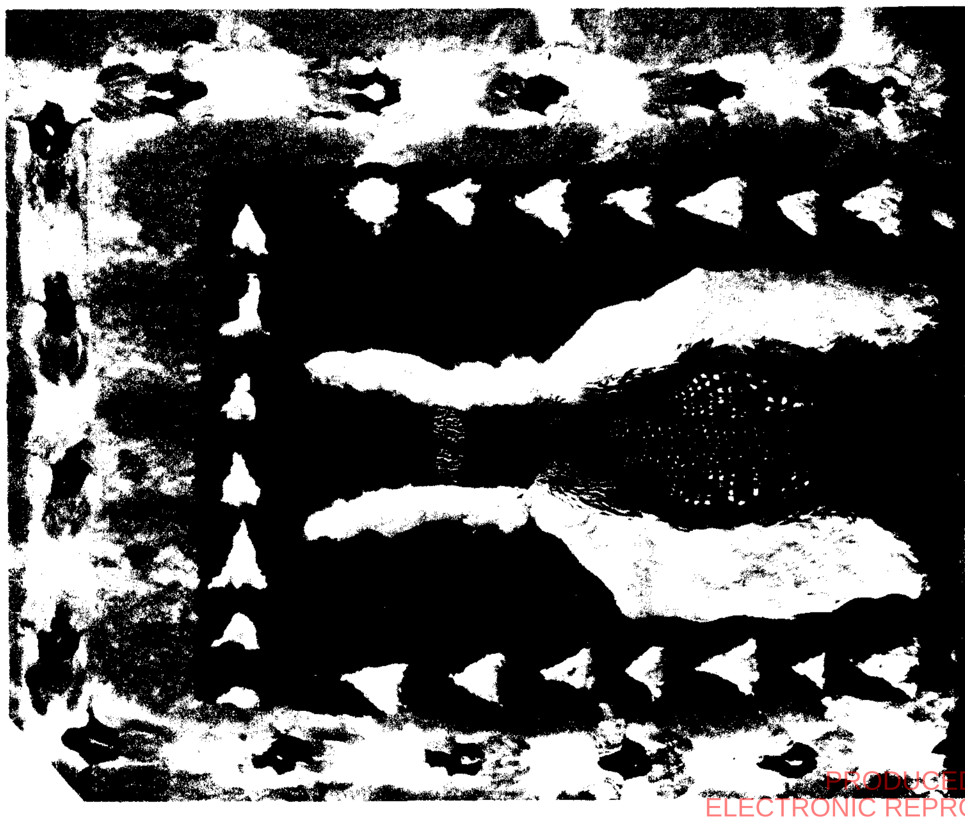
There's another classification under which the seizures run into big tonnage. It's based on the government's assumption that U.S.

(*Continued on page 72)*

Lt. F. B. Tierney of the Baggage and Effects Section, N. Y. Port of Embarkation, checks off on a tally sheet contents of one G.I. footlocker. Mixed in with clothing are Persian boots, swords, topee. Back of boots is a jawbone—presumably animal

The two eiderdown quilts, below, from Alaska, did not get past customs officials

HUSTON—PIX



Recipe

Armour's Star Pork Sausage with Sweet Potatoes

To serve 4, cook 4 medium-sized sweet potatoes in boiling water until tender. Peel and cut in halves. Cook 2 tbsps. Cloverbloom Butter, ½ cup brown sugar, 2 tbsps. corn syrup and 2 tbsps. water until thick. Cook sweet potatoes in syrup until glazed. Place Armour's Star Pork Sausage in cold frying pan over low heat and cook slowly for 12 to 14 minutes, turning once or twice, and pouring off fat as it accumulates. Serve with this cranberry orange sauce: Grate rind from 1 large orange. Trim off white membrane. Put orange rind, pulp and 1 lb. cranberries through food chopper. Add 1 to 1¼ cups sugar. Do not cook this relish.

Armour's Star on this pure pork sausage promises real, old-fashioned flavor!

Remember the taste of flavory, savory fresh pork sausage made right on the farm where you ate it?

This is the taste you get in Armour's Star pure Pork Sausage. It's made *fresh daily* and rushed to your market from the Armour Sausage Kitchen nearest to you.

And this sausage is made of choice cuts of pork, carefully selected for flavor and tenderness—then blended with the best imported spices. No wonder Armour's Star Pork Sausage is such a flavor favorite!

So buy the best—buy Armour's Star Pork Sausage. Be sure to save the recipes given here for two especially good, new meals. You'll want to use them over and over!

Armour's Star Pork Sausage and Apple Patties

1 lb. Armour's Star Cello Roll Pork Sausage
1 cup dry bread crumbs
½ cup chopped celery
½ cup chopped apples
2 tbsps. brown sugar
3 apples cut in half crosswise
6 tbsps. brown sugar

Combine Armour's Star Pork Sausage, crumbs, celery, chopped apples and 2 tbsps. brown sugar and form into patties. Core 3 apples and slice in half. Place apples in baking dish with sausage patties and sprinkle with 6 tbsps. brown sugar. Cover and bake 30 minutes in 350° F. oven. Remove apples and continue baking sausage uncovered for 10 minutes, or until nicely browned. To serve, place patties on top of apple halves, arrange on platter and garnish with parsley. 6 servings.

Armour's STAR
LINKS
PURE PORK SAUSAGE
A sausage dish for every meal-break
KEEP IN A COOL
STAR
PURE PORK SAUSAGE

1 Pound Box of Links

1 Pound Cello Roll

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Listen to Hedda Hopper's Hollywood, every Monday Night over CBS. See Local Papers for Time

ARMOUR
and Company

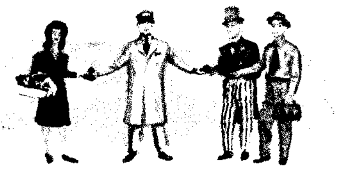
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Social Aspects of Business

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

It is misleading to envisage a great enterprise as a private institution.

A corporation, owned by tens of thousands of stockholders, is private only in a very special and technical legal sense.



Take Armour and Company, for example; during the fiscal year 1943, it redistributed more than twelve times as much of its total receipts from its customers, to government in taxes, and to labor in wages and salaries, as it accumulated in net earnings for its stockholders.

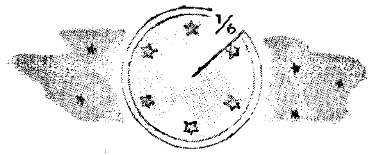
Far from representing a special interest, business constitutes the services of supply of the American people in war and in peace.

Business is the mechanism through which breadwinners earn their living by making and exchanging goods.

Prosperity, resulting from a balanced economy, yields a high level of employment and a plateau of material wellbeing for 35 million American families.

Business provides, in time of peace, the material foundations for fulfilling the human hope for rising living standards.

Gracious living persists the year round. Armour and Company has seen to that through applying refrigeration in the handling and transportation of fresh meats. This method changed the eating habits of the whole nation by supplementing the ordinary summer diet of cured meats with fresh meats.



For exceedingly small rewards (in 1943, 1c on each dollar of sales or 1/6 of a cent per pound of product) Armour serves not only one seventh of the nation's consumers with a dependable supply of quality products made available in the principal retail markets at decreasing cost, but it also provides a way of life for many families on the farms and in the cities. Armour constitutes a daily cash market on which the nation's livestock producers can sell a substantial part of the meat animals they produce. Armour also makes available jobs, at going rates of pay as steady as can be found in any fundamental industry, for many thousands of men and women.

And in addition to performing this important task, the modern corporation takes on additional functions.

For example, it acts as tax collector for government—national, state and local.

By way of illustration, Armour and Company in 1943 received from its customers in the selling prices of its products the sum of $33,252,020 which the company redistributed in taxes to help defray the cost of the war and the regular running expenses of government.

G A Eastwood
President, Armour and Company

Seventh of a series of statements on the American system of free enterprise which makes possible such institutions for service as Armour and Company.

TASTE MAKES THE TREAT

Any time is treat time . . . when there are Milky Ways for two!

With each luscious bite you enjoy the thick coating of pure milk chocolate . . .

the layer of smooth creamy caramel . . . and the center of

chocolate nougat richly flavored with real malted milk. Every taste

is a real treat right down to the last delightful flavor that lingers

in your mouth. When you crave good candy, eat a Milky Way!

The Quack Hack

Continued from page 17

"She's working," answered my mother.

Mary stared me in the face very firm. "Exactly. And perhaps you could help me."

"I could come and applaud. Where you dancing? Or is it singing?"

"Don't be a dope," said my mother. "Mary is a welder. A forelady. In the Brooklyn Navy Yard."

"We'd like you to drive us to work every morning," said Mary.

The "us," she explained, was the three other girls who lived with her. They loved their work, but they also loved their sleep. So they were always getting up the last second and just beating the gong. The excitement was bad for the nerves and the welding. They figured it would be more patriotic if they took a taxi.

"Certainly, I'll drive you," I told her. "It'll be a privilege."

"It'll also be a dollar a day for each girl," said my mother.

"Perfect," said Mary.

Which was saying a big mouthful in a small way. At a dollar a head six days a week, this job would guarantee me almost a hundred a month. The payments to Mike would be in the bag.

"Ma," I told her when we went out, "everything is now the nuts."

"So watch out you don't swallow the shells," she said.

THE whole trip in the morning took me less than forty-five minutes. Over the Harlem River on the Third Avenue bridge. Down the East River Drive. Across the Manhattan Bridge and we were at the Navy Yard. It was like a joy ride. The radio played, the girls sang, and I kept time with the horn.

And then it happened. The tires, which till now politely had been blowing out only when I had other passengers, started doing the same for the girls. Five days in a row, and made them late every time.

"Don't worry, Mary," I said, "it couldn't happen again."

"It certainly won't," she snapped. "I'm getting a new driver!" Her blue eyes flashed.

My heart dripped slush, and red ink from Mike's mortgage. "Without you I'll be a ruined man," I said.

"And with you I'll be a bankrupt woman," she shot back. "Those latenesses cost me five hours' pay. Navy Yard regulations. I'm supervising an important job on a landing barge. One more lateness and I'll be demoted."

"Mary," I said, "you can depend on me."

"But can I depend on the tires?"

"Absolutely."

She smiled very doubtful. "I'll take a chance, Harry, if it's agreeable with the other girls."

The girls told her sure. Whatever their forelady said was okay with them.

"Forget everything, Mary," I said. "I'll be responsible."

Strictly speaking, I felt like a heel. I was really nuts about her. But by having her stay in the cab I might be playing her a rotten trick. Yet if I let her go I would be playing myself a rottener one. I had four more payments to make Mike.

Still maybe what I did wasn't so bad. Because from pinochle and loans I am an expert on percentages. And I figured honest when I told Mary that after five flats in a row it couldn't happen again. The next two months proved it. Never a flat with Mary in the cab. Every day on time. Then the Third Avenue bridge made a liar of the score.

Things started off cockeyed from the beginning that morning. First one of the girls forgot her lunch and had to run back. And then on the Concourse, a cop grabbed me for passing a red light and made me stand still while he made a speech.

Traffic was heavy, too, and Mary was getting nervous. But a break in lights put me at the head of the parade and I hit the bridge ramp on the button. "Relax, Mary," I told her, "from now on it's a cinch."

A boat whistle squawked. The bridge whistle squawked back. Ahead of me the gate in the road closed. I jammed on the brakes and stopped. Then very slow the bridge opened up to let the boat pass. Only it wasn't passing. It was still a couple of hundred yards away. And behind it were four other boats. We were stuck.

I turned to the girls. They were chewing their fingernails. Sharpening them to scratch my eyes out, from the looks on their faces. It wasn't my fault. But I felt guilty. "Honest, Mary, I don't know what to say," I apologized.

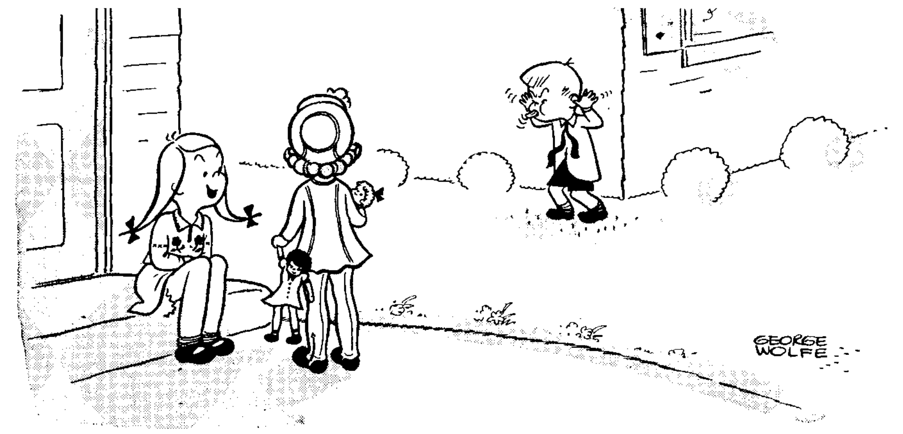
"Then I'll say it for you!" she blazed. "You're an irresponsible boob. And because of you I'll lose my job today." In her voice was a catch that caught me, too.

I tried to talk sense but couldn't. "Mary," I said, "I love you. So what can I do?"

She was wiping her eyes and didn't answer. Never before did I feel so desperate.

Half a mile away was the Triborough Bridge, which is very high and doesn't have to move away when boats pass and costs a quarter to go over. If I could turn around and get to it I might still deposit Mary at the Navy Yard on time. But I was mousetrapped. The bridge I was on had only one-way traffic. And cars and trucks were lined up behind me and across.

There was one possible scram route. The sidewalk next to me. Last time I used one it led straight to the cooler. And now parked on the other side of the bridge gate I saw a cop on a motorcycle. It looked like I didn't have a chance. So I took it.



"When I grow up I'm going to divorce the boy next door!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

The car behind me was so close I couldn't turn out. Inching up to the gate a little, I suddenly threw the cab in reverse, heaved out the clutch, and stepped on the gas. The rap caught the car square on the bumper and sent it back about six feet. That made room. It also made the cop leave his motorcycle and come running over. Which was just what I wanted. Swinging a sharp U-turn, I straddled the sidewalk, half on, half off, and began tearing along.

"Where you going?" screamed Mary.

"To the two-bit bridge," I yelled back, chopping off a truck fender.

"Stop!" she begged. "If you don't we'll be killed."

"Nuts, darling," I told her, "if I do, we'll be lynched."

BY NOW I had cleared the ramp and reached the street. Ahead of me the road was open. Almost to the other bridge. But behind me the motorcycle cop had got going and was gaining on me. I swung into a side street and pulled up behind a pile of junk on an old pier. The cop scooted by and was gone. Mary smiled for the first time. "Very clever driving," she said.

"That was nothing," I told her. "Watch me roll now." I did. Two feet and over a big rusty spike. The left rear tire squealed murder and dropped dead.

Personally I wished I could do the same. For the way I felt now was worse. I had no spare. And by the time I fixed the flat it would be too late. Mary would lose her job and I would lose Mary. Also the money for the payments, the cab and even my professional standing. Because I might have to become a bus driver. And in my league that's strictly amateur.

From inside the cab came sad noises. The girls. And from a couple of blocks away came nasty ones. The motorcycle cop. Searching for me street by street. To take my mind off, I got out to fix the tire. Creeping under the cab to find a spot for the jack, I banged my head against the little propeller. What a shame, I thought. If the dopes who built this rig for the Army had only put on a rudder like they were supposed to, it would be a cinch. The Navy Yard was only five miles by water. But without a rudder?

THEN suddenly the idea hit me. And I hit the driver's seat. "Bum voyage, girls," I yelled, "we're off!" Slamming the cab in gear I shot straight over the edge of the low pier. We hit the water with hardly a splash. I snapped the switch on the driving post. The rear wheels stopped turning and the propeller picked up.

"Help!" hollered the girls.

The motorcycle cop shot up to the pier, gave a squint like he saw his name in the newspapers and began peeling off his clothes.

"Scram," I told him. "You'll catch a cold without your shirt." His mouth opened the size of a valise and he beat it for the nearest call box.

I fed gas and headed down the river. And she steered not bad. It was like I figured when I pushed aside that sand pile. The front wheels, when I turned them, acted as a double rudder.

The girls still couldn't believe they weren't going to sink. They sat stiff like boards.

"Relax," I said. "I can't swim neither. But am I nervous?"

"No," said one of them very weak. "Merely insane."

I could see that though these girls worked in the Navy Yard, they still didn't know there was a war on. "Can't you recognize it?" I said. "You are riding in a quack. Which is a little brother to a duck, which goes by the name of amphibious automobile."

The girls let out a whoop and hugged each other instead of me. Mary's eyes shone like hub caps. "Harry," she said, "I think you're wonderful."

Personally I thought I was better than that. But there was no time for arguments. I pushed the gas down as far as it would go. From what I heard in the Army, quacks and ducks could make about fifteen miles an hour in the water. That meant a twenty-minute run. It was now 7:30, and Mary had to be to work at 8:00. Which gave me some extra time. But I needed that extra time to get out of the river and run on my flat tire to the Navy Yard entrance gate.

I turned on the radio. The girls sang and the motor hummed. Sea gulls hitched free rides, went fishing and invited relatives. It was like a picnic. Passing boats whistled at us. I Bronx-cheered them with the horn, and the girls ate their sandwiches. Four miles sailed by that way.

Suddenly Mary tapped me on the head and pointed to the East River Drive. Police cars by the dozen were bouncing along, with cops popping out, squinting at the river, and popping in again. "What's the meaning of that?" said Mary.

"Trouble."

"For us?"

"Yes, and no."

"What sort of silly answer is that?"

"Yes, if they could come out here. But no, how could they?"

Personally I knew how they could. But I didn't want to worry Mary. I figured maybe by the time the cops thought of it I could deliver the girls to the Yard. All I needed was a little more luck. So to test it I turned the radio very soft to the police calls. "Marine No. 5," yapped the announcer. "Maniac at large in floating cab. Head him off! Head him off!"

The girls hadn't heard. No. 5 was the police launch that patrolled this beat.

A quarter mile passed. And then another. Still nothing happened. I squinted to the Brooklyn side. And for the first time in my life yelled hooray for Brooklyn. There it was—the little beach where I would land. The only place that didn't have a pier in the way to keep us from getting on shore. And the only place where the quack taxi wouldn't be a clay pigeon.

Swinging cross-stream, I cut the motor to a walk. A tug was coming the opposite way, and I wanted to let it pass the beach first. The tug chugged by. And then from behind the tug, where it had been hiding all along, the police boat sneaked out, straddled the beach and waited.

"Pull over!" yapped a cop on the deck.

Any man in his right mind would have. Mary and the girls were sunk. They had ten minutes to get to the yard. But even if the cops let them go, they couldn't make it.

But I wasn't in my right mind. These ferry flatfoots had pulled on me the corniest trick of all. A take-off on the motorcycle-cop stunt of trailing you from behind another car. And I had fallen for it. I was insulted.

"Nuts," I said, "come get me."

GIVING them the horn, I spun the wheel and scooted off downstream. I was a hundred yards ahead before they could turn around. But once their tub got going it really showed speed. I gave the quack all it had. But little by little the cop boat kept gaining.

And then opposite the Navy Yard, I saw three more police boats. One coming at me upstream. The other down, and the third from the other shore. They had me boxed.

"It looks like the end," I told Mary.

"Please make it fast," she said very glum.

Waving a white handkerchief I headed for the police boat off the Navy Yard. A cop on deck nailed me with a boathook. We bucked the tide for a standstill until the other police boats pulled up. Then with two guarding me on each side we made for the Yard.

Suddenly the cop banged the boathook against the door. "Slow down!" he hollered. Crossing in front of us was a tug with a string of low, flat rafts a block long. I took my foot off the gas and waited. And then it came to me. What was I waiting for?

I gave her the gun. The quack flew ahead like a shot. Through the water, up onto a raft, over, and down the other side. The Navy Yard was dead ahead.

"Hooray!" the girls cheered.

"You made it!" said Mary, kissing me on the back of the neck.

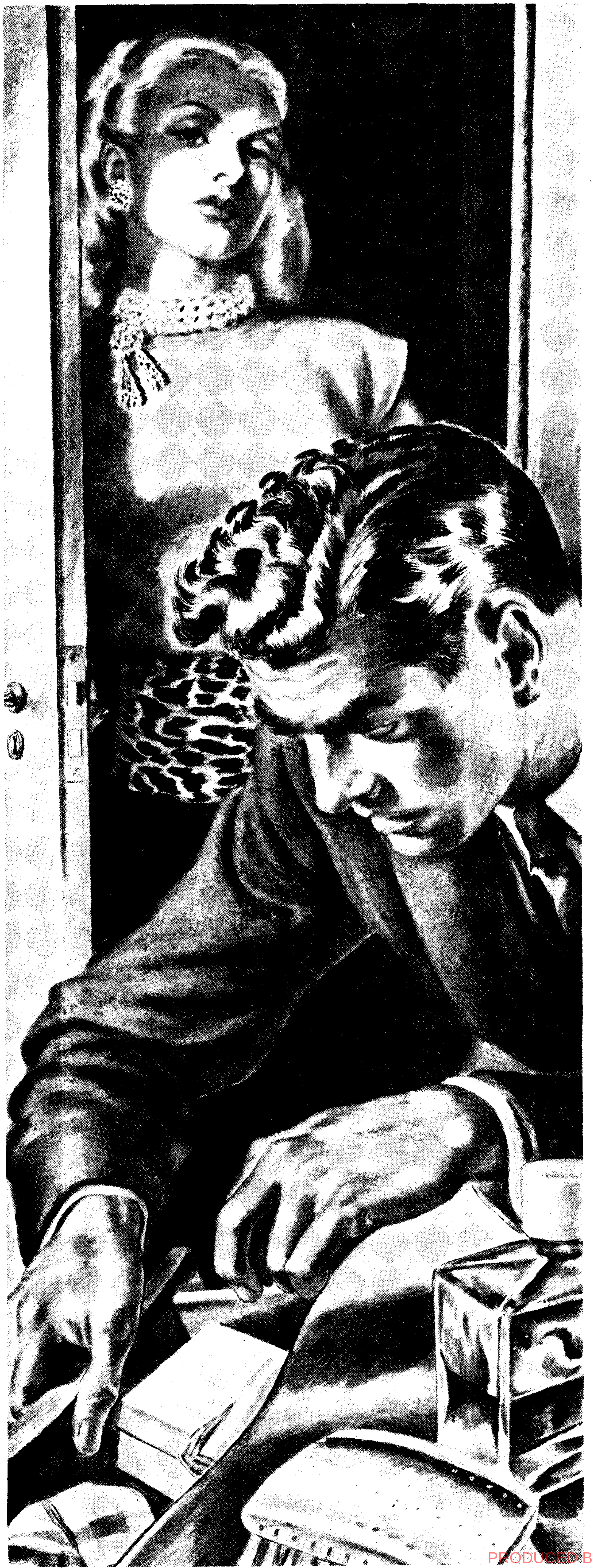
I looked at my watch. Two minutes to eight. It killed me but I had to tell her: "No, Toots. The quack has made it, but has laid an egg. It needs a beach to roost."

The rafts had passed. And now the cop boats were roaring after me. I began turning upstream. Mary pulled my arm. "Over there, Harry. That's where I work!" She pointed to the nearest dock. Tied up was a new landing barge. I looked again. And my eyes almost popped through the windshield. The ramp on the barge was down.

In ten seconds I was there. Switching off the propeller, I turned on the quack's wheel power. The front end nosed up to the ramp, skidded on the slippery boards and began sliding down. I jockeyed and gave a prayer. And then gave a blessing on Mike Schnitzer. The flat tire did it. Grabbing the ramp with its extra traction, it stopped the skid. I fed gas. With a screech, the quack flew up the ramp. Then into the landing barge.

So that's the way it was. Mary got to her job on time and I got sixty days in the cooler. Mike Schnitzer got the quack. But he is giving it to me back for a wedding present. With a new mortgage.

THE END



Net of COBWEBS

BY ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

The Story:

Discharged from the Merchant Marine for battle shock, Malcolm Drake clung to strong sleeping pills and relied on his brother Arthur and Arthur's wife, Helene, for rest and relaxation—then found himself caught in a strange web of death. First, Helene's Aunt Evie was pronounced dead of an overdose of alcohol by Doctor Lurie, the family physician. Worse, the family suspected Malcolm when Ben, the butler, said he saw Malcolm mix a stiff drink for Aunt Evie. But the web was to close yet more tightly. While visiting Lily Kingscrown, friendly, beautiful neighbor, Malcolm found Ivan Jenette, Aunt Evie's protégé—who had promised to tell him something about her death—lying dead of drugs in Lily's garage. Helene's sister, Virginia, insisted that Ivan had committed suicide, but Malcolm knew she thought him the murderer when he found his sleeping pills gone. Desperately trying to clear himself, Malcolm only got further involved when Helene asked him to leave, *telling him* Virginia *was paying* Ben blackmail to keep him quiet. Determined to silence Ben, Malcolm rummaged secretly through Arthur's bureau drawer for a gun, felt the web knot about him, when he heard Arthur's questioning voice.

Conclusion

At the sound of Arthur's voice, casually asking if he were looking for something, Malcolm swung around, away from the bureau he was ransacking for his brother's gun. Arthur was standing in the doorway of the bathroom, and maybe he had been there a long time.

"Yes," Malcolm said. "Yes; I was trying to find—"

The door into the hall opened, and Helene came in. "Oh . . . !" she said. "It's that bureau drawer. I thought I heard something fall."

The two men said nothing.

"Are you feeling any better, Arthur?" she said.

"Worse," he said. "Much worse. I'd like a whisky-and-soda and a ham sandwich."

"Oh, but that couldn't be good for a headache!"

"Who knows, after all?" said Arthur. "Who knows whence cometh a headache? It's probably the price you pay for an almost superhuman intelligence. See you downstairs, Malcolm, in half an hour?"

Malcolm nodded. He went into his own room and stood beside the closed door. I'll have to see Ben without a gun, he thought. I'll have to run him out of town some other way. I can. He doesn't look like what you'd call a formidable character.

Something else was coming into his head. But if Ben's been hanging around Lily's house? Now, take it a little easy. Ben's been blackmailing Virginia. On account of my giving Aunt Evie the big drink. All right. Jenette said he'd tell me something about how she died. But he didn't. All right. Who'd be interested in seeing that he didn't tell me?

The blackmailer.

There was a light rap on the door; it opened a little, and Arthur put in his hand, holding a small automatic.

"This what you wanted?" he asked.

He handed it to Malcolm, and went away, closing the door behind him. He handed me his gun, Malcolm thought. He doesn't think I'm too crazy to have a gun. That makes you feel pretty good, all right. I could do with a little more of that around here. . . .

Arthur did not come down to lunch after all, and that was not so good. Not so good to sit there with the two sisters.

Virginia was quiet; she looked pale and tired and very serious. But Helene was incredible. There was no trace of hostility in her now; she was amiable and easy, making conversation. Malcolm responded as best he could, and he tried not to look at Virginia and not to think of her.

Yet he was aware of her all the time, as one is aware of pain dormant beneath a drug. Maybe I'll never see her again, he thought, now I'm walking out on her. But there's nothing else I can do. Well, she'll get over it. She'll forget. Only it makes me feel like a heel.

After lunch, he went up to his room. In half an hour, he thought, I'll just go out of this house and never come back. If she sees *me, if she asks me where I'm going, I'll tell* her another lie. I'll . . .

"Malcolm!" she said, knocking at the door.

He didn't want to see her. But there was no escape; he opened the door and she came in.

"Malcolm, Captain Rutgers is here, to see you. And, darling, you *must* be careful what you say."

He said gently and anxiously, "I haven't done anything, Virginia."

"Don't say anything about Ben to him, Malcolm. Please promise you won't."

"I don't expect to," he said curtly.

It would be unbearable to discuss the blackmail matter with her. No, he thought. I'll deal with Ben myself.

"Virginia," he said, "I want you to know this: I didn't give Aunt Evie the big drink."

"That's not the point, Malcolm—"

"Virginia, it is the point—for me."

"Malcolm, you see you couldn't *prove* that you hadn't. You'd say you hadn't, and Ben would say he saw you. And Dr. Lurie would say—"

"The hell with Dr. Lurie!"

"Malcolm, please think. If you say anything to make Captain Rutgers suspicious of Ben, he'll begin to investigate, and that might be—horrible."

He was sorry for her in her anxiety and distress, but he was exasperated, too.

"I'd better not keep Rutgers waiting any longer," he said.

"Promise you won't say anything about Ben?"

"Couldn't promise, my dear girl. I'll have to answer his questions the way they come. But I shan't volunteer anything. Don't worry," he added perfunctorily, and went down the stairs.

He was pleased to observe that he was not in the least nervous about this interview. He felt well able to hold his own; he felt nonchalant, even jaunty.

"Afternoon!" he said.

"Good afternoon!" said Rutgers, with a nice smile.

They both lit cigarettes and sat down.

"I won't keep you any longer than I can help," said Rutgers. "Just a few things to clear up. You'd met Jenette before he came here, hadn't you, Mr. Drake?"

"We-el . . ." Malcolm answered, "I'm not quite sure about that. There was some talk about our having met, but I don't remember it, and he didn't mention it."

He looks like Reddy the Fox, Malcolm thought. Only I don't remember whether Reddy is one of those good animals or a little rascal.

"I understand, Mr. Drake, that you went

Malcolm was ransacking the drawer when Helene came in. "Oh!" she said. "It's that bureau drawer. I thought I heard something fall!"

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to the Tavern to see Jenette the night before his body was found. Did you want to see him for any particular reason?"

"Well, he called me up and asked me to come."

"Did he give any reason for this request?"

"Well, yes. Yes. He asked if I could lend him a little money."

"Did you agree to do so?"

"Yes. Yes, I did."

"You had a drink in the bar with Jenette?"

"No, I didn't see him at all. He'd checked out."

"When you left the Tavern, Mr. Drake, where did you go?"

"I went to a bar."

"And when you left this bar, where did you go, Mr. Drake?"

"I—I went to another bar."

"Did you notice the name of either of these bars?"

I don't like this, Malcolm thought. I mean, I'm not making a good impression. I don't like it.

"Well, no," he answered. "I mean to say, you don't often look at the names of bars."

"That's true. Mr. Drake, had you been abstaining from all alcoholic beverages for some time?"

"Yes. More or less."

"Was this on your doctor's advice?"

"Doctor in Trinidad said I might as well lay off for a while."

"Did your doctor here advise you that you might resume?"

"Well, no."

"I see! You've been ill for some time, Mr. Drake?"

"Not ill. Just—run down."

"I've heard about your experience at sea, Mr. Drake. I'd like you to know that I have every sympathy with a man who's been through what you've been through, but we have to follow through with these things. You understand that, Mr. Drake."

"Sure! Sure!"

"I'll ask you to consider the following questions very seriously, Mr. Drake."

MALCOLM was not nonchalant and jaunty now. He was sweating; he was considering a lot of things seriously.

"Returning to the evening when you went to the Tavern. Are all the events of that evening perfectly clear in your mind, Mr. Drake? Or are there certain periods about which you are—let's say, hazy?"

"No!" Malcolm said. "All completely clear."

Except after I got home, he thought. And that's not your business.

"It's often the case that, after abstaining from alcohol for some time, even one or two drinks will have a pretty marked effect."

"That so?" Malcolm asked brightly.

"You entered only two bars?"

"Yes," Malcolm answered.

"Did you talk to anyone?"

"I said a few words to one man."

"Could you identify him, Mr. Drake?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't. He looked—well—like a lot of people. I mean, a lot of other people."

"I see! Mr. Drake, at any time during your illness, did you take drugs of any sort?"

"The doctors gave me a lot of stuff. They never tell you what it is."

"Were you given any sleeping medicine?"

"Yes," Malcolm said after a moment.

"We'd very much appreciate it, Mr. Drake, if you'd give us a sample of whatever sleeping medicine you have in your possession. We're considering the possibility that the drug that killed Jenette may have been stolen from this house."

Good lord! thought Malcolm. But that could be it! Ben could have stolen those bottles.

"Will you see if you can find me a sample of this medicine, Mr. Drake?"

"All right. Later."

"I'd very much like to have it now, Mr. Drake."

"Look here, Captain . . . I don't know whether this is quite fair. I mean to say—I don't have to do this, do I?"

"No, Mr. Drake, you don't have to. Simply, you'd be assisting the police in the performance of their duty."

"Anyhow, you said it was suicide."

"The circumstances—at that time—seemed to point to suicide."

"Any new circumstances?"

"Yes. We have a witness now, Mr. Drake, a waitress at the Tavern, who can testify that she saw Jenette being helped into a car by a man in the lane behind the Tavern at approximately eight-thirty that evening."

"What does that prove?"

"We don't know yet." He paused. "It would make a very favorable impression, Mr. Drake, if you'd give me a sample of this drug. Now."

"No," said Malcolm.

There was a moment's silence; then Rutgers rose.

"I'm sorry," he said, pleasant as ever. But he had something up his sleeve; you could see that. He was going away without the capsule, and without the favorable impression.

VIRGINIA stopped Malcolm in the hall as he was going back to his room. "What did you tell him, Malcolm?" she asked anxiously.

"Why, nothing, Virginia. He wanted to know if I'd seen Jenette the night he must have died, and I hadn't, so there you are."

"What did you tell him about Ben?"

"Name wasn't mentioned."

"Malcolm, are you sure you *remember?"*

"Yes, damn it, I am sure!" he shouted, and then was ashamed. It was all wrong to be so irritable, but she was talking as if he—

"Would you like a cup of tea, Malcolm?"

"No, thanks. Thanks very much. I think I'll take a little stroll."

"Would you like me to come with you, Malcolm?"

"Why, thanks, Virginia, but I'm going to the barber's. I told him I'd start some treatments today. Scalp treatments. I mean to say, my hair is—needs—treatments."

"Back in time for a nice cool drink?"

"You bet!"

He was never coming back. But she was a beautiful girl, and she looked like a kid, now, standing there in her blue-and-white-checked gingham dress. He bent and kissed her on the temple, and that was a mistake. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him on the mouth, a kiss that made him gasp.

"Malcolm! *Malcolm!"* she said in a fierce whisper.

"Look, take it easy, Virginia."

"All I want in the world is for you to be well and happy."

"I am well and happy. Absolutely."

"No! You—"

Lydia was coming up the stairs now and Virginia let him go. He went into his room and got a hat, laid his light overcoat over his arm. His arm was shaking, and his knees. I'm never coming back, he thought. I don't care if I haven't got a cent, or a roof over my head. I'll never come back.

When he was out of sight of the house, he stopped to count his money, and he was pleased to find that he had nearly twenty-seven dollars. It was only four o'clock and he left the road and went into a little wood; he lay down on a bed of pine needles and lighted a cigarette. He smoked for a time and then took a little nap, and then it was five o'clock. He lighted another cigarette and lay watching the clouds that were gold where the westering sun touched them. He was not thinking about anything. I'll stop in to see Lily after dinner, he told himself. But certainly he was not thinking about Lily. In a way, you couldn't think about her. She was simply there, that was all. She existed, as independent as a tree.

He got up presently and walked to the village, to that same restaurant. He had the same waitress, but she did not seem to remember him. Maybe he had the same menu, too, blurred and faint purple, so he ordered veal and apple pie again.

He made the dinner last as long as he could, and it was dark when he went out into the village street. The little lighted shops looked very cozy; the railroad station looked like a nice little house all lit up for a party; he stopped on the bridge for a while, looking down at it. No reason on God's earth why I shouldn't get on a train and go somewhere, he thought. I'll get my suitcase, see Lily and tell her what I've got to do. Then I'll telephone to Rutgers. I'll go to New York and telephone him from there. I'll tell him what I saw in the garage. I'll tell him anything, only not about all the little bottles.

No. Hold everything; I can't leave here until I've settled with Ben. I can't leave Virginia with that worry. But if I could make Rutgers see things the way I do, he'd put Ben in jail and that would be very fine.

That's it. Now, one step at a time. See Lily; telephone Rutgers . . .

When he turned into the driveway, there were a lot of lights in Lily's house. And he was startled by a loud burst of music. Excerpts from The Gondoliers, played on the piano by a great virtuoso. Could *she* play like that? he thought; of course she could. She had that air of ability. If she played at all, she would play like that.

He rang the bell, and Gussie opened the door.

"She's got company," said Gussie.

"Well, will you tell her I'm here, anyway?"

"All right," Gussie said reluctantly and went away, leaving him standing in the hall.

The loud, brilliant music ceased, but in a moment it began again; Pinafore this time. Maybe she doesn't want me here just now, he thought, and a cold depression came over him.

He could see that the sitting room and the dining room were empty. Then where's the party? he thought, and it depressed him still more to realize that there were parts of her house he had never seen and knew nothing about.

SHE came through a door at the end of the hall, with her easy, limber walk; she was wearing a long black taffeta skirt that made her look taller, and a sheer lavender blouse with a ruffle down the front. Her red hair sprang up from her temples; she was so young, good-looking and alive, so glad to see him, that he gave a long sigh of relief. Everything was all right.

"Hello!" she said. "You'll be surprised when you see who's here. Come on in!"

"If you don't mind . . . I won't go in."

"Why?"

"I'll tell you why I stopped by." He paused for a moment, to get it straight. "The thing is— Why are you smiling?"

"The way you're always saying that. 'The thing *is* . . .' Go on!"

"You know Ben?"

"Gussie's boy friend? Yes."

"He told—people I'd given Aunt Evie a very big drink. Enough to kill her, with the weak heart she had. I didn't, but he said he'd seen me do it."

"The son-of-a-gun!" said Lily angrily.

"Well, there was that. The next point is, the evening Jenette died, he called me up from the Tavern and asked me to come and see him. He said he'd tell me how the poor old girl died. He never did, because he got killed."

"But I thought he'd committed suicide. That's what the local paper said."

"No. Not suicide. Rutgers doesn't think that any more. He came to see me today." He paused again, wanting to avoid anything to do with the capsules. "He said he had a witness who'd seen someone helping Jenette into a car behind the Tavern. He asked me if I didn't have a drink in the bar with Jenette. Well, I didn't; he'd gone when I got there. I didn't see him at all. But Rutgers seems to think—I don't know . . ."

"He thinks it's a murder?"

"That seems to be it. I thought so, anyhow, from the start. But what I'd like to do now is tell him what I saw in your garage. I'm sorry to get you mixed up in this, but I think it ought to be done."

"Yes. Certainly," she said.

"I'm afraid they'll come and ask you questions."

"Well, I can bear it," she said. "Only, it won't be so good for Gussie. She's a hysterical little thing."

"She must know something. She ran out there with that plate."

"If it was Gussie that you saw."

"It was Gussie, all right. And I think it was Ben who brought poor Jenette there and later took him away."

"You think Ben killed Jenette?"

"It makes sense," Malcolm said. "I didn't tell you before, but Ben's been collecting blackmail from—my family, to keep quiet about what he said he saw. I—don't want to tell Rutgers that, if I can help it. You can see, it's pretty complicated. . . . I think I'll be getting along now."

"Going home?"

"No," he said. "I'm going to New York."

"Does Captain Rutgers know that?"

"Why, no."

"You mustn't do that, Malcolm," she said. "It's the worst thing you could possibly do for yourself."

"You mean guilty-looking? I hadn't thought of that."

"You'd better go back to your brother's—"

"No," Malcolm said.

"Then stay here," she said.

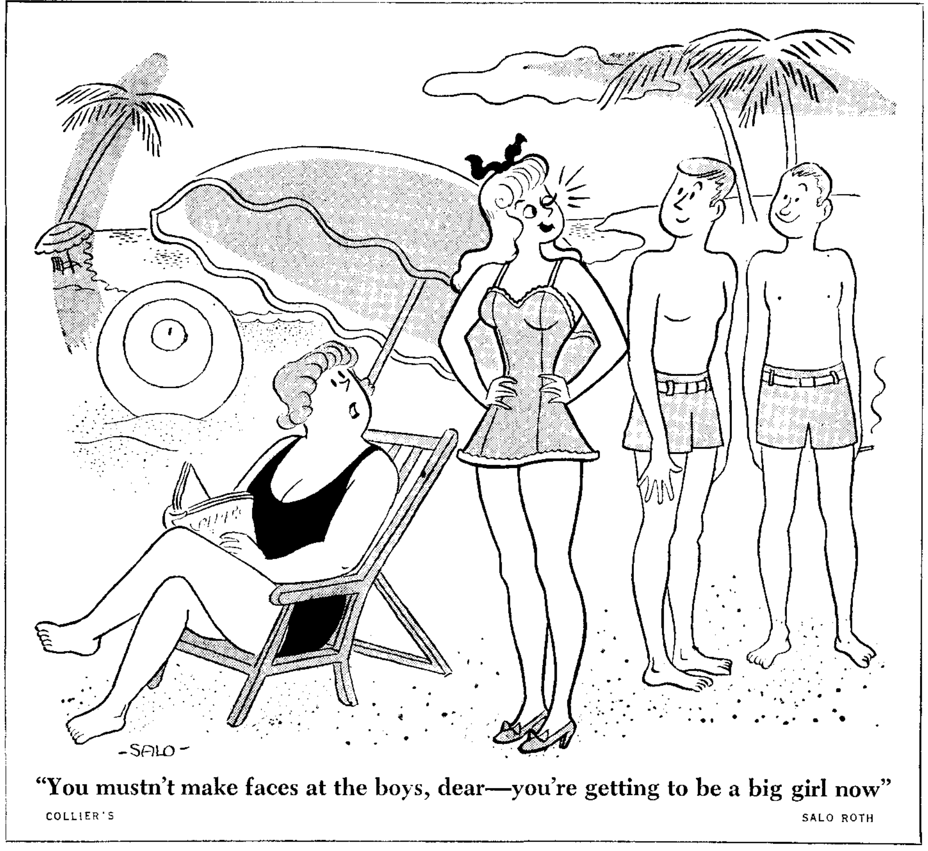
"Lily! Look here! I mean, people—"

"Malcolm," she said, "I'm a widow, and I'm twenty-nine. I've got what's called independent means, and I'm an independent woman. If you'd like to stay here, I'd like to have you. I've got a guest room all ready, and you left your suitcase here, so you're all set."

"Lily . . ." he said, "Lily . . ."

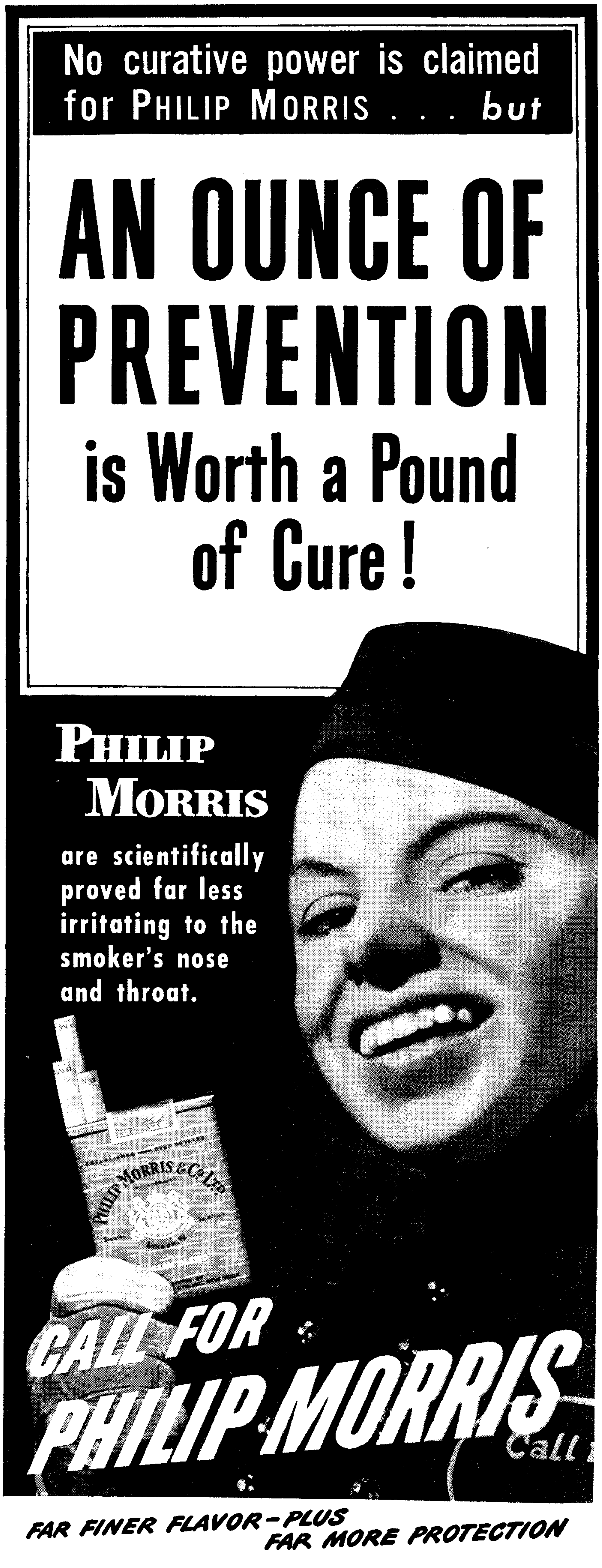
"Listen!" she said. "You come in and meet my friends and have a drink, and after

(Continued on page 34)



"You mustn't make faces at the boys, dear—you're getting to be a big girl now"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH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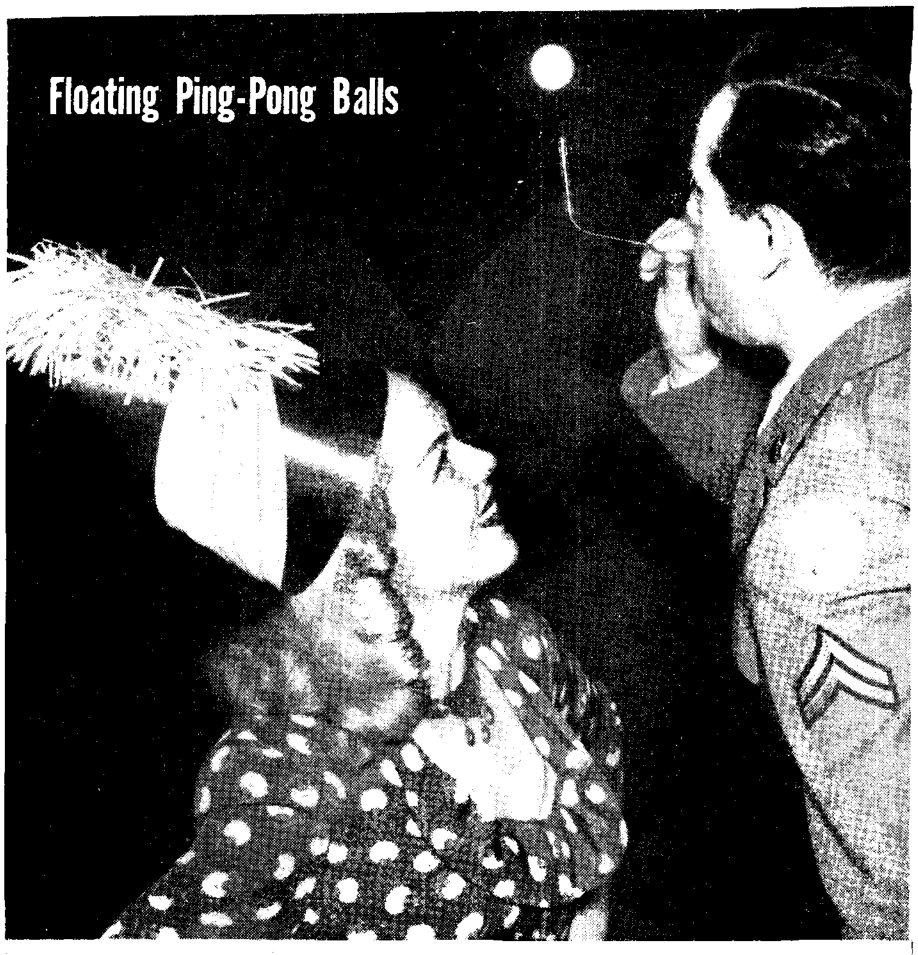
Floating Ping-Pong Balls

BY KENNETH SWEZEY

A party trick involving the principle of the Swiss mathematician Daniel Bernoulli can be made into an amusing game. A bent glass tube (such as an invalid's soup sipper) and a Ping-pong ball are needed for each contestant. By blowing strongly and steadily through the tube, the ball can be made to stay mysteriously in the air stream coming from the other end. Will power (to keep from laughing) and lung power are needed in this contest.

EXPLANATION

According to Bernoulli's theory, whenever the velocity of an air stream is increased, the pressure within that stream is decreased. The air blowing upward around the Ping-pong ball is at lower pressure than the still air immediately to each side. When the ball tries to escape from this low-pressure air stream, the outside air pushes it back.

●

You can make your favorite pin-up girl blush magenta—just as this G.I. Joe is doing—providing, of course, you have also a smattering of chemical knowledge. An amusing trick for the layman, this self-same blush is one of the most important telltale tests of the chemical laboratory. By means of it, acids and bases are standardized, compounds are concocted with marvelous exactitude. Are you enough of an amateur chemist to tell how this stunt is performed?

EXPLANATION

The cheeks of the girl are previously painted with a solution of phenolphthalein (pronounced fē'nōl thăl'ēn and obtainable at the local drugstore) in alcohol and water and allowed to dry. Just before performing the trick, the cheeks are slightly moistened by dampening the back of the print with water. A finger is then wet with ordinary household ammonia, and held near and below the girl's face. The cheeks immediately flush with color, only to lose it again when the fumes are removed. This blushing is a chemical indication of an alkali.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

Blushing Pin-Up

YANK
GI DELIVERY

Net of Cobwebs

Continued from page 33

they've gone, we'll talk the whole thing over. Right?"

"Right," he said.

"And who d'you think I've got here? MacQuail!"

"Not Tom?"

"None other."

"Not—the Bell Line . . . ?"

"Yes! I told him you were staying in the neighborhood, and he said he'd be very glad to see you again. Come on!"

"Wait, just a minute. Lily, did you fix this up for me? I mean—arrange for me to meet him?"

"I did not," she said. "I've known Tom MacQuail for years, and he knew my husband even before we were married. And I wasn't trying to help you. I never thought you needed such an awful lot of help."

"But you can see I'm not—"

"No, I don't see," she said. "You went into a tailspin, but you're straightening out." She paused a moment. "You know, in the work I've been doing, I've seen the real thing."

"Mean my troubles are—imaginary?" he asked in great anxiety.

"No, I don't," she said. "It's like having a nightmare. You can't help it. You can't wake yourself up out of it. Something happens to you that's too much for you. But after a while you digest it, and you wake up, and it's over."

"If you make an effort."

"No use making much of an effort about a nightmare," she said with a sort of rough good humor. "You try to run, and your feet are stuck. You try to call out, and you can't make a sound. But after a while you wake up, and it's over. Come along!"

HE FOLLOWED her down the hall and through the door at the end that opened on a veranda enclosed in glass and furnished with wicker chairs with brilliant chintz cushions. At one end was a player piano, and seated on the bench before it was a short man, bald as an egg, dressed in a snug-fitting dark suit. He was pedaling away, to unwind a roll, so busy that he did not notice their entrance.

The great MacQuail was leaning back in a chair, glass in one hand, his ankles crossed, his face like weatherbeaten stone, his thin gray hair neat on his hollow temples. He rose.

"Oh, Drake, is it? And how are you now?"

"Fine, thanks," Malcolm answered.

"Then you'd better come back with us," said MacQuail. "We need every man we can get. Did you hear we'd lost poor Maillard? And Johnny Parr?"

The man at the player piano had risen and was looking up at them with an appealing shyness.

"D'you know Captain O'Hare? O'Hare, this is Drake, one of our pursers. He was on the White Tower."

"Ah!" said the little captain, shaking his head.

"Drake, you'll have heard plenty about our James O'Hare here. Our first and only skipper to ram a submarine."

"Hush, now! Hush!" said the captain.

"Why, James, they're going to have it in all their booklets, after the war," said Lily. "Cruise the Caribbean with the great O'Hare—"

"Hush, now, the two of ye!" he cried. "I'll find some more music. It's that I came for, and not this sort of talk."

He went over to a stack of music rolls in a cabinet and bent over to inspect them, hands on his knees.

MacQuail lit a cigarette. General manager of the line, he was now; manager of the Bell-Brazil Line he had been when first Malcolm, at seventeen, had met him.

"D'you know, Drake," he said, "we've put the old Badger back in commission. That's what I have in mind for you. She's refitting now. You can go to see Captain McLane next week, and he'll tell you as much as it's fit for you to know."

Malcolm lit a cigarette for himself and looked at MacQuail in a secret rage. The old Badger. . . . Sure. A poor little old tub like the Badger will fight the Luftwaffe and the U-boat packs. Bring 'em on. Let them all come. The ship's insured, and the cargo, and you can always get more men. Fine career. Chance of a lifetime.

But I'm going back, he thought, in wonder and anger. I don't know when, and God knows I don't know why. But I'm going back.

"Drink, Malcolm?" Lily asked him.

"Thanks," he answered.

She had sandwiches, too, and they were very good.

"Here's a good one!" said O'Hare. "Southern Medley."

"Sam was crazy about that one," said Lily.

There they were, O'Hare putting wonderful expression into the Mockingbird and Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground, Lily and MacQuail, each with a glass of whisky and soda, soft-eyed and half smiling about the Swanee River. Three tough guys—and look at them. Carry Me Back to Old Virginny, that got them. For Pete's sake, why? They all brightened up for Dixie; Lily began to sing, and MacQuail tapped it out with one foot.

"Well, Skipper?" said MacQuail, when that was finished. "We've each got a wee wifie waiting. What about it?"

"Mine's not so wee," said O'Hare. "But you're right. Time to be off."

"A wee doch-an-dorris?" said Lily, and they both laughed indulgently. They liked everything she said; they liked to be here in her house. You felt good here.

But I've got to go, too, Malcolm thought in a panic. It wouldn't look right. . . . He rose when they did.

"Malcolm," Lily said, "will you stay just a few moments? I want to ask you about something."

She made it as simple as that. Now they were all saying goodby.

"You'll see Captain McLane next week?" said MacQuail, and it was scarcely a question. "Good luck to you."

The telephone rang, and Lily went along the hall and took the telephone out of some sort of box.

"Oh . . . Miss Chatsworth?" She looked over her shoulder; her bold blue eyes met Malcolm's. He shook his head. "I'm sorry, Miss Chatsworth, I haven't seen him. . . . Sorry."

When MacQuail and O'Hare were gone, Lily went into the sitting room; she sank down into one of the low white armchairs, clasping her hands behind her head. Malcolm sat facing her, frowning, filled with a deep and vague anxiety.

"Who told you about Ben's story?" she asked.

"Helene. My brother's wife."

"She doesn't believe it, does she?"

"Well, you see, the thing is . . ."

"Does that Virginia believe it?"

"Well—"

"Your brother?"

"He doesn't know about it. But he wouldn't. Not if I said not."

HE DIDN'T like to seem to be holding out on Lily, but there were a good many things he could not tell her. When he telephoned to Rutgers, there were things he was not going to tell him. Nothing was plain, clear, straight. Before you answered a question, you had to do a lot of thinking.

There was one definite thing, though.

"I've got to find Ben," he said. "I've got to have a talk with Ben."

"Gussie can tell us where to find him," Lily said. "Listen, Malcolm. Let's not talk any more tonight. In the morning we can go over everything, and I'll work on Gussie."

"Yes. I guess you're right," Malcolm agreed.

"I'll show you your room," said Lily. "Just wait, will you, till I see if the back door's locked."

But he rose and followed her when she went, her long skirt rustling. The back door was locked, all right. Then he followed her upstairs, and she showed him the room.

"Good night, Malcolm," she said. "Sleep well."

You did not have to talk to Lily; you did not have to say anything. He closed the door and leaned against it. This was a nice room;

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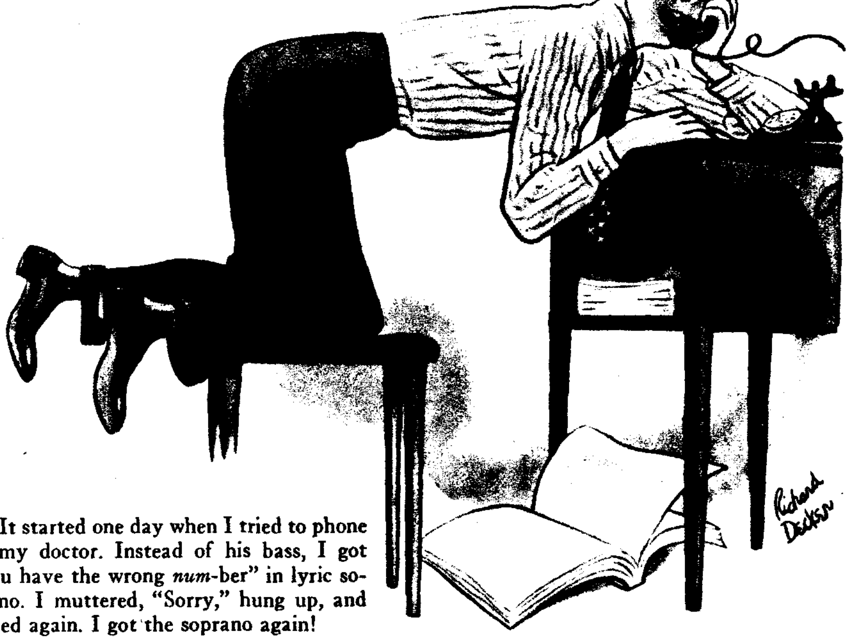
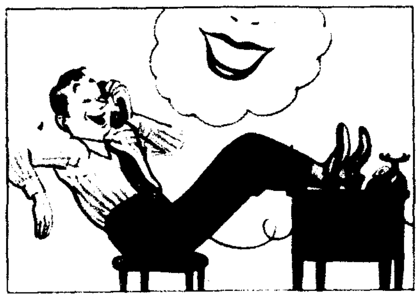


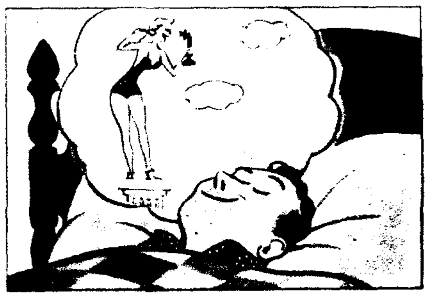
1 It started one day when I tried to phone my doctor. Instead of his bass, I got "You have the wrong *num*-ber" in lyric soprano. I muttered, "Sorry," hung up, and dialed again. I got the soprano again!

2 Well, the *third* time I got her cheerful little earful, I blew up. "YOU AGAIN! What the ——!" But all *she* said was, "I bet you're not *naturally* rude—you probably just didn't get your sleep last night!"

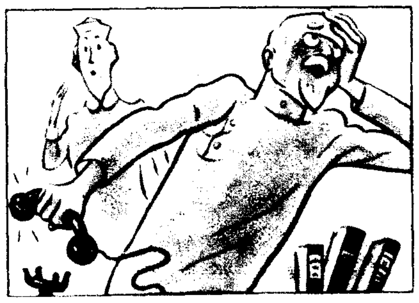
3 Hey! (I thought)—this gal's *smart*. So I admitted I hadn't slept, and gave her the inside track on my weakness for coffee—and how, even though the caffein keeps me awake, I can't always resist the stuff.



4 "You don't have to!" she carolled. "Drink *Sanka* Coffee. It's 97% caffein-free and *can't* keep you awake!" "But," I argued, "how does it *taste?*" Then she sang back, "You couldn't ask for richer flavor!



5 Or more teasing aroma!" And she hung up before I even got her phone number! That night I had Sanka Coffee (delicious)—snoozed ten hours—and saw the little soprano in my dreams. She was beautiful.



6 Now—hopelessly in love—I spend my time dialing that magic number—but I keep getting the *doctor!* Discouraging. But a few cups of Sanka Coffee, a good night's sleep, and I'm back on the trail!

SANKA COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

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CBS: The New Kate Smith Hour, Sunday, 7 p.m., E.W.T.

the wallpaper had a lot of little Chinese scenes on it: men carrying buckets on a yoke, women crossing bridges; a nice, clean, cheerful room.

He wandered about, looking at the various objects in the room. No jigsaw puzzle here, he thought, no book to read. Not a damn' thing of my own but my suitcase. I don't live anywhere. If you asked me, I couldn't give an address. It makes you feel queer.

Still moving restlessly, he found himself in front of a chest of drawers, and saw on its top a silver porcupine, very sturdy, with a pad of green velvet in its back, where pins were standing upright. That's a regular Lily thing, he thought, and he liked it.

She has a good time, he thought.

I DID do *some* sleeping, Malcolm told himself. But how could it be only eleven o'clock?

It was only eleven o'clock because his watch had stopped at that hour. He got out of bed and went to the window; there was a gray mist outside, but it was day. He could see the garage.

And that made him remember all of it—murder, blackmail, grief.

He went stealthily along the hall to the bathroom. He did not want to turn on a bath; it made too much noise. But he washed his face furiously with Lily's green pine-scented soap.

If I only knew the time, he thought; I'd like to get going. This is the big day, the day when I telephone to Rutgers, and the day when I have that talk with Ben.

It wouldn't upset me too much to shoot Ben, he thought. I mean, I'm not setting out to do that, but if it happened . . . If he jumped at me, for instance . . . They don't come any lower than Ben. Holding up Virginia like that. Telling that lie about me. Finishing off Jenette that way. Anyhow, Ben's going to talk. When I see him, I'll know how to make him.

There has to be a clock downstairs, probably in the kitchen, he thought, and he dressed and went very quietly down the stairs. But there was no clock there. It was a nice, neat little kitchen with a good smell, only right now it was stuffy. He opened the back door and stepped out into the thick mist.

The gravel underfoot was wet and gritty, the little bushes were wet; there was no sound of traffic from the road, no sound anywhere. It must be early, he thought.

He stopped short. The kitchen door wasn't locked, he thought. I simply turned the knob and walked out. It was locked last night, but it isn't now.

His heart began to race. He went on along the path and up the steps of the veranda.

The front door was locked, all right; he moved to the window and looked in. There was Ben, taking a nap on the chaise longue.

Damn him! thought Malcolm. Drunk, is he? All right. I'll sober him up. He tried the window, but it was locked; he moved along to the next one, nearer to Ben.

Ben was stretched out comfortably in the chaise longue, on top of the purple velvet doll; its platinum-blond hair hung over the edge of the seat. His mouth was open and his eyes were a little open.

Malcolm went running back along the path and in at the back door, to Ben. He touched his hand and it was cold. He's dead, Malcolm thought. This is too much; I cannot cope with this. He sat down in a chair, facing Ben.

This will make trouble, bad trouble for Lily, he thought. He was sorry about that, but he couldn't help it. He sat looking at Ben's vacant, silly face, and it was too much.

Someone was coming down the stairs. He was so tired and heavy that it was an effort to rise; he turned his head as Lily came into the hall. She was wearing a white terry robe; she looked marvelously clean, gay and bright.

"Hello!" she said. "I thought I heard someone running along the path."

"Yes," he said, standing between her and the chaise longue. "It was me."

"Like some coffee?"

He did not know how to tell her about this.

"Malcolm," she said, "is there anything wrong?"

He could feel her blue eyes fixed on his face, but he could not look at her; he stood with his head bent; he felt beyond measure clumsy and helpless.

"*What's* the matter?" she asked coaxingly, and when he did not answer, she came forward and looked over his shoulder.

"Well, for heaven's sake!" she said. "What's Ben doing here? Is he drunk?"

"No," Malcolm said.

"Let's have a look."

"No, don't!" he said. "Lily, he's dead."

"Let's see," she said, and went past him; he could not stop her.

"I'll send for Dr. Lurie," she said.

"No use. Too late. He's dead, Lily."

"I don't think we'd know, Malcolm. People get queer attacks—fits."

"Well, all right," said Malcolm.

He sat down again, facing Ben; he was not sorry about Ben, not astonished, not really interested. He heard Lily's clear voice telephoning, but he did not hear the words. Nothing else could happen, because everything had happened.

"I'll make some coffee," said Lily. "I guess we could do with some. Malcolm, if Gussie comes down, don't let her see Ben, will you?"

"All right," he said.

He heard a foghorn somewhere; a dull roar that buzzed in the heavy air. Ships were moving out in the Sound. The convoys, he thought. We didn't have a convoy, that trip. We went out alone. Things have changed now. . . .

Then Gussie began to scream. There she was standing in the room behind him, in her pink kimono, her light hair mussed with sleep. She screamed again, and it made him wince.

"Gussie," said Lily, "if you don't pull yourself together you'll have to go upstairs. You can't scream here, the doctor's coming."

"Ben! He's dead!"

"We don't know yet. Go on upstairs," said Lily, perfectly matter-of-fact, "and you can yell your head off if you like."

Gussie was staring at Ben with fascinated intentness.

"I didn't ought to have left him here," she said in a hushed voice.

"Well, why did you?" Lily asked.

"Because he got fresh!" Gussie answered. "I told him I wouldn't stand that from anybody. I told him to get right out, and he said he wouldn't."

"How did he get in?"

"He threw pebbles up at my window and I came down and let him in. He never tried to get fresh before, and I didn't *know* his true nature. He was always a perfect gentleman, other times, and he brought me nice presents, and all."

"DID you ever let him in like this before, Gussie?"

"Just once. Just one time. He came and he said there was a friend of his dead drunk and he wanted to put him in our garage to sleep it off. He asked me for the key and I didn't want to give it to him, but he said if he didn't kind of protect this friend of his, he'd lose the new job he just got, and he was going to give me a watch."

She was speaking louder now and faster.

"Take it easy," said Lily.

"I never said if I'd marry him, I wasn't so crazy about him. And if I'd known his true nature, I'd of told him right at the start where he got off. But I didn't know. He was always a perfect gentleman till last night. And then in he marched, with a bottle of whisky! I've got no use for that. When they start drinking is when you have to watch out."

"You're all right now, Gussie. Tell me, did you help him put his friend in the garage, that other night?"

Gussie began to cry.

"No! I didn't! I didn't want anything to do with any drunk. I didn't even see him. Only the next morning I went to see had he gone and he looked funny in there. Kind of weak, he looked, and I thought I'd give him something to eat. So I gave him some food I didn't think you'd ever miss. I wanted him to get back his strength so he'd go *away.*"

"It's all right now, Gussie. Nothing to cry about."

"Well, anyhow, that drunk did go away, right while Dr. Lurie was here about my nervous digestion. I looked out the window and I saw Ben go in the garage, and then come out again, sort of carrying him over his shoulder. Oh, Mrs. Kingscrown, I just can't stand drunks! I told Ben last night, if you're going to drink any out of that bottle, you can get right out of here."

"Did he say why he came?"

"He said he was looking for Mr. Drake, and I said he was right here. I told Ben to throw that bottle out the window or I wouldn't speak to him, and when he wouldn't I just walked off into the parlor. I didn't think he'd have the nerve to come in there after me, but he did. I said, 'You've got a nerve, coming right in Mrs. Kingscrown's parlor,' and he said, 'Don't worry about her. She's not going to kick about anything you do,' he said. He said, 'You can shake her down for plenty on account of how she's got this Mr. Drake here.' I got mad then. I said, 'Mrs. Kingscrown is a perfect lady and she wouldn't ever do anything wrong. And even if she did,' I said, 'I would be the last one to shake her down, after all she's done for me.'"

"Don't hurry, Gussie. Take it easy."

"Well, but it made me mad for him to talk like that about you. Then he sat down in that chair and he began to drink out of the bottle and he talked sort of mumbley-jumble and I got scared of him. I went upstairs and I locked my door and I put the sheet over my head."

"You could have called me, Gussie."

"I didn't want to. I didn't want you to go down and get arguing with Ben. I was afraid what he might do."

MALCOLM stood leaning against the wall with his hands in his pockets, watching Gussie and listening to her with great interest. "What happened to the pink kimono?" he asked, suddenly.

"Oh, yes!" said Lily. "Whatever did happen to your kimono and your wet slippers after you came back from the garage, Gussie?"

"That was kind of funny," said Gussie. "I didn't wear any slippers, just rubbers, that I left in the hall closet downstairs. And my kimono got muddy, so I put it in the washtub to soak out. When you brought Mr. Drake right in my room, it made me nervous. I get nervous about men if I don't know them."

A car had stopped before the house, and Lily went to open the door.

"Come in, Doctor!" she said.

Lurie came in, with his proud, noble face and his crest of gray hair; he looked at Malcolm with stern astonishment.

"What—?" he began.

"Here's the patient, Doctor," said Lily, and he went over to the chaise longue.

He did not take long about that.

"Madam," he said, "this man is dead."

"Is he?" said Lily.

"My goodness!" said Gussie.

"You run up and get dressed, Gussie," said Lily. "I've started the coffee."

"Mrs. Kingscrown," said Lurie with increased sternness, "I shall have to call the police."

"Certainly!" said Lily. "Go on, Gussie!"

Lurie was telephoning in a low, important voice. Being the physician, Malcolm thought. He's enjoying himself—but he bores me.

"Mrs. Kingscrown," said Lurie, hanging up, "who found the body like this?"

"Let's wait for the police," she said. "Let's all have some nice hot coffee in the kitchen."

"Thank you, no," said Lurie stiffly. "I'll wait here."

"Come on, Malcolm!" she said.

He went into the kitchen with her, but he did not want any coffee. The smell of it made him sick; he had a moment of horrible nausea, and when that was gone, his teeth began to chatter a little. He sat down at the table, because he was too tired to stand up, and Lily set a little glass before him.

"What's this?" he asked, looking trustfully up at her.

"It's whisky, honey," she said. "I thought maybe you'd like it."

He didn't like it or not like it; he drank it. And then Gussie came into the kitchen, wearing a funny little black dress with a lace yoke.

"All dressed up," said Lily.

"It's respect for the dead," said Gussie with complacency, and sat down opposite Malcolm.

"Well, we're all in for a bad time now," said Lily. "The police just aren't funny."

Lily, Malcolm thought, I wish to God I could be more help to you but I can't, not now; I'm too tired.

"The thing is," she said, and looked at him with a half rueful smile, "just answer their questions, all their questions, just the way they come, and never mind what they seem to mean."

"Oh, yes! Of course!" he said politely.

Lily took away the little glass and brought it back full.

"But I mean to say . . ." he protested.

"It won't hurt you, honey," she said.

More people had come into the house; there were voices and footsteps.

"I'll have to go, Malcolm," she said. "Just stand by for orders."

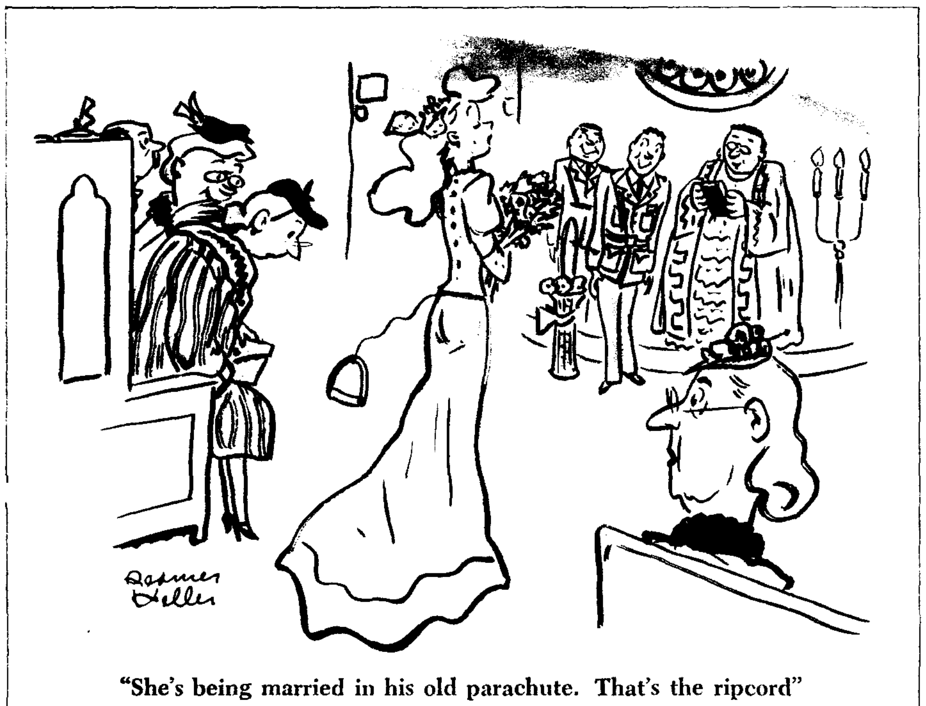
MALCOLM heard the resonant and pleasant voice of Rutgers from the sitting room, and then he heard Lily's voice, always very clear.

"All right," she said, "if you want to be responsible. But he's in shock."

"I don't agree with you," said Lurie. "I saw him when I first came in, and I consider him quite capable of answering questions, Captain Rutgers."

Me, that is, Malcolm thought. Rutgers had come to the doorway of the kitchen now, Lurie close on his heels, and Malcolm put down his cigarette and sat up straighter at the table.

"I'd like a little information, Mr. Drake," Rutgers said in his nice way. "I understand



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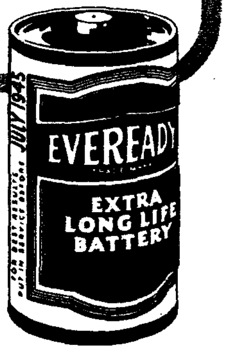

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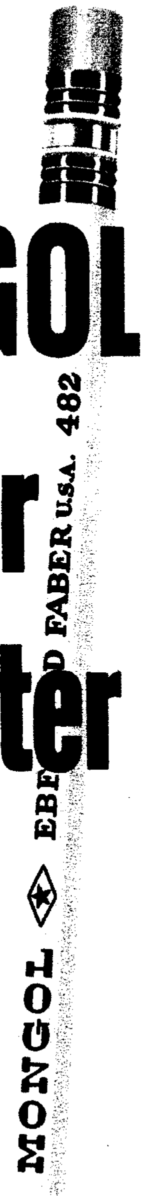

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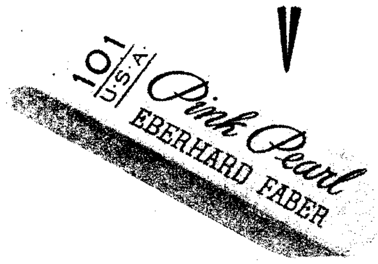

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that you were the one who found the body?"

"Yes."

"If you'll tell me the circumstances—"

"I looked in the window," Malcolm said, "and I saw him, in that chair."

"At approximately what time?"

"I don't know."

"Mr. Drake, did you come here this morning in a taxi or by bus?"

"He stayed here all night," said Lily.

She shouldn't have said that, but it made things a lot simpler.

"In that case, Mr. Drake, if you were staying in this house, how was it that you first saw the body through a window?"

"I was outside," Malcolm explained. "My watch had stopped, and I came down to see if there was a clock in the kitchen. There wasn't, so I went out to get some fresh air. The back door wasn't locked, and I thought I'd go and see if the front door was locked. I happened to look in the window, and there he was."

"What did you do then, Mr. Drake?"

"Went along to the back door and into the house."

"And then?"

"Then? Then I sat down, in the room where he was."

"You summoned Mrs. Kingscrown? Or Miss Reedy?"

"Who's Miss Reedy? Oh, Gussie? No. No, I didn't. I sat down—to think things over."

That sounds queer, he thought. I know that sounds crazy. But I can't help it.

Lurie moved in now; he picked up the empty whisky glass and sniffed it. "Drake has been drinking again," he said.

"I gave him a little drink," said Lily. "Why not?"

"Captain Rutgers," said Lurie, "I warned Drake against drinking anything at all. It is my considered opinion that while intoxicated, or semi-intoxicated, he gave Mrs. Chatsworth the drink that was directly responsible for her death."

"You didn't report this, Dr. Lurie."

"I did not. Out of regard for Drake's brother and his wife and Miss Chatsworth. Moreover, I thought at the time that this excessive drink had been given by mistake."

"You've changed your opinion, Doctor?"

"In view of the circumstances, yes."

"What's your present opinion, Doctor?"

"I believe that Drake deliberately gave Mrs. Chatsworth a drink which he knew—or hoped—would be fatal. I also believe that he killed Jenette. And it is my considered opinion that he killed this man Ben."

MALCOLM wanted to laugh. He turned to look at Lily, to see if she was laughing. And he saw her so pale, so deadly serious, that his heart grew cold.

"But that—" he said. "That's just damn' silly."

"Captain Rutgers," Lurie said, "I happen to know that Drake had in his possession a supply of the drug which caused Jenette's death. I believe that an autopsy will disclose that this man Ben died from a dose of the same drug."

Rutgers was looking at Malcolm; Lurie was looking at him and so was Lily. He got up, because it was better on his feet. Because this was danger.

"Drake left his brother's house without a word to anyone," Lurie went on. "Miss Chatsworth was greatly disturbed. He took nothing with him, no bag, nothing at all. I should say it was very likely that he had a rendezvous here with the man Ben."

"Is that the case, Mr. Drake?"

"No," said Malcolm.

"Both Jenette and the man Ben must have taken the drug from someone they knew and more or less trusted," said Lurie. "Certainly it wasn't forced down their throats."

"What was your object in coming here last night, Mr. Drake?" asked Rutgers.

"I just stopped in. There were some people here—a man I knew. We played the piano, talked, so on."

"Had you intended to return to your brother's house?"

I can't answer that, Malcolm thought. I can't say Helene told me to go.

"Did you notify anyone in the household that you would not return?"

"I—no, I didn't." He paused. "I was drunk," he said.

"Can you corroborate that, Mrs. Kingscrown?"

"No," she said. "He wasn't drunk."

He glanced at her, and he thought her blue eyes looked steely.

"It's better to get things straight," she said.

"What was your object in coming here last night, Mr. Drake?"

"You asked me that before."

"Tell him," said Lily. "Tell him about seeing Jenette in the garage."

Malcolm told him.

"What was your reason for withholding this information from the police, Mr. Drake?"

It was difficult, it was almost impossible, to answer these questions, to try to remember all his past confusions, his delays, his evasions.

"I was going to tell you today. Had it planned like that."

"Why didn't you tell me when I went to see you yesterday?"

"The thing is—I felt pretty sure Ben had killed Jenette. But I wanted to have something definite before I talked to you."

"How did you expect to find out anything definite, Mr. Drake?"

"I thought I'd have a talk with Ben."

"Did you have a talk with Ben, Mr. Drake?"

"No. I didn't see Ben—alive."

BEGINNING IN COLLIER'S NEXT WEEK

OUT OF THIS WORLD . . . .

Have you ever said, "If I had a million dollars I'd . . ." Have you ever wanted to step out of your own life into a world of unfamiliar gaiety and excitement? Well, we can't give you the million just now, but next week we'll bring you a Magic Carpet that will transport you out of rationing and shortages and everyday chores into a new and delightful and cockeyed world. If you'd like to be Alice in Wonderland for three weeks (in this case a beautiful and bewildered young girl from Chicago), if you'd like to try on Cinderella's magic slipper just once—then don't miss

MAIDEN WITH BUTTERFLIES

By TOM POWERS

BEGINNING IN COLLIER'S NEXT WEEK

"Why did you assume that Ben had killed Jenette?"

That was another question he could not answer.

"Oh, some little things," he said.

"Tell him," said Lily. "You've got to."

"No!" he said, looking straight at her.

But she was relentless.

"Then I will," she said. "Ben was blackmailing Malcolm's family."

"Why, Mr. Drake?"

"No," Malcolm said. It was all he could say.

"Ben had a tale that he'd seen Malcolm give Mrs. Chatsworth a big drink of whisky. The family was paying him to keep quiet."

"Good Lord!" said Dr. Lurie.

"Then Jenette called Malcolm up from the Tavern," Lily went on. "He said he had some information about Mrs. Chatsworth's death."

NOW it was complete. Now she had handed Rutgers the whole case complete with motives. Motive for killing Jenette, motive for killing Ben. Anyone could find the motive for killing Aunt Evie.

It seemed to Malcolm as if, for a long time, he had been heading straight for this. It was as if everything he had said and done, for a long time, had spun another thread for this web.

He was caught now.

"Have you any of these capsules on you now, Mr. Drake?"

"No."

"I'll have to search you, I'm afraid. Raise your arms, please."

"No. I won't."

"Malcolm," said Lily, "you've got to."

She, too, was helping to weave the net around him. He couldn't fight. He raised his hands, and he felt utterly helpless, humiliated, darkly, obscurely menaced.

"Where did you get this, Mr. Drake?"

It was Arthur's gun that Rutgers had taken out of his pocket.

This was the last straw. This was the finish. There was no way for him to explain why he was carrying this gun.

"Why were you carrying this gun, Mr. Drake?"

"He ought to see a lawyer before he talks any more," said Lily.

"I think you're right," said Rutgers. "We'll get along now. Ready, Drake?"

He had been heading straight for this for a long time. He had no address, he belonged nowhere. But he was going somewhere now, all right. To jail.

OUT of this world, Malcolm thought, sitting on a cot in the cell. Detained, they called it. Detained on suspicion. You can't do this to me, he thought. It's preposterous.

It was a clean little cell, and there was a tree in the yard outside the barred window. From time to time a little breeze stirred the thick mist, and the leaves, red and yellow, fluttered down. It was very quiet here.

Arthur'll be along any minute, he thought. And some lawyer.

He had been allowed to call up Arthur in his office.

"Look here, Arthur!" he had said. "I'm sorry about this, but the thing is, I'm in jail. For murdering Ben."

There had been a moment's silence.

"All right!" Arthur had said. "Take it easy." And had hung up.

Time drags in jail. Every time you hear footsteps or voices, you think it's for you. You think something is happening. In a real prison it would be even quieter than this, maybe. And you would know, absolutely, that footsteps and voices were not for you.

In a movie I saw a fellow suddenly go haywire, he thought. Begin to yell, shake the bars. You can see how that could be. How it could come over you, the feeling that you can't get out. It starts in your stomach and comes up into your throat. I want to get *out*. . . .

He stood up, and his knees were shaking, sweat was ice-cold on his forehead, and he was choking. He could not swallow. Nobody was coming. Not Arthur. No lawyer.

Horror closed over his head like a wave and he was drowning in it. He stumbled back on the cot and sat with his hands at his throat, choking. Only, something in him was fighting. He was not yelling. I'll die before I yell. . . .

He was not choking now, so he lay down

and stretched out, exhausted. He was immeasurably tired, but with none of the stupor he had known before. Instead, he was filled with the calm, fatigued pride of a victor at the end of a violent struggle.

I didn't yell, he thought again. That's over. The thing now is to think it out, get everything straight before this lawyer comes.

All right, I'd better start: Somebody gave Jenette and Ben a lethal draught. And who's the one who has lethal draughts handy all the time? One person: Dr. Lurie.

Who tried to pin it on me? Dr. Lurie. Who's got a damn' venomous disposition? Same party.

Motive? I wouldn't know. But there could be motives. When Jenette said he had something to tell me about Aunt Evie's death, maybe it was something about the doc.

If Ben was blackmailing Virginia, maybe he was blackmailing Lurie, too.

He lay on the cot, thinking about this with great wonder. He lighted a cigarette, and when it was finished he got up and wandered around the cell. He took up a magazine; he made himself look at the pictures. That made him remember a little girl he had seen on the deck of a ship, a very little girl with long, bright hair. She had been sitting in a deck chair with a book, pompously turning the pages as if she were reading, only so very fast.

There were footsteps again now. That may be for me, he thought, and it may not be. In any case, here I am.

It was Captain Rutgers, with a young policeman.

"Drake," he said, "I'm going to take you along to listen to some new evidence."

"What's that mean?" Malcolm asked.

"Miss Chatsworth says she has important information, and she insists upon giving it in your presence. I don't see any objection to that. But we're not releasing you, Drake."

"All right," said Malcolm briefly.

His dread of facing Virginia outweighed anything else he could feel, relief, even curiosity. She knows now, he thought, that I simply walked out on her last night. Without a word. He had injured her cruelly; he had not wished to, and even now he could not see quite how it had come about that she believed he loved her. And one way or another, at some time or another, she would have to know the truth.

Rutgers went along the corridor ahead of him and the policeman followed; it seemed a long way, with many turnings. He did not remember having come this way before. Rutgers opened a door, and they were at the top of the steps that led to the courthouse. It was raining; a girl went by with a red umbrella, and she looked so nice, so gay and free, it gave him a pang. It was as if he had not seen anything like her for years, or anything like the wet, glistening streets, the cars, the people.

And there was Arthur sitting in the car, leaning back, his arms folded, his soft hat pulled low, his face pale, sharp, almost wolfish. He watched them come down the steps, and then he opened the door.

"Hello!" he said somberly. "I've got you a fine lawyer. Coming any minute."

THE young policeman took the wheel and Rutgers sat beside him; Malcolm and Arthur sat together in the back. The window beside Arthur was wide open and the fine rain blew in.

"We're going to Mrs. Kingscrown's house," Arthur said.

"Well, why?"

"Because she doesn't mind, and I wasn't going to have this in *my* house, that's why."

"Not going to have what?"

"Whatever this is. Great Revelations. Virginia's very secretive about her 'information,' but I don't see what she could know about anything. Anyhow, I didn't want Helene around." He paused. "She's been damn' miserable about all this," he said in a lowered voice. "She thinks Virginia's been rushing you a bit."

Malcolm said nothing.

"All this blackmail hocus-pocus," Arthur went on. "If I'd found out . . . Because, you see, I knew all the time who'd given Aunt Evie the big drink."

"Who?"

"Virginia, herself; while you were in the drawing room with Mrs. Kingscrown. Jenette told me."

"But why, for God's sake?"

"Who knows why Virginia does anything? Maybe because she was sore at your drinking with Mrs. Kingscrown, and wanted to make a little trouble, one way or another. Maybe for no reason at all—she wouldn't know any better."

"That was probably what Jenette was going to tell me," Malcolm said.

"Must have been."

Arthur sighed. "Virginia's been making an awful nuisance of herself lately," he said. "Right now, if she's got any information—which I doubt—why the hell couldn't she tell it to Rutgers quietly? What worries me is that she'll make a big, dramatic accusation, and it'll be wrong. Because—I don't know whether you've noticed it—but Virginia is always wrong."

"I hadn't noticed. No."

"She never gets people right. Never anything right. I suppose she was reluctant to come forth with the admission that *she* had given Aunt Evie the drink. But here she's been paying Ben blackmail to keep him from telling his tale about you, when anybody who knows you at all would know you hadn't done it. You couldn't; if you'd been drunk as a fool it wouldn't have been your idea of a good joke to get Aunt Evie tight."

"Well, no," Malcolm said. "But Helene believed it."

"I dunno. I don't think Helene cared much about it, one way or the other. All she wanted was to get you out of the house before there was a shotgun wedding."

"Well . . ."

"Helene's very fond of her sister, but just the same she didn't think Virginia was giving you much of a break. Helene talks to me, you know. Not to anyone else."

THE car turned a corner, and Lily's house was in sight.

"I don't know what to do about Virginia," Malcolm said very low.

"What you do is run," said Arthur.

"I can't run when I'm in jail."

"This fine high-priced lawyer is going to get you out of jail."

"I could bear it," Malcolm said.

As the car stopped, Lily opened the door. She was wearing a black dress that made her skin look very fair; in the gray light her red hair was misty. She looked different, Malcolm thought, and maybe a little queer. Maybe she didn't like this meeting in her house, police and all that.

She led the four men into her sitting room, and Malcolm turned his head toward the chaise longue. It was gone. Then he caught sight of Dr. Lurie, leaning back in an armchair, his knees crossed, a look of haughty aloofness on his face.

Then he saw Virginia. She had risen and stood waiting for him; she was wearing a dress he had not seen before, gayer than was usual with her, a small-figured pattern of blue and red and black, with a square neck and short puff sleeves. She looked desperately anxious, her dark hair was ruffled, as if she had pushed it back from her forehead. I'd forgotten how upset she'd be about all this, he thought.

"That's a very pretty dress," he said.

He had said that to her often enough before; he knew it pleased her, and he was sorry for her now and wanted to please her. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Malcolm!" she said. "What a *horrible* thing for them to do to you!"

"Perfectly all right," he said hastily.

"When you've been so ill—"

"Miss Chatsworth," said Rutgers, "I understand you have some information for me. If you'll sit down—"

But she remained standing, and it was Malcolm to whom she spoke, not Rutgers.

"It's going to be very hard to tell all this," she said. "Try not to let it upset you, Malcolm."

Lily and Arthur and Rutgers and Lurie were all seated, but he and Virginia were standing, facing each other. It's—embarrassing, he thought.

"When I heard that Tom—Dr. Lurie had

(*Continued on page 43*)

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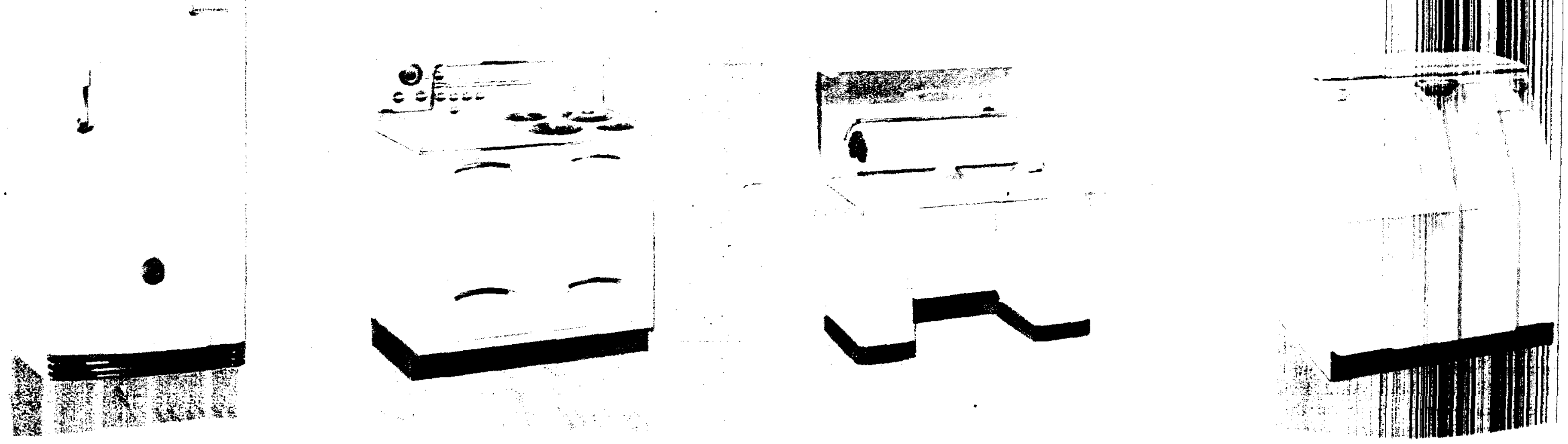

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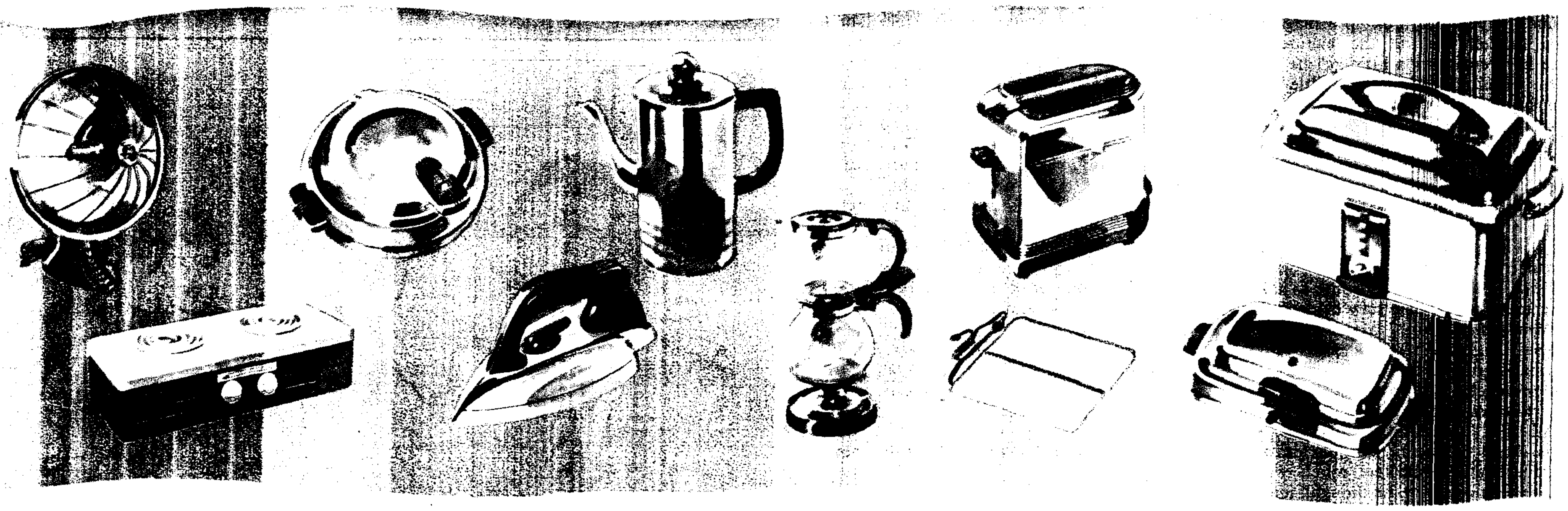

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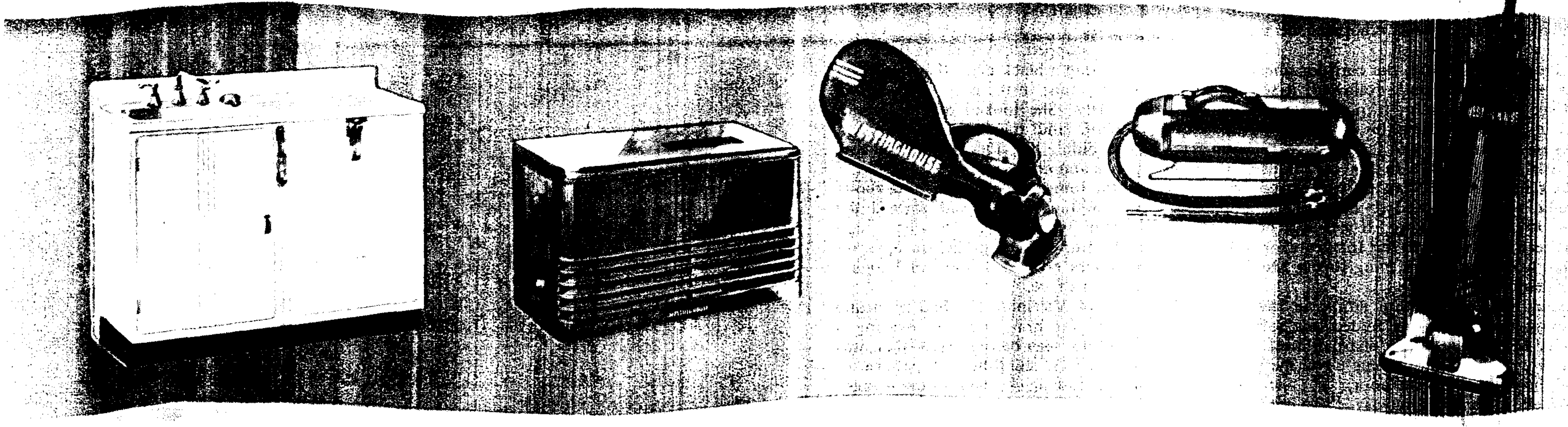

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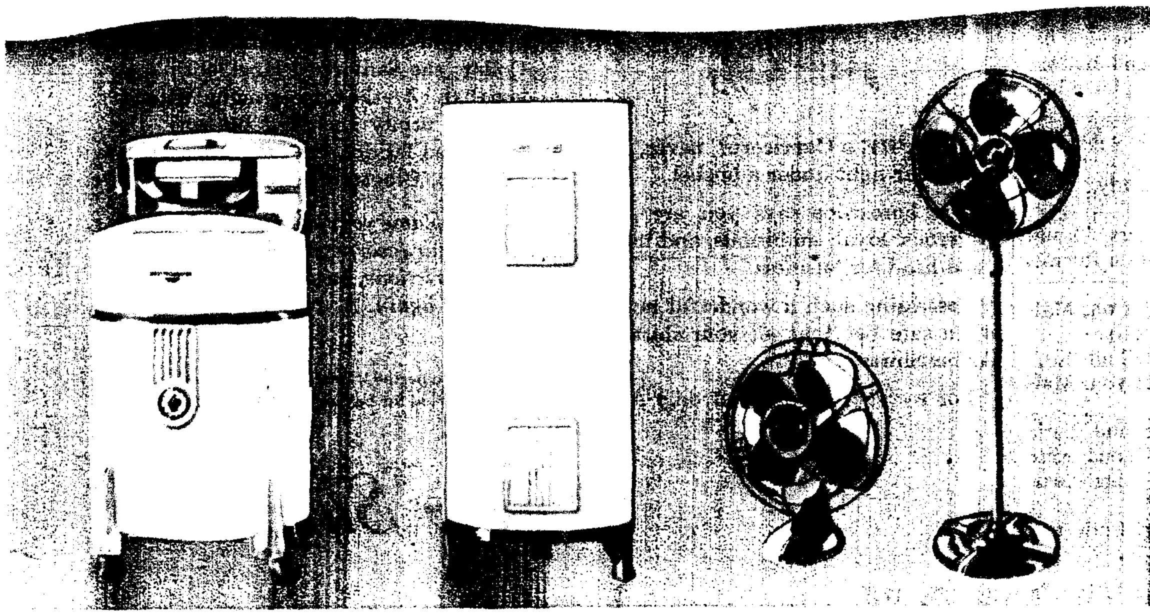

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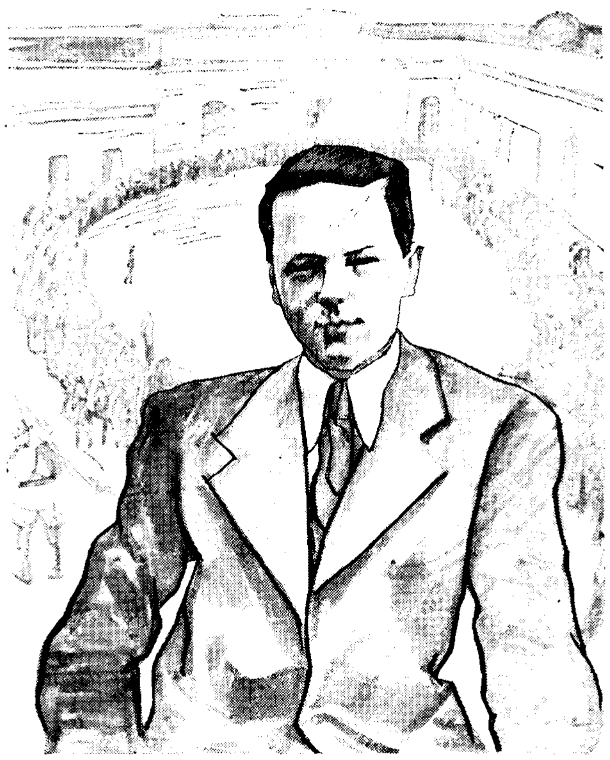

THE Heroes

ARNAUT FRAITEUR

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

NOT the least horror of war is what it does to youth. Boys are catapulted into grim maturity before they have had their chance to be young, particularly in occupied countries where the heel of the invader grinds down on both soul and body. Take the case of Arnaut Fraiteur, whose story has just come from Brussels:

In May, 1940, when Hitler's Panzer divisions compelled Belgium's surrender, 16-year-old Arnaut was a high-school student, a handsome youngster preparing for Louvain. His parents, wealthy and influential, could have made a bargain with the Germans—who were eager for collaborationists—but they chose persecution and suffering. Arnaut himself "took a dive"—joined the underground.

At first he helped in the printing and distribution of posters and pamphlets but soon showed qualities that won the attention of his superiors: not courage alone, but intelligence and resolution remarkable in one of his age. Promoted to sabotage, he and his fellows ranged the land from border to border, blowing up railroad tracks, ammunition dumps and supply depots, and cutting telegraph and telephone lines. Then specific jobs were given him—dangerous missions where he worked alone—and in the spring of 1943, the boy was made a member of the Punitive Squad that carried out death sentences imposed by the underground's secret court.

At the time the most notorious collaborationist in Belgium was Paul Colin, the editor of a German-owned daily in Brussels. Brilliant and shameless, he wrote forcefully and persuasively, and his lies and arguments were a power in confusing public opinion. Worse still, Colin was a spy and an informer, snooping so cleverly that he turned hundreds, including old friends, over to the Gestapo. His liquidation was a necessity, and Fraiteur was handed the assignment.

Forged papers gained an appointment with Colin, and the plan outlined called for Arnaut to stand guard while another did the actual shooting. At the last moment, this man failed to show up, and, fearful that a second opportunity could not be arranged, the indomitable boy left his post and did the killing himself. One Bekeman, Colin's assistant, was also brought down by Arnaut's bullets. As there was no outside guard to aid the slayer's escape, he was trapped.

When he was taken to Gestapo headquarters for the usual "questioning," Himmler's men spent a whole week trying to force from him the names and hide-outs of his underground associates. The nails were pulled off his fingers and toes, the joints of his feet and hands were mashed to pulp, and—even more horrible—they injected tincture of iodine into his urethra, and shook him back to consciousness when he fainted. Failing to extort a confession, the Germans loudly announced that "the vile assassin" would be given a public trial as proof of "German justice." Brought into court, with thick bandages concealing his injuries, the prisoner infuriated both the judges and the prosecutor by his calmness.

"Are you so utterly depraved," they thundered, "as not to realize the hideousness of your crime? Do you feel no remorse? Are you not afraid to face the judgment of God?"

"I have committed no crime," Arnaut answered. "In killing Paul Colin I carried out the sentence of a duly constituted court, on a traitor and a murderer. As for God's judgment, it is my faith in Him that gives me strength."

Over and over they attempted to make him confess that he and his associates were Communists. "Your patriotism is a lie and a fraud," cried the prosecutor. "You fight us because we are sworn enemies of Communism."

"I am not a Communist," he said, "and I heard no mention of parties and politics during my three years in the underground. Only talk of Belgium, and how to drive you Germans out of our country, so that we could be free again and live decent, peaceful lives."

The judges marveled that a "mere youth, well born and educated," could show such "brazen depravity," and they mouthed continual appeals to his "better nature." Now threatening, now cajoling, they promised clemency if he would only give them the names of the "infamous criminals who kept the Belgian people from enjoying the full benefits of the New Order under the rule of an all-wise Fuehrer." When Arnaut pointed to his broken feet and hands, they sentenced him to death as a "hopeless degenerate."

The Gestapo did not care to hang him in public, and so at night they hurried Arnaut and two other youngsters off to a near-by concentration camp. Every precaution was taken to assure secrecy, but an underground agent, in some unrevealed manner, saw, heard and reported. In a final burst of sheer malignance, the Germans did not employ a high gallows, but dropped the victims through traps so shallow that their necks were not broken. Dangling with toes just above the ground, the three boys strangled, slowly.

So died Arnaut Fraiteur, old at nineteen, without even having had the chance to be young. . . . GEORGE CREEL

Net of Cobwebs

Continued from page 41

accused *you* of all these things," Virginia was saying, "I saw that I'd have to tell everything, all of it. But it's hard . . . I'd always meant to tell *you*, privately, later on. But now it's too late. Tom said he was sure you'd given Aunt Evie that horrible drink. Well, of course, I know you didn't."

"But, Virginia, you did think—"

"I never thought so, Malcolm! Never for a single moment!" she said, her brilliant dark eyes fixed on his face. "I wanted you to think you'd done it because I thought that would help you. I thought the shock of believing that you were responsible for poor Aunt Evie's death would keep you from slipping back."

"You mean—you tried to make me think—I'd done that?" he asked, frowning in his effort to grasp this and all that it implied.

"Yes, I did, Malcolm. I was so worried when you started drinking with Mrs. Kingscrown—"

"I didn't drink *with* anyone."

"And that evening, after poor Aunt Evie had gone . . . I knew why you were so anxious to get back to Mrs. Kingscrown's that you wouldn't even wait for your dinner. I knew you felt ashamed to drink anything more in our house—in the circumstances, so you wanted to get back to her house—"

"Look, Virginia, please!"

"I'm not blaming you, Malcolm; after you'd had one drink, you had to go on. I understood—"

"Why were you paying Ben blackmail?" asked Arthur sharply.

"Because Ben kept threatening to tell Malcolm what had happened. You see, I had paid Ben fifty dollars to tell Helene he'd seen Malcolm pour out a huge drink for Aunt Evie. I was quite sure Helene would tell Malcolm, and I thought it would be better that way. More convincing. I thought that if I told him myself he might suspect it was some plan to help him."

Help me? Malcolm said to himself. My God! My God! He looked at Virginia, but her earnest glance did not falter.

"Miss Chatsworth," Rutgers asked, "have you any information relative to Jenette's death?"

"Yes," she answered. "It was all a terrible coincidence. If I—"

"Let's have this from the beginning, please," said Rutgers.

"You see," she said, "I was in the hall when Ivan telephoned to Malcolm, and I heard Malcolm say, 'Oh, you've got something to tell me about Aunt Evie's death?' or something of the sort. I didn't want Ivan to tell Malcolm *anything*—I honestly thought it was very important for him to keep on thinking *he* was responsible. I thought that would keep him from slipping back and drinking with—well, drinking. So I had a talk with Ben. I pointed out to him that if Ivan told what had really happened, Ben might get into serious trouble for going to Helene with a lie."

"Smith!" said Rutgers, and the young policeman standing in a corner sat down and took out a notebook and a pencil.

"Miss Chatsworth," said Rutgers, "you understand that anything you say will be taken down in writing and may be used in evidence?"

"Yes," Virginia said without hesitation.

"Virginia," said Arthur, "you'd better not talk any more until this lawyer comes."

"Drake is absolutely right," said Dr. Lurie. "Don't say any more now, Virginia."

HE WAS frightened, and Arthur was uneasy. Only Virginia was untroubled.

"I don't need any lawyer, Arthur," she said. She turned to Rutgers now and Malcolm saw her face in profile, serious and handsome. "All I wanted was to stop Ivan from talking just then. What I planned was to give him just enough of that sleeping medicine—"

"You gave this drug to Jenette?" asked Rutgers.

"I emptied the powder from some of the capsules into an envelope and gave it to Ben. I told him to go and see Ivan and give him some money from Helene and me and treat him to a drink. Ivan would let *anyone* treat him. I told Ben to slip the powder into Ivan's drink and as soon as he got drowsy to get him into the car and drive him to New York. There's no telephone in his house, and Ivan never had any perseverance. I felt sure that if Ben left him in his room, with some money, he wouldn't bother about trying to tell Malcolm anything. Anyhow, not for a while. And Malcolm might get back on his feet—"

"What did you think when you learned that Jenette was dead, Miss Chatsworth?"

"I was horrified," said Virginia.

"What did you think was the cause of his death, Miss Chatsworth?"

"I thought probably he'd taken something else besides. I told you before, he'd talked about killing himself."

"It didn't occur to you that these capsules might have contained an extremely powerful drug? That the amount you had Ben give Jenette might have been a lethal one?"

Virginia's eyes widened. "No," she said. "Why should it? I knew Malcolm was taking them all the time, and all they ever did to *him* was make him sleep."

Her head went up defiantly. "I wasn't responsible," she said with spirit. "I wouldn't have done Ivan any harm for worlds."

There was a moment's shocked silence in the room. Then, "That's enough of this," said Arthur. "Here's where we quit."

"Miss Chatsworth is under no compulsion to answer," Rutgers said. "I simply put the question. Miss Chatsworth, have you any information as to Ben's death?"

"No," she said.

"Have you any theory, Miss Chatsworth, as to why he died here in this house from an overdose of the same drug that killed Jenette?"

"No," she said again. And there was some sort of change in her now, a hint of insecurity.

"Miss Chatsworth, we found an empty whisky flask beside the body. We've already ascertained that the whisky had been heavily drugged. Have you any idea where Ben got this whisky?" He waited a moment.

She did not answer at all.

"Well, I've got something about that," said Lily in a curiously flat voice. She leaned back in her chair, looking at the wall before her.

"Let's have it, Mrs. Kingscrown."

"Ben told Gussie who gave him the whisky," said Lily. "And Gussie told me."

"Who was it?"

Lily seemed to hesitate.

"*I* gave it to him," said Virginia. "He was hounding and tormenting me for money from morning till night and I had to have a little peace. I wanted to make him sick for a while, so I put in a little more of the powder this time. But I never thought he'd drink the whole *pint*." She spoke with indignation, as if Ben had betrayed her.

"Maybe this was just a mistake," said Lily. "But Gussie said Ben told her the whisky was a present for me."

"I had to tell Ben that," said Virginia. "It would have looked too queer—suspicious—for me suddenly to give him a bottle of whisky. I knew he'd never dream of actually giving it to you."

THERE was another silence. Captain Rutgers turned to look out the window, his face expressionless. Then he turned back to Virginia and spoke in a gentle voice.

"Let's go back a bit, Miss Chatsworth," he said. "This Jenette—were you ever intimate with him?"

"No," Virginia said quickly. "Oh, *no!*"

"In New York. You never went to his room?"

"Never."

"Look, Miss Chatsworth," said Rutgers. "When three people die this way, we look into their backgrounds. I had a talk with Jenette's landlady."

Virginia stared at him.

"The landlady says you came there often. She says the two of you were—well, call it engaged."

She looked at the floor. "That's all over."

"Of course," said Rutgers wryly. "But you like men, don't you?"

Virginia looked up at him and said, "I hate men."

"You hate Malcolm here?"

"Yes—I hate him, too. I hate everyone."

"Your aunt—you hated her?"

"Oh, *yes!*" Virginia closed her eyes and

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seemed to be smiling to herself. "For years I've hated *her.*"

"Now wait!" Arthur stepped toward the captain. "She had every reason to hate her Aunt Evie. The old lady knew her power lay in her money. She liked to give—and then take away. She bolstered her ego by keeping people dependent on her. When the girls were young she'd put them in a fine private school one year—and take them out the next. One week she'd give them anything they wanted—then for months she'd give them nothing. She made slaves of the poor kids. They never knew where they stood."

"Yes," said Virginia, her voice gray with sadness. "I never knew. I never, never knew."

"When I married Helene and took her away," Arthur went on, "the old girl almost had a stroke. For months she wouldn't speak to us. Then she began coming around all the time."

"I know." Rutgers nodded placidly. "It's my business to know. But you, Miss Chatsworth—when did your aunt find out about you and Jenette?"

"She didn't find out. We were very careful. She never *could* have found out . . ."

"Jenette *told* her—that's what Virginia means," Arthur said. "So Aunt Evie sent her down to us. To break it up."

"So that's it," said Rutgers.

"Ivan told her he wanted to marry me," Virginia said sharply.

"Yes?"

"He did. He *told* me he did."

"Suppose he didn't." Rutgers pursed his mouth dubiously. "Suppose, instead, Jenette told your aunt you were chasing him. Suppose he knew she'd send you away. Then he could have a clear shot at her money. But all that happened was that she sensed that he had got away from her, too. So she cut *him* off. And came down here to get you back in hand."

"I asked my wife to keep her away," Arthur said slowly. "But Helene looked on it as a test of strength. She knew she was free of her aunt. She hoped she could free Virginia."

"But Jenette followed along."

"I told him not to," Virginia said wistfully. "I told him I'd find some way to make her give us a *little* money."

"So that's what he wanted from you." Rutgers was patience itself. "The old lady's money."

Virginia did not speak, refused to look at him.

"Miss Chatsworth, whose idea was it to give her that first, big drink of whisky? Yours or Jenette's?"

"It was—mine."

"But didn't he pour it? He mixed the drink and got you to actually give it to her, didn't he?"

VIRGINIA stared sullenly at the floor. Arthur touched Rutgers' sleeve and said: "Haven't you got enough without this? Aunt Evie is better off dead, anyway. All she ever did was batten on people. When she saw my brother was in shock she tried to get her claws into him, too. She was an evil old woman. Personally I'm glad she's dead."

"Maybe so," said Captain Rutgers. "But you didn't kill anyone." He turned back to Virginia. "When Jenette found out your aunt had left you penniless, Miss Chatsworth—he went away, didn't he? He left you—left you alone."

"But he still loved me," she said, her voice going a bit shrill. "I'd have got him back. He had to come back. I had to have someone to love me." She turned on Malcolm. "You wouldn't."

"I—" Malcolm started to speak, but Rutgers blotted him out.

"Let's stick to Jenette, Miss Chatsworth. You were cut out of the will, and therefore of no more use to him. But he knew that Mr. Drake had twenty thousand dollars. So he tried to sell Drake the information that you had given Aunt Evie the strong drink. By your own evidence, you overheard the telephone conversation in which Jenette made the offer."

"It didn't *mean* anything."

"What it meant to you was that if Jenette got money out of Malcolm you'd never see him again. So you tried to keep him from seeing Malcolm. Maybe you thought *you* could get the money. Anyway, you sent Ben to the Tavern to give him the drug. To get him out of the way."

"Stop it!" Virginia's voice rose to a scream. "*Stop* it! I didn't mean to kill him. Ben did it. I'd never have hurt him. I loved him."

"Please, Captain," said Arthur. "Can't we drop this? She's confessed. You can see she's unbalanced."

"So then Ben wanted more money," said Rutgers, still gentle, still patient. "And you killed him."

"No!" Virginia put her hands over her ears and her eyes skipped from face to face in stark terror. "*No!*"

She pointed a finger at Lily and began to sob. "I wanted to kill her." She turned the finger on Malcolm. "Or him."

She collapsed into a sitting position on the floor, and her voice came high and innocent as a child's: "She took *him* away from me. He was beginning to love me and she took him away. He slept on my shoulder so quietly, so sweetly. And she took him away. . . ."

Rutgers stared down at her, frowning a little. "I guess that's all." He leaned over and caught her hand in his. "Get up, Miss Chatsworth." He leaned over, helped her to her feet and led her across to the young patrolman.

"Go along with Smith, Miss Chatsworth," he said—"we'll fix it so you're never frightened any more."

THEN, as the two went through the door, he turned to Arthur. "Money can be less than a blessing," he said. "Except for her money Aunt Evie would still be alive. So would Jenette. And Ben. You might call the old lady's death a sort of perverted suicide."

Malcolm scowled at him: "What do you mean?"

"She used her money to make a parasite out of Jenette, and when she cut off her charity, he was lost. He'd forgotten how to make a living. He knew about her bad heart, and probably she had promised to take care of him in her will. So he came down here and fixed that drink Virginia gave her."

"You think it was premeditated murder?" Arthur asked.

"He had no way of *knowing* it would kill her," Rutgers said. "But he hoped it would. He assumed she'd leave him some money. At worst she'd leave Virginia well fixed, and he could get it from *her*. But Aunt Evie had cut them both off. So he turned to Malcolm, here, and tried to sell him information that would incriminate Virginia."

"But no one could accuse Virginia of premeditation," Malcolm said.

"No," said Rutgers slowly. "I doubt if Virginia was capable of planning anything—in a legal sense. She'll never come to court, unless I'm mistaken."

In a dull voice Arthur said: "I've got to tell Helene. I've got to tell her somehow."

Dr. Lurie took his arm. "I'll come along. Maybe I can help."

Arthur looked at Malcolm and made himself smile. "Coming?"

"No," Malcolm said. Then when they were alone he turned to Lily with a scowl: "And I thought perhaps *I* was dangerous. I was afraid. . . ."

"It was shock," she said gravely. "I told you—only shock."

"Virginia—the poor kid!" he said, and then stiffened his shoulders decisively. "Well, I guess I'll be getting back to sea."

"Of course." She smiled a little. "And now—a drink?"

"I need one."

"So do I," she said.

"I need you, too," he said, in sudden surprise.

"Of course," she said. "I'll be here whenever you come back."

As she went toward the back of the house she passed close beside him and for an instant rested her hand upon his. The gesture was intimate, as unaffected, as casual as a caress between husband and wife. He watched her go and relaxed into a chair.

"Make mine double," he said. "It'll be a dull trip."

THE END

T-Day for the Townsends

Continued from page 24

pulled up his socks and sought out more reluctant clients. They had had a perfect three years. Then Steve enlisted. And Hemmy happened. With a catlike smile Karen sometimes thought about Hemmy happening, and how surprised everyone had been.

Hemmy gulped his orange juice, pointing from time to time at the back door. Jupiter was running a paw down the screen and whimpering.

"Breakfast first," said Karen. Which of course Hemmy already knew. He banged his cup on the tray of his highchair, a signal that he was ready for his cereal.

Karen gave it to him and then got Jupiter's revolting food ready and thrust it out to him, keeping him on the outside by sheer force. Jupiter and the sound picket fence would guard Hemmy while she had her coffee (nothing more because while she half killed herself with housework she had mysteriously gained five pounds), and while she did such work as she could get through without wakening a man who looked as though he could use a solid week of sleep.

Cereal and milk washed from his face Hemmy pushed past his mother to the back door. He and Jupiter had not really believed that they would ever see each other again.

"Stop it," said Karen, holding the collar of the big struggling red setter. "And if you knock Hemmy down again today I'll break every bone in your body." Quickly, so that she would not see it happen, she went into the house. As it would. As it did every day. And Hemmy almost never cried.

At nine o'clock Karen heard Jessica's car in the driveway. Karen ran out to keep things quiet. Carp touched his hat with a manicured finger and said, "Hello, Mother." He had called Karen Mother since Hemmy arrived.

For all his chalk-striped suits and his pigskin gloves and his shiny shoes Karen liked him. For one thing, he could say "Yes, dear," to his wife in so many different tones that you knew he was no fool. And for another Hemmy adored him.

"Did Steve come?" cried Jessica.

"Yes," said Karen in a warning voice. "Late last night—he's still asleep—"

"Good." Jessica pulled off her turban and tossed it into the back of the car. "He'll need lots of rest. And now that he's home you'll be coming back to work—you said you wanted to wait till Steve got home."

Jessica's bright brown eyes were on Karen, Jessica who had practically brought her up, who had sent her to college, who had made her a full partner when she didn't really rate it. Karen said weakly, "Well—soon. I'll have to find a nurse girl."

Waving a black-gloved hand Jessica said, "Servants aren't as hard to find as they were. We'll get someone good—like the Masons have."

"I don't like Ernestine," said Karen. "She looks as if she had secrets."

"Now I ask you!" Jessica looked at Carp, but his smooth, barbered face was impassive. "Secrets!" She turned back to Karen. "What if she has—young Mrs. Mason is out all day and every day—teas, hospital work, luncheons—and the twins are perfectly taken care of. Sometimes," said Jessica, "I wonder if you *want* to come back to the shop. I think you've got lazy staying at home for two years."

"Lazy! If you'd follow me around—"

"God forbid," said Jessica and turned the key. "I'll come home early to see Steve."

IT WAS after eleven when the first sounds came from the guest room. Karen's heart turned slowly upside down and then righted itself. She dashed to the hall mirror. People said the nicest possible things about her looks but she could never see it. Years ago she should have broken herself of the habit of half closing her eyes when she laughed. Very nice to have thick lashes that made a blur when you laughed, but all those fine lines, probably deeper in the past two and a half years . . . lipstick too dark . . . actually she was a sight—except the crisp ruffles, and her hair, short like this and curly and coal-black, was all right. . . .

Bare feet padded across the upstairs hall and into their—well, into the room where she slept. She moved toward the stairs. The clothes-closet door creaked. He'd find everything there, shoes, slacks, sweaters.

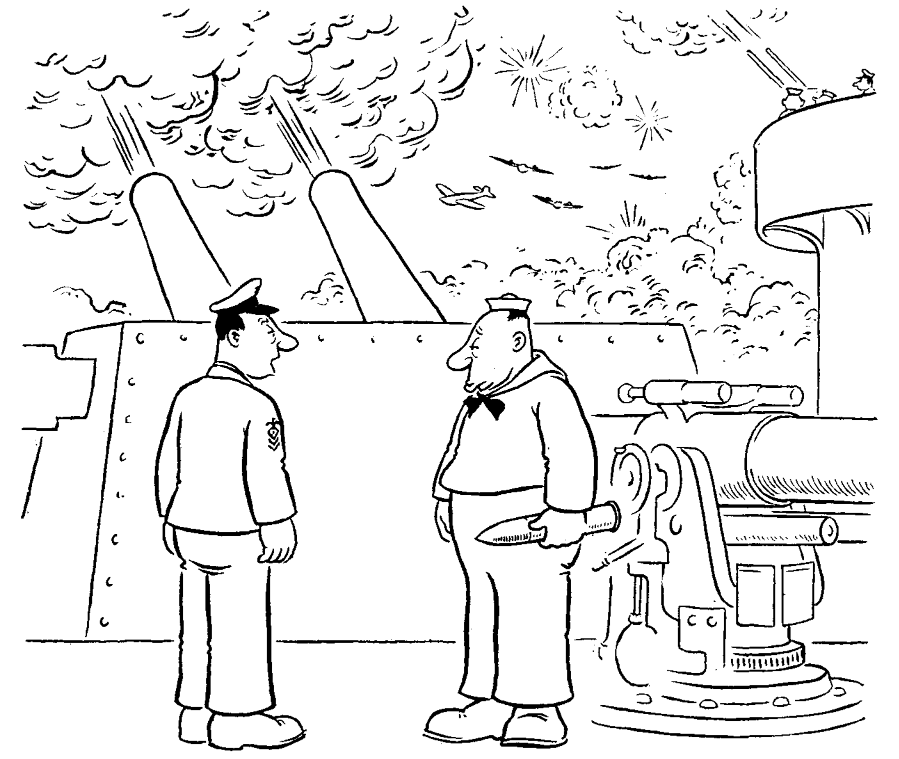
With a long, steadying breath Karen turned away. She had thought of something.

Hemmy trotted up from his sand pile when she called him.

"Come on," said Karen in a low voice. Opening the screen door she drew him in. He went alertly with her to the foot of the curving stairway.

"Go on up," she whispered, "and say hello to Daddy."

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



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Hemmy acted too silly for anything, digging his chin into his shoulder, giggling, clinging to her.

"Oh, for Pete's sake," whispered Karen, "don't be—"

At that moment Steve yelled, "Hey—Karen!"

Hemmy jumped and stared up at her. Still yelling, Steve came along the upstairs hall. "Have I got any razor blades?"

There was a pink bathroom and a green bathroom and Steve's razor blades had never been any place but on the top shelf of the medicine cabinet in the pink bathroom, and he had never yet got them from there without making her tell him. . . .

STEVE leaned over the upstairs railing. Last night Karen had seen him in his Navy uniform—and not in anything else for two and a half years. Now his striped pajama coat was open all the way down, his straight brown hair stood up in separate paintbrushes, and he needed razor blades but bad. That's what he was thinking about, razor blades. Not, certainly, about anything like coming down to kiss her. Karen's heart melted in that treacherous way it did sometimes when Hemmy was being particularly obnoxious.

In her most detached voice she was telling him about the razor blades in the pink bathroom, when Steve said suddenly, softly, "Hi, fella."

Dark gray eyes looked down into wide silver ones as he and his son regarded each other for a long, unblinking minute. Then Hemmy grabbed the banister and shuffled rapidly up the stairs. Steve waited for him at the top and hand in hand they went along the hall to the pink bathroom. "It's something," Steve was saying, "that you'll have to do every day of your life in just a few years, so you might as well watch—"

With a stone in her throat Karen went slowly back to the kitchen. *There* was something that could never happen to a mother—seeing her son for the first time when he is two years old. . . .

The table was set in the breakfast room when she heard them coming down, one hilarious step at a time. She met them with a smile, managing chopped steak and carrots and potato with her right hand, bacon and eggs and toast and coffee with her left.

"Lord," said Steve, "that smells good." Nothing more. When he went away Cora had still been here, and Karen had not known how to break an egg, let alone cook one. Ex-Lieutenant Senior Grade Stephen Hemming Thompson was used to good food on this table and he cared not who cooked it for him.

Karen slid Hemmy into his highchair, tied his bib while he bent his sweet little neck, handed him the silver pusher with which he fed himself. At such times it was Hemmy's custom to give her some small mark of affection, like butting her with his head or pinching her arm to see it turn red. But today he had a new friend.

"Get going, admiral," said Steve, beginning on his own breakfast. Without taking his eyes from his new friend Hemmy shoveled.

A lop-sided cheese sandwich and a glass of milk were all that Karen wanted. She had not actually looked at Steve but she knew he had on slacks and a white shirt. That he was too thin, his marvelous profile too sharply chiseled, but that he looked better than he had last night. And his gray eyes were clear and steady.

She knew all this and she was sickeningly conscious that, sitting in their breakfast room where they had sat for hundreds of breakfasts together, there was something more than a long absence that separated them. It could be anything, a navy nurse, or the daughter of a brass hat, or the simple fact that it is the perfect things that come to an end. . . .

Pushing his chair back Steve lit a cigarette, blowing out the match with the first sharp stream of smoke. He smiled at Karen. "That," he said, "was food."

With a foolish lift of the heart, defenseless and shy, she smiled back at him. And at that exact moment Steve's eyes slid away from hers. Abruptly she stood up, taking plates and glasses into the kitchen. A slap in the face would have been easier to deal with.

Jupiter was whining, running one paw down the back screen door. Karen opened the door for him. "Come on in," she said with controlled fury, not caring how many things he broke. "You'll nag at me till you see who it is."

Jupiter tore like crazy through the kitchen and into the breakfast room. There was the sound of sliding furniture. Hemmy screamed with delight. Steve yelled calmly, "Get down, you." And then, "Karen!"

"In a minute," said Karen coldly. She collected pots and pans and banged them into the sink. This done she went to the doorway. Things had quieted down. Jupiter sat on his haunches adoring this new male and Steve was wiping his face vigorously with his napkin.

"He spit all over me," Steve accused Karen. "Where did he come from? You've got to be careful about strange dogs around kids."

"Yes," said Karen. "Jupe happens to live here."

"Here?"

"You wrote that Hemmy ought to have a dog."

"Sure. A dog—not an elephant."

"He was little when I bought him."

"You've got to get rid of him," said Steve. "He's too big for anyone Hemmy's size."

"You mean get rid of *Jupiter?*"

Steve looked at her. "No," he said. "I guess not."

Karen went back to the kitchen.

"What," asked Steve following her, "do we do now? Hemmy and I? Help you with the dishes or go for a walk?"

"You and Hemmy don't do anything. Hemmy takes his nap."

Hemmy roared from his highchair.

"Fine," said Steve. "I'll take him up. What does he wear when he takes a nap?"

"Nothing," said Karen.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing. He thinks it's manly to sleep raw."

"A navy man, by golly."

"Yeah," said Karen who had no love for the Navy at the moment.

With a tardy conscience Hemmy hugged her when she lifted him down from his highchair, and murmured, "Ma-ma-ma-ma, ma-ma-ma-ma."

"Is that all he ever says?" demanded Steve.

"Yes," said Karen.

"Have you had him examined by a good doctor?"

Karen faced him. "Hemmy is only two. And boys talk later than girls. I take him to Dr. Simpson, the best baby specialist in the city, every six or eight weeks. And there's nothing the matter with Hemmy. He's perfect—"

"Excuse *me,*" said Steve, and took Hemmy's hand.

THE two navy men went topside. Karen ran hot water on soap chips and watched tears drip into the suds. She had never been a crying woman. It was high time she went back to Rayburn Sisters, Inc. You got soft, being only a mother and a housewife, and sentimental, wrapped up in the kind of things that smothered you and dulled your wits.

She heard Steve come down and go outside. Not, she hoped, to look at the garden. A high-school boy cut the grass, and the rest was weeds.

Every afternoon she had made herself pretty for Hemmy. The weather was still fine and it was for Hemmy, of course, that she put on the white shantung with the wide shoulders and no sleeves, one she had designed herself. So well designed was it that the five extra pounds hardly showed.

Voices came from the terrace as Karen came down. She recognized Jessica's clear, crisp tones.

"Doesn't he look wonderful," lied Jessica as Karen appeared. "And," said Jessica (which may have been the entire truth as far as Karen knew), "that leg of his is the most awful sight I've ever seen."

"Well," said Karen easily, "he doesn't limp, anyway."

Steve gave her a sardonic glance with some admiration in it. She had, he meant, been quick on that one. It was the way they had always been able to communicate, with eyes and eyebrows, over the heads of other people.

"Carp," said Jessica in her unrestrained voice, "is dying to see you, Steve."

"Sshh," said Karen. "Hemmy's asleep."

"Oh, for heaven's sake." Jessica gave Steve a long-suffering smile. "You see what I mean, what I was telling you. Karen's terrific as a mother, of course, but she fusses so!" Jessica waved a thin hand. "Look at the fence!"

They all looked at the low white picket fence which Karen had ordered, at great expense, the day she brought Hemmy home from the hospital. It came up to the terrace, completely enclosing the back yard, and it had a gate in it which might, some dreadful day, be left open by a delivery boy.

"Both Karen and Hemmy," said Jessica positively, "will be better off when she comes back to the shop. She stews about Hemmy in a way that isn't good for any child. She doesn't have enough to *do*, at home like this all the time."

"And she's getting fat," said Steve.

KAREN drew a deep, silent breath. He had barely glanced at her, and when he had, all he had seen was the five extra pounds.

"Of course," said Steve, "she could probably reduce walking up and down the hills of San Francisco."

"San Francisco!" cried Karen in a loud voice, forgetting Hemmy.

"San Francisco!" cried Jessica, who knew he could sleep through anything.

"Or," said Steve, mashing out his cigarette with great care, "I can have my own job back, here. But old Miller, out in San Francisco, has resigned, and I can have the agency there—if I want it."

Karen sat perfectly still.

"San Francisco!" screamed Jessica again, softly. "Hills! Fog! Earthquakes! And anyway it's too far away."

"As Jessica says," Steve folded his arms, "it's too far away."

Karen sighed. It was much too far away. There was the house here, and Rayburn Sisters, Inc., and out there was a city built on seven hills, and the Golden Gate, and some of the country's most romantic history.

"You mustn't think of it," said Jessica gaily. "The servant problem is bad enough here, but on the coast it's hopeless—"

"Say!" exclaimed Karen, because there was no use going on with that. "I haven't seen the Mason twins today. I hope they're not sick. They always go past in the morning and sometimes in the afternoon—"

"I forgot!" Jessica slapped her slim knee. "Poor Mrs. Mason has been having a nervous breakdown all day. Her husband had to stay home from the office with her. Ernestine, the perfect, blew up in their faces last night."

"Blew up?"

"Not literally, darling," said Jessica in a patient voice. "Listen—it seems the Masons went to the club for dinner last night. And, can you believe it, when they got home Mrs. Mason went in to look at the kids and Ernestine's door was open. She wasn't there. She wasn't in the house at all!"

Karen blinked stupidly. "But she couldn't do that—leave the twins *alone*."

"She did! Absolutely, completely alone, while she went walking or riding or something with her beau."

"That girl," said Steve, "ought to be arrested."

"Now, Steve—you have to give her a break—"

"I do not."

"She's always been wonderful, and if she made this mistake—"

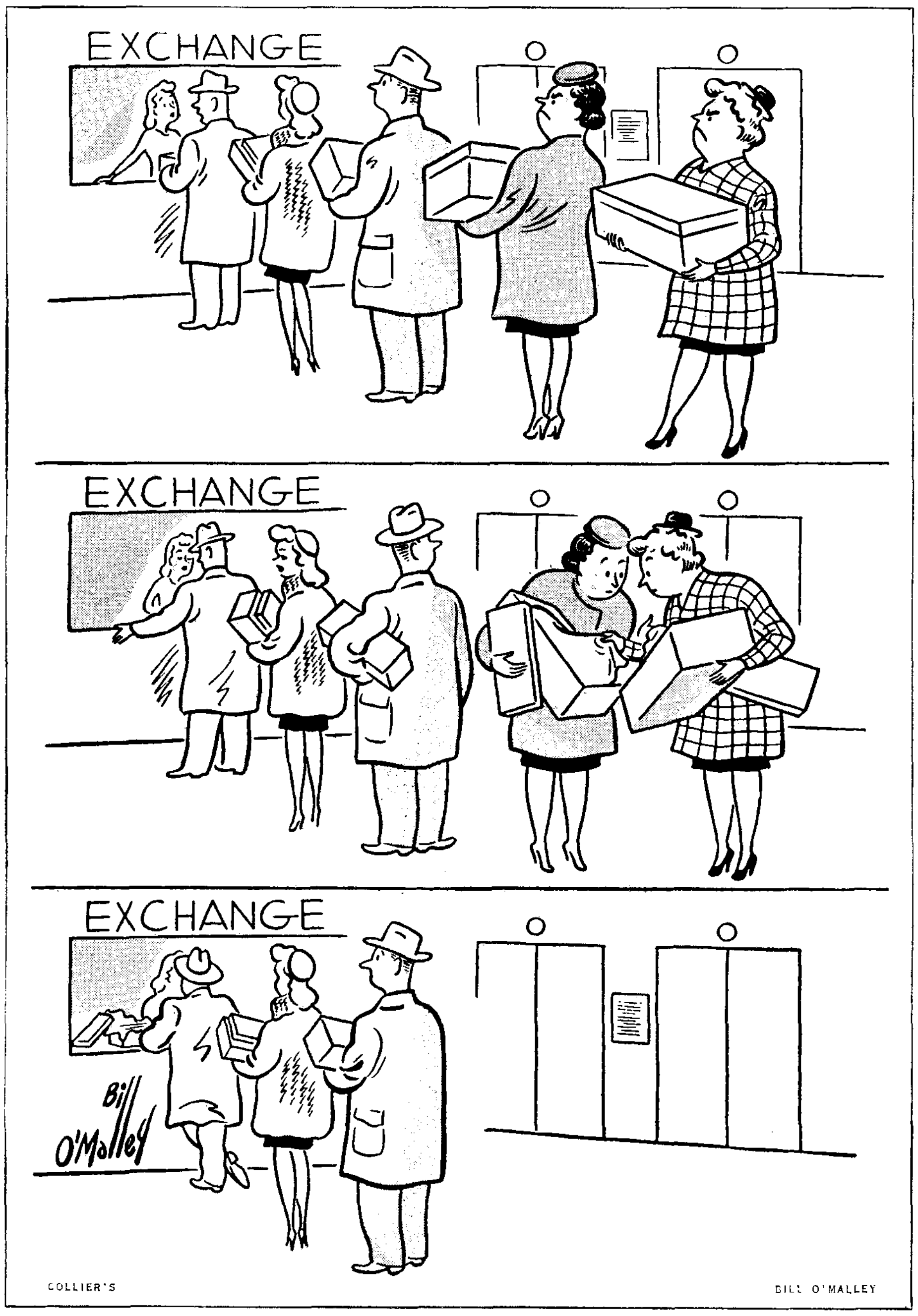
"It wasn't a mistake," said Karen. "It was a crime—supposing the house had caught on fire."

Jessica laughed. "People always say that—and houses hardly ever do catch on fire."

"*Hardly* ever," said Karen.

"I'll get us a drink," said Steve, standing up. "Bottles in the same place, Karen?"

"Well, I guess so. I mean," she added hastily, "I've cleaned out the cupboards, of



COLLIER'S BILL O'MALLEY

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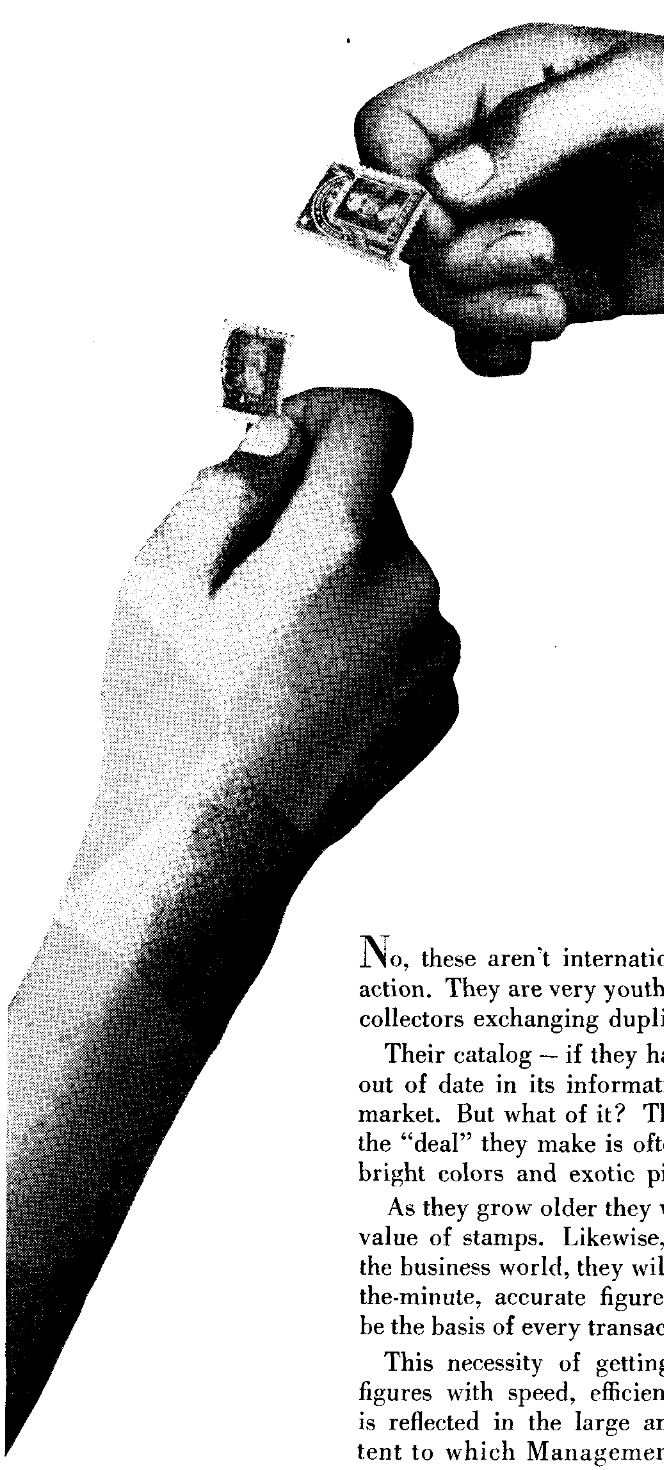

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course, and there are some bottles where you always kept them—"

"Cobwebs," said Steve darkly, and went in.

"He's so sweet," said Jessica, "and so understanding. He knows you're not cut out to be a housekeeper, and he doesn't mind."

Tipping her deck chair back dangerously, Karen balanced it with her foot against the railing. After a minute she said, "What is it, then, that he does mind?"

Running her fingers through plum-colored curls, smoothing them down again, Jessica pursed her lips. She tightened an earring and grinned ruefully at Karen. "Well, I hate to say it, darling, but you ought to catch on quicker than you do."

Karen waited.

"You see," continued Jessica, "men usually fall in love with everything about a girl. The whole picture. You were the kind of girl he admired, talented, successful, the kind who would go places. I don't mean Steve isn't capable of supporting you and Hemmy—but you must realize that you have a pretty expensive set-up here. And I, for one, think he has a perfect right to feel that you're letting him down. Take a look at yourself, Karen. You've gained weight. You're wearing two-year-old clothes. You're getting more and more out of touch with things."

"What you're saying," Karen broke in, "is that Steve fell in love with a type of person—"

"Be sensible, darling. Of course Steve still loves you, but he can't help it if he's disappointed in you."

CLINKING glasses came down the back hall and Jessica stopped. Steve kicked the door open and came out with his tray.

"Don't mind me," he said. "You were saying?"

"Oh, we were just settling the affairs of the world," said Jessica lightly. "And now we want to hear about your war."

Steve told them as much as he thought they should know about the war, and about the piece of shell that had hit him, and a lot about the hospital and the miracles that were being performed there. The metal ash trays filled up, and he and Jessica had another drink. Karen went along with the one she had, which she had barely touched. And in a little while the crib could be heard upstairs, banging rhythmically against the wall, and Hemmy's low tuneless waking-up song came down to them.

"I'll get him," said Steve. "Pants, I presume, at least."

"At least," agreed Karen. "And you might try a blouse. It's getting cool, and Hemmy is quite reasonable about blouses in the afternoon."

When the screen door had closed on Steve, Karen got up and emptied ash trays into the silent butler, then closed the cover with care and studied it.

"I could start next week," she said, "looking for a nursegirl. And then when I find one that's, well, satisfactory, I'll have to stick around for a couple of weeks till she's broken in—"

"Darling, take all the time you want—just so I know I can count on you. And be good to Steve—you two will have to get acquainted all over again."

Dear, big-hearted Jessica. She was wonderful. To prove it, Jessica said, "You look tired, Karen. I'm having Lincoln come over here with everything for a picnic supper tonight. Carp is dying to see Steve, and we won't stay late. You know what Lincoln can do with a steak and charcoal."

The little steak for which Karen had shopped as she would have for a fur coat would keep. And the pudding she had tried last week might not be so good again. Steve knew by now that she could cook and he was not impressed.

In the house, she got down the Mexican picnic plates and the bright hand-blocked picnic cloth. There was nothing to be depressed about. Any man would prefer a sleek wife, one he could be proud of, who knew what was going on in the world and was a part of it. But she had not known how important these things were. If Steve had suddenly wanted to be, say a farmer, or a coal miner, or a moving-picture actor, well, he would still have been Steve to her—

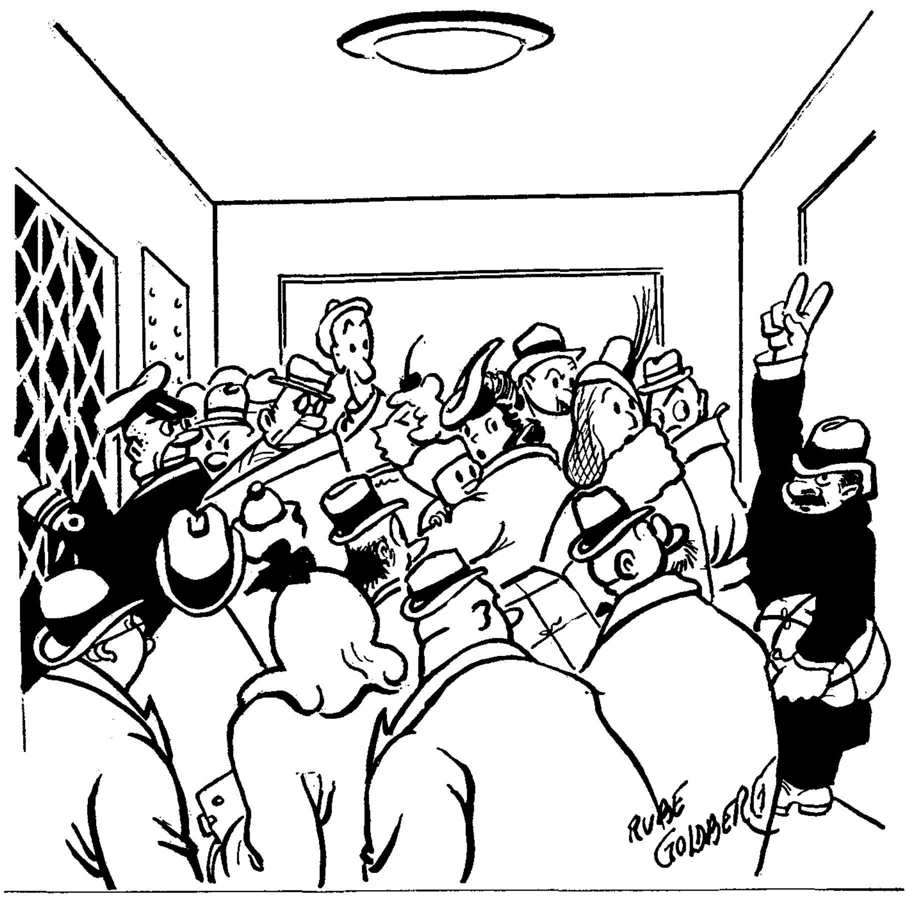
Hemmy's aunt was the source of marvelous stuffed animals and picture books, and Hemmy greeted her accordingly. Hugging her, he looked around and behind her, and Jessica shook him lovingly. "You always do that, you little devil," she said. "Always look for Carp behind me. He's only your uncle by marriage, and I'm your real flesh-and-blood aunt."

Getting the point, Hemmy hugged her politely again and disengaged himself.

Then Carp and the wooden-faced Lincoln drove up to the house, the roadster piled high with hot dishes and cold jugs.

Steve went through the gate to meet them. He and Carp had a little talk, with clasped hands and shoulder slappings. Steve kidded Carp a lot about the women's wear business, but he liked Carp, too. Once he had said to Karen that the only thing the matter with Carp was that Jessica had caught him too young. Karen had been mad. Why, Carpenter Sayres hadn't amounted to a thing before he married Jessica.

THE SQUAWK CLUB . . . . . . By Rube Goldberg



"What gets me down is the cluck who walks to the back of an elevator, then tramples everybody when he gets out at the second floor."—Lt. Comdr. George Dundaugh, Norfolk, Va.

YOU must have a pet beef or peeve. Send it to The Squawk Club, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. If it is published in Collier's, Rube Goldberg will illustrate it and you will receive the original drawing and a Membership Certificate in The Squawk Club. Runners-up each week will receive the Certificate.

COLLIER'S

Now Carp said, "Scat," to Hemmy, who had wrapped himself around his uncle's (by marriage) legs. "You know I can't stand kids."

HEMMY chuckled and clung. Carp picked him up and Hemmy settled down in the crook of his impeccable elbow the way he always did. Steve looked on jealously.

"He's a pest," Carp assured Steve. "I don't get along with kids at all, but Hemmy doesn't understand."

Steve grinned. "I guess he understands all right."

The charcoal was already tinkling and flaming under Lincoln's expert ministrations. Steve needed help with the trestle table and Carp put Hemmy down. Hemmy objected.

"Run along, puddin', and play with Jupe," said Karen. "The big boys are busy."

Remembering Jupe, Hemmy ran down the lawn to where Jupe was scratching himself with complete concentration. Steve stood gazing after his son. He said, "Hemmy minds beautifully, doesn't he?"

"Oh," said Karen, "he has his moments. It just happens, and lucky for me it is, that most of the time he *likes* to mind."

Steve looked at her. "You know," he said, "when a ship's company *likes* to obey orders, then the skipper knows he's all set."

"Goody," said Karen, and turned away, furious because she had once again imagined warmth where no warmth was. For one moment it had seemed that he was giving her the Navy's, "Well done," that he approved of her, that he did not think that she had wasted her time while he was away. But she was wrong. His face was expressionless as he crossed the lawn to the garage to get the table.

"Now, Carp," Jessica called out, "you don't have to drink *all* the cocktails. Leave some for the rest of us."

"*Yes*, dear," said Carp, and poured himself another.

A young moon rose behind the roofs on the next street and shone on the picnic table. Carp and Steve stuck close to the cold jug. Jessica scolded them automatically and amiably.

There was nothing the matter with them that a little good food would not cure, and they quieted down as they ate Lincoln's superb steaks and superb salad, and drank Lincoln's matchless coffee. They did not need the brown sugar apple pie, but it was nothing to be strong-minded about. They all ate it and drank more coffee, and they all got up from the table groaning.

After Steve had put Hemmy, as full as a little watermelon, to bed, the four of them sat on the terrace, moaning from time to time, and smoking. This, thought Karen, is something. I'd forgotten what it was like to just sit, while someone else does the dishes. Maybe I'll get me a good houseman, after I find a nursegirl, or maybe Cora'll come back, and I'll have things running like a greased engine around here, the way Steve likes it. And then I'll diet, and get some really sharp clothes. . . . She stared gloomily at the moonlit garden.

"Well, Mother," said Carp suddenly to Karen, "I hear you're coming off the nest at last."

Steve turned his head, his marvelous profile, not quite looking at anyone, but listening.

"And none too soon, either," said Jessica. "As it is, she'll barely have time to get a few things ready for the spring showings."

"I'm scared," said Karen. "Maybe I'll never be any good at that stuff again—"

"That," said Jessica briskly, "is because you've let yourself vegetate."

"I suppose so. Maybe," said Karen brightening, "I can think about line and color and shoulders when I've found someone I like for Hemmy. And someone," funny the way Steve's profile was so intently listening, "that Hemmy likes."

Twitching her chair around, Jessica said, "I have an idea. Of course you wouldn't have to keep her—but she's learned her lesson, and she'd never do anything like that again, and perhaps you'd decide after she has been with you a few weeks that she could stay on, because she was really splendid with the Mason twins—"

From the first word Karen had been staring at Jessica. "Wait a minute," she said standing up. "I must be getting this wrong. I'm awfully stupid sometimes. Jessica," there was a pleading note in her voice, "you don't mean, you can't mean, that I'd take Ernestine, leave her all day with Hemmy, after what she—"

"Darling, don't be dramatic. It need only be temporary. So that you could get back to work as soon as possible, and in the meantime we'd keep on looking around—"

"So that I could get back to work. And maybe design a couple of lousy wash dresses that would do Rayburn's some good. That's all that matters to you, isn't it, Rayburn's? Hemmy doesn't count, not his happiness or even his safety—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Jessica stood up. They all stood up. "Steve, tell her she's absolutely fanatical about that child!"

STEVE bent his tall frame and crushed out his cigarette. "Fanatical," he said and folded his arms, "is not the word!"

"There!" Jessica turned to Karen. Karen was gazing at Steve in despair. "Steve knows that it's the silliest possible thing for a girl of your talent to spend almost all your time with Hemmy—bad for you and bad for Hemmy, the two of you—"

"Fanatical isn't the word," said Steve. "Horse sense might do." Jessica opened her mouth and closed it again. "And there's no reason why there has to be only the two of them—"

"You!" exclaimed Karen fiercely. "Keeping this from me all this time—"

"I was afraid you might have to ask Jessica. But I was going to tell you as soon as I was sure I was home. For two and a half years I've been coming home, and I just got here."

"Poor Jessica," said Karen.

"Yes," said Carp behind her. "You've got to remember that Jessica hasn't anything *except* Rayburn's."

"Carpenter Sayres," cried Jessica, "you keep out of this!"

"*Yes, dear.*"

"I'll never," said Karen, turning to her sister, touching her arm, "be able to make it up to you, Jessica—you've done so much for me—"

"Oh, shut up," said Jessica and stalked off the terrace, across the lawn and through the gate. Followed by Carp.

"Isn't she wonderful?" said Karen. "If she hadn't had that idea about Ernestine we might never have known that I want what you want and you want what I want, and it's the same thing—"

"Do we have to talk about it all night?" demanded Steve, drawing her into his arms. "There are other things, too, like going to San Francisco—"

"Darling," said Karen, and didn't talk any more.

THE END

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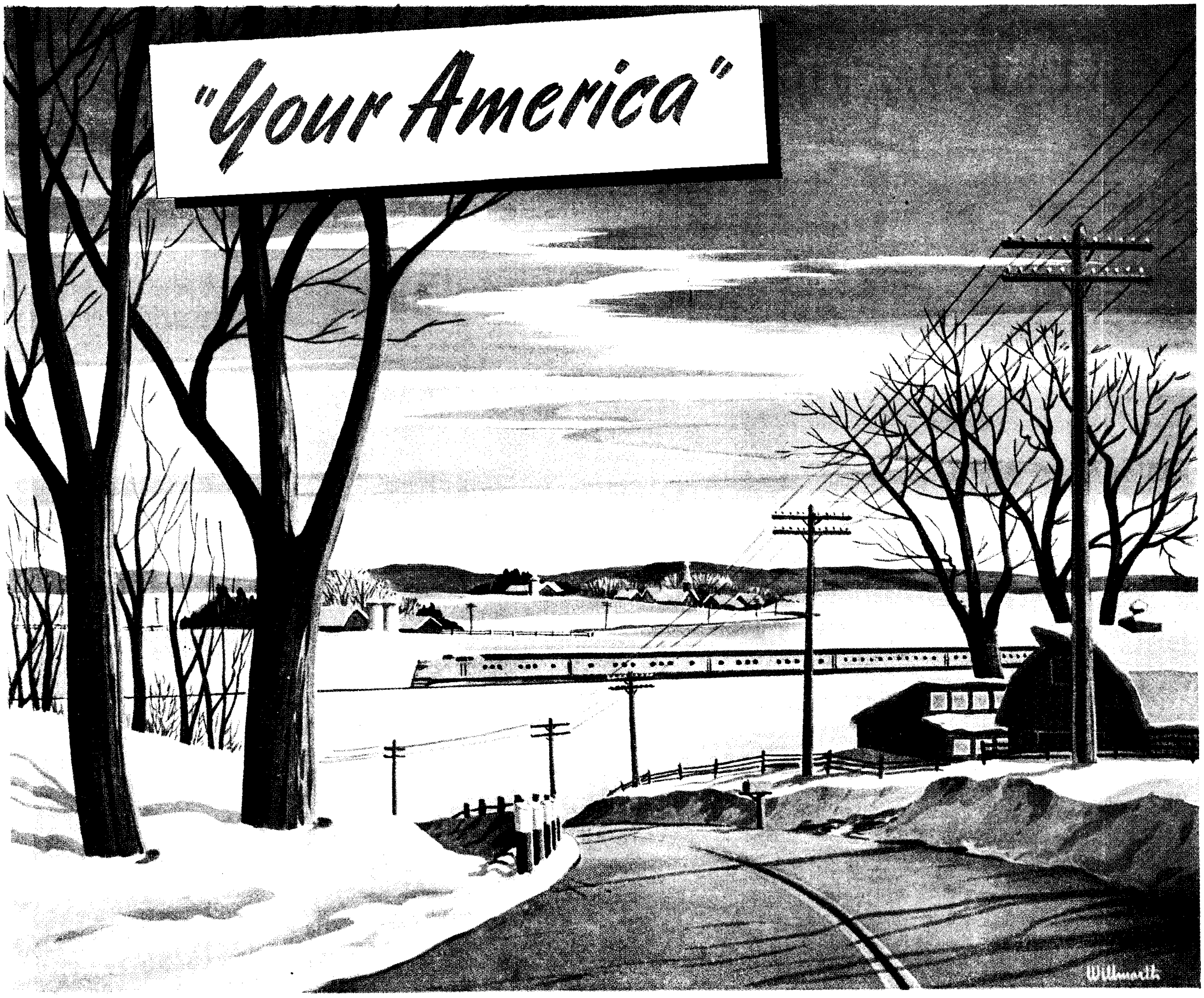
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

"Your America"



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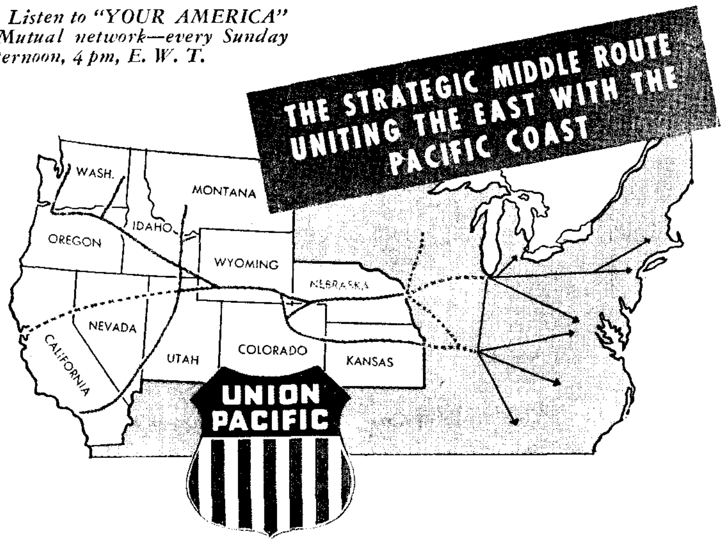
THE STRATEGIC MIDDLE ROUTE UNITING THE EAST WITH THE PACIFIC COAST
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RAILROAD

Home is O'Hara

BY CHARLES O. GORHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The corporal was not sure if the rumor about his wife was true, or what he could do about it. He only knew that he had to find her and find out

LANCE CORPORAL O'HARA regarded the rich brown liquid with anticipation, then raised the glass to his lips, finishing half of the pint before he carefully put it down. He had to be on his way. He had to find his wife; he had to know if what Mrs. O'Neill had said was true. He stood with both hands on the bar, most of his weight projected to his hands, so that the muscles spread and the flesh beneath the cracked, blackened nails was red with the rush of blood to his fingers.

Most of the stains on O'Hara's battle dress had been acquired between El Alamein and Tunis, although a few had been added in Sicily and on the toe of Italy. He wore the ribbon of the Africa Star against the matted shoddy of his tunic, dark blue for the Royal Navy, blood-red for the army, sky-blue for the air force, with two dun stripes in commemoration of the desert. A bronze clasp on the ribbon in the form of a figure eight, and the double-barred crosses on his shoulder straps, revealed that he was a member of Montgomery's army.

He had been born in Belfast, but this was his first visit to his native city in thirty months, so that now he felt vaguely lost and like a stranger. The long bar in Mooney's against whose mahogany top O'Hara leaned his weight was crowded with civilians and Yankee soldiers. The men he had known, and with whom he used to share his stout when it was sixpence a glass instead of one and a penny, were gone to shipyards on the Clyde, or into the anonymous khaki ranks. Many of them had died a few hundred yards from him in Africa, and the fact would not have surprised him had he known it, for he had learned to live with death and violence as he had learned to live with sand and heat. He was only aware that at the moment he was on his first home leave in years, and that this leave had been contributed by an inch and a half of metal lately removed from his right leg, which was still a bit stiff with resentment, so that he walked with difficulty.

Outside on the cobbled streets of Belfast, it was raining a slow, steady drizzle, and the atmosphere inside Mooney's was steaming. The clear spaces on the etched windows were fogged, and when the swinging doors creaked apart to admit a newcomer or to permit a man to leave, the fine, misty rain came swirling into the place, so that there were muddy pools on the tiled floor.

Still, it was comfortable here, and it was good to be back in Ireland. The Irish damp which soaked O'Hara's battle dress he welcomed as another man might have welcomed sunshine. For a time, mulled by the stout, he forgot the war and the desert and the long years of fighting. The damp, the drink, and the babble of high Northern accents around him created an illusion which was out of time, and it was not until one of the barmen began to ignite the gas lamps on the chandeliers that O'Hara realized the afternoon was gone.

He found his old-style, single-breasted greatcoat on the pegs behind him and worked his arms damply into the sleeves. Nodding to the barman, he shoved his way through the swinging doors and entered the street, limping just a little as he set out. The drizzle felt good against his tanned face, and he turned up his collar, thrusting his hands into his pockets. Suddenly the unpleasant interview with Mrs. O'Neill came to his mind and he felt very lonely; the illusion experienced at Mooney's had passed, and once again he understood that he was in truth a stranger in Belfast. He took his hands from his pockets and unconsciously fell into marching stride, the limp almost disappearing, his arms swinging a little more smartly than those of the civilians whom he passed.

It was becoming quite dark. A blackout was nothing new to O'Hara, but his blackout had been a more personal one, depending on the individual's disciplined shielding of sparks and cigarette ends. It meant crouching in trenches and behind tanks to hide a cigarette, or cursing wildly and silently at some bloody fool a few yards away who showed a match against the dark desert sky. Here in Belfast people smoked in the streets and often a face would suddenly appear in the darkness, framed in the circular yellow glow of a match.

He knew that he had at least an hour to wait. Suddenly he wished that he had not talked with Mrs. O'Neill. Ignorance is often a blessing, he reflected. In the desert he had killed five men, men whose faces he had seen and whose last writhings he had witnessed. He had experienced no especial anger when he accomplished the murder of these men and no grief or joy at their passing. He was a soldier, and for almost four years had worried only about such elementary things as beer and a comfortable bivouac, although for a long time, until, in fact, he realized that he had nothing very much to do with the question, he worried about dying there in the desert. But here was a problem, and one which demanded a decision. Ever since early that morning when he had talked with Mrs. O'Neill, he had avoided the decision, and even now, frightened and shaky, he was fervently glad that he had nearly an hour in which to prepare himself.

HE WENT into a café, and ordered a mug of tea and a cold meat pie. The air inside the café was thick and warm. An old woman behind the counter smiled at him and then, noticing his shoulder tabs, bent beneath the counter, and when she rose, placed two chipped lumps of sugar on O'Hara's saucer.

"My boy's in the Eighth Army," she said. "I don't suppose you'd know him. Name of Eagen."

O'Hara frowned and pretended to concentrate. He was grateful for the sugar and she was the first person in Belfast who had recognized his shoulder device. "Eagen," he reflected. "Eagen. Would he be a gunner, ma'am?"

"Why, yes!" she exclaimed. "Do you really know him? Blond hair he's got and a scar beneath his right eye. Do you think you remember him?"

"I couldn't be sure, ma'am. When did he go out?" The tea was scalding and he warmed his hands by holding them around the mug.

"Two years ago, almost. Oh, I do hope he comes home soon. It's been so long. How did he look, was he all right?"

Although O'Hara remembered no gunner named Eagen, he knew that it would please the woman and make no real difference, so he lied. "Oh, he was looking fine. A bit thin, perhaps, but fine. I shouldn't expect him home for a bit yet, though, if I was you. I brought a bit of a packet, in my leg here, or I shouldn't be home at all. And I shan't be in Belfast long, more's the pity."

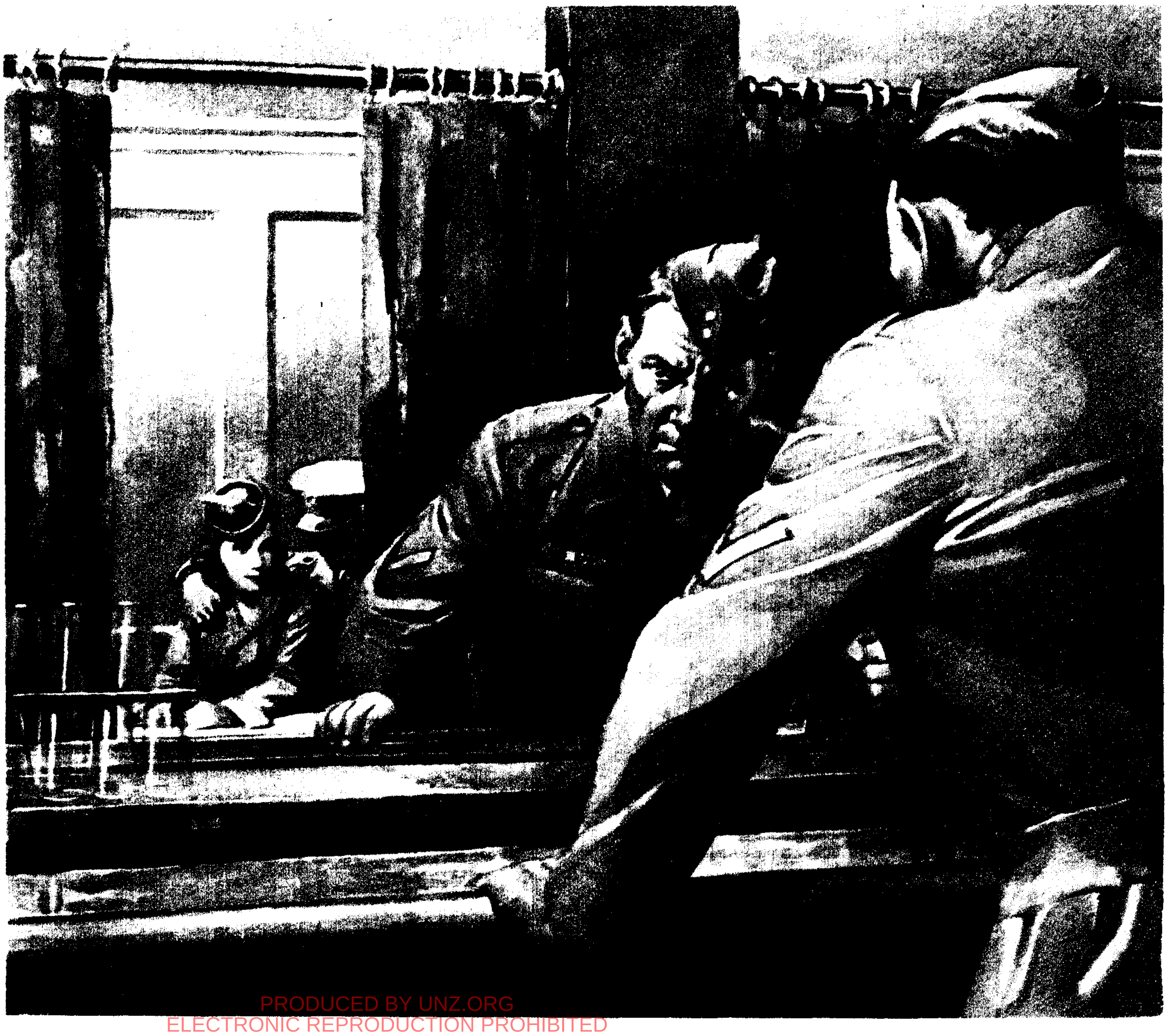
"Ah, Corporal, ain't it awful, this war? It's a sin and a crime, it is, an' all for what?"

He wondered. He nodded in agreement and pushed a dented shilling across the smeared, cracked linoleum. She handed it back to him and said, "Have the tea with me, Corporal, for luck."

"Thank you, ma'am. It's good of you." He carried the mug of tea and the meat pie to one of the small tables along the wall. He was affected by the woman's kindness, although he understood that it was prompted by an interest in her son and not in himself. Nearly twenty hours had passed since the Larne train had deposited him in Belfast, and aside from Mrs. O'Neill and the barman at Mooney's, she was the first person to whom he had spoken.

A glance at the old pendulum clock on the wall told him that he had twenty minutes left. He devoured the soggy pie in two bites, and then, sipping the hot, strong tea with its double welt of sugar, he lit a cigarette and studied the smudged card on the wall near the blackout curtain, which advertised food long since unobtainable, at prices which were beyond memory.

(Continued on page 62)



The sergeant leaned toward her whispering something. She laughed. O'Hara felt curiously dry-mouthed and a little scared

Interrupted Honeymoon

Continued from page 21

she said. "That will probably send it off its rocker."

"I've got your clothes," he said. "I got my ex-mother-in-law to invite your mother to a bridge lunch, and then I went to your house and packed you a bag. And here's paper; write your letter. I've already written mine—you can use it as a guide."

She read it: "My dear Pris: Having found upon mature consideration that I cannot live without Jane, I have decided to elope with her. We shall be back on Monday with the deed accomplished. I hope you will take it like a good girl. Your loving father."

"Oh, Henry," she said, and laughed. "Is this your idea of passion?"

"Well, suggest improvements if you like," he said amiably. "I don't claim it's perfect. . . ."

"It's awful," she said. "It's like an announcement of foreclosure," and she suggested a few improvements, whereupon he fell into the spirit, and they concocted what they both agreed was a masterpiece: "My own darling Pris—I've tried, God knows how I've tried—but when you're older and find out for yourself what love is, you'll know that there comes a moment when love cannot be denied. . ." ("That's good," said Henry. "I like those three dots—they suggest such nameless passion.") "I find I cannot live without Jane. It breaks my heart to hurt you like this, my darling, but love cannot be denied any longer, and we are running away together. Forgive me—if you can. . . ."

"But will she swallow it?" Jane asked.

"Of course she will, because it's what she thinks love should be. Melodramatic and unhappy and impulsive and excessively wordy. She'll have a fit on Monday," he admitted. "I'm prepared for that. But a *fait accompli* is a *fait accompli*. . . . Now write to your mother. In the same vein, if you can manage it, but a shade more subtly."

"I'VE practically worn out my inspiration on Pris," Jane said, but she managed another half page to her mother, complete with dashes and dots and one unpremeditated blot. It was ridiculous, but then the whole thing was ridiculous. And rather fun, too, now that they were doing something about it, now that they were going away intending to come back married. Even when it started to rain, as it did two hours later when they were sixty miles out of town, it stayed fun. The car was warm and dry, the tires sizzled and splashed on the wet pavement, and the windshield wipers bumped rhythmically.

"Where are we going?" she asked after a while. "At random?"

"No," he said. "A place called Sweetwater Valley, where I once stayed a night at a nice little hotel, very clean and nicely decorated."

"Sounds good," she said. And then the car coughed twice and coasted, accelerated, coasted, coughed, and slowed at long length to a stop. After a moment of silence, Henry got out.

"Of course," he said, "cars are conking out all the time these days . . . but it seems a little hard, when I've kept it oiled to the nines and prayed over the battery and alternated the tires faithfully. Pull the hood," he concluded, and Jane pulled the hood, and he fiddled with the catch at the front and swung the hood up. Then he leaned on the fender and looked at the engine for a while. "And now what?" he remarked.

"Why don't you take out a spark plug and look at it?"

"Why not indeed," he said. "That will have a professional air," and his hand went in and busily made motions of unscrewing for a moment. Then he straightened. "Where's a wrench?" he said. "I think these things are welded in. Maybe they aren't meant to come out."

"It says here," she said, getting the Owner's Manual out of the glove compartment, "that when the engine stops on the road you should take the screen out of the gas pump and clean it."

"Fine," he said, "only which is the gas pump?"

"Lord, you're incompetent," she said pleasantly. "I thought men were supposed to know about cars."

"It isn't an instinct," he said, "like hunger, sleep and sex. It comes under the head of acquired knowledge. And I haven't been under the hood of a car since they stopped making Model Ts. I've recognized the spark plugs; that's my contribution. Now why don't you come out and get all wet and recognize the gas pump?"

"That shouldn't be too difficult," she said, but she glanced up and down the highway before she moved, hoping as one hopes for a miracle that she'd see a garage tow truck coming along, or even just a plain car driven by someone who knew what he was driving. . . . All she saw was a stretch of blue-tarred road bouncing with hard rain and fading into mist in either direction. "Gee!" she said and got out and ran to get her head under the hood, which reverberated with rain. "It's that black thing there," she said.

COLLIER'S "Well, and what ridiculously low-priced article would you have been a fool to pass up this time?" LEONARD DOVE

"You couldn't make it something more accessible?"

"I could, but then it wouldn't be the gas pump."

"All right," he said and reached for it. "At any rate it comes apart . . . but there's no screen. Just a hole."

"That's probably our difficulty. Someone's taken the screen off and forgotten to put it on."

"I doubt that," he said, but he looked impressed. "However." He returned the black thing to its hole. "Let's get back in and try it now."

"But you haven't done anything!"

"I've taken a look at it," he said with dignity. "That's all garage men do. They say, 'Leave it here and I'll take a look at it'; and when you come back, it runs."

She laughed. "All the same, I'm losing a lot of faith in you."

"Let's get back in and try it."

AFTER they had tried it, he leaned back against the cushions and lit a cigarette. "Just like old times," he said, looking amused.

"Why? Did you elope with your first wife and have a breakdown?"

"Hell, no. We were married in a church, and then we went off in a train, in a drawing room. And I remember I kept wishing I had brought along a book—I couldn't think of a thing to talk about. . . . No, I was thinking of the yet more golden days, when the car coasted to a stop on a dark road, and I nonchalantly lighted a cigarette as I remarked, 'Out of gas,' and then I'd balance the cigarette in the ash tray, like this, and very tentatively kiss the girl . . ."

"Who firmly kissed you back," she said, doing so, and then shifting her shoulders until she was comfortable. And for a while the silent car with the rain thudding hard on the roof and the green twilight darkening around them was heaven, pure heaven. . . . "But I'm not going to consummate the *fait* in a car," she remarked at last, sitting up.

"No," he agreed. "Besides, I packed you such a pretty nightgown."

"Which one?" she asked, interested. "The blue?"

"No, white, with lace here and there. . . . And I always had an idea you wore pajamas."

"I do," she said, "as a rule. You must have got into my hope-chest drawer."

"Really?" he said, charmed. "Dear Jane. . . . Wreathed with such misty hopes . . ."

"Well," Jane said, "we'd better get going or the hopes remain misty. If we pushed it, do you think it might start?"

"We could try," he said, and they turned up the collars of their coats and got out, and he pushed at the back while she pushed at the front with one hand and steered through the open door with her other and when they got the car over a hummock, it started to roll, and from there it was quite a long way downhill.

She slid into the seat; he galloped around from the back and jumped on the running board and crouched there, his elbow through the window of the open door, while she did things to the gas and the choke and the clutch, and the car coasted. . . . Not even a cough now.

"Gee!" she said again, looking ahead. Bluish hills misty in the rain, no lights at all except off to the left where there apparently was a farmhouse. "How far to the next town?"

"Sixteen miles. . . ."

"Shall we turn in to that light? Answer fast or it'll be too late—shall we . . . ?"

"Yes," he said at the last moment, and she yelled, "Hang on, angel!" as she swerved the car into the side road without daring to brake for fear of losing speed, skidded in the wet mud, straightened, and put on the brakes for the last downward curve into the farmyard, and nearly skidded into an aged man in blue overalls who was carrying a pail from the well.

"Oh, Lord! I'm sorry!" she cried, aghast but triumphant. It had been a neat job of driving all the same. "But I didn't touch you."

And he yelled in a high penetrating voice, "But you dang' well had a try, didn't you? You dang well had a try!" and he stamped on into the house, his right arm weighted with the pail, his left arm swinging.

"I don't think *he'll* be able to fix it," Henry remarked after a moment, and then he stepped fastidiously off the running board into the mud.

"An inauspicious beginning," she agreed. "Shall we follow him in?"

"Yes. . . . Oh, by the way, Jane darling. . . . I was just thinking: Maybe the car might have started on our wild ride downhill if you'd thought to turn the ignition on. . . ."

"Didn't I—" she began with an immense sick emptiness hollowing itself within her. "Was it— Oh, curse it. Oh, hit me, trample me in the mud. . . ." She felt like weeping out of pure shame.

But he was grinning. "One up for me," he said, "except that I'd have done better to notice it at the time. Well, let's go in. We won't be able to coast out of this black pit of hell."

THE little farmhouse looked cozy from the outside with its lighted windows and smoke coming out of its tall black tin chimney. Inside, it wasn't cozy. They came into the kitchen, and it was all cracked brown linoleum and brown oilcloth paper and dim ceiling; and it smelled of warm milk and kerosene and ham grease.

Their aged friend grinned at them, unexpectedly.

"I'm terribly sorry," Jane began again, but he waved a careless hand.

"Let bygones be bygones. Care never killed a cat. Women drivers!" he said gaily, and cackled. There was a young woman washing dishes at the sink; she smiled and went on pumping water out of a bright red little pump. There was also a young man with long thin legs crossed in a lank way, smoking an expensive briar pipe. He smiled too.

"Eggs?" he remarked.

"Eggs?" Jane echoed.

"Cream?" he suggested, leaning lazily against the back of his wooden chair.

"Butter," the young woman at the sink said decisively. "But we don't sell it without points," she continued.

"Oh! Oh, we didn't come to buy anything."

"No," Henry said. "Our car broke down, and we were wondering if any of you would know how to fix it." He looked at the young man, who smiled benevolently back at him. "Do you?" he said after a silence.

"Oh, no," the young man said, beaming.

"Cars!" the old man said with great scorn. "I fix horses!"

"Best take it to a garage," the young woman said.

"Is there a garage near here?"

"There's one in Appleton," the young man said. "Sixteen miles."

"That's what I thought," Henry said. "Well, look, I don't suppose you have a car. . . ."

"An old one that don't run so good any more."

They felt a wave of hope. "But could you give us a tow into town? We'd pay you for it, of course . . ."

The old man stood abruptly up, raised his hand, and brought it carefully down on the tabletop without a sound. "No," he howled. "We don't go wasting our gas giving people rides!"

The young man grinned. "Dad likes the movies," he explained. "We have to save up our gas to take him to the movies. I'm afraid we can't help you."

"Then," Jane suggested quickly, "could we use your telephone to call a garage?"

"No telephone," said the old man triumphantly.

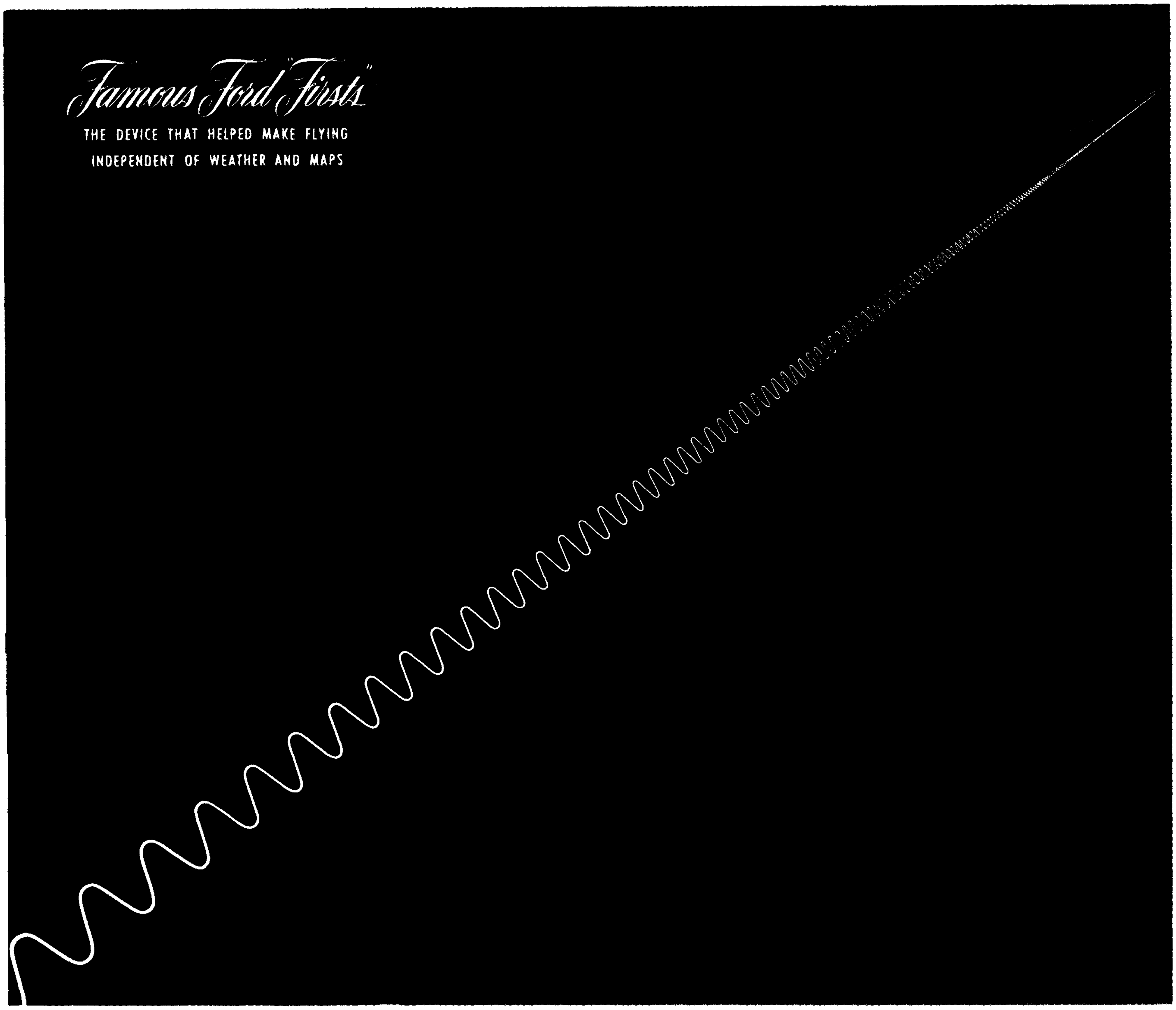
"Oh, Lord," Henry said and sat down on one of the kitchen chairs.

The young woman turned around from the sink. "That's all right," she said competently. "We can put you up, and then when Henry takes the milk in in the morning, he can give you a ride to the garage."

Jane stared at her. "Is his name Henry, too?"

"Yes."

"So's this one," she said and started to



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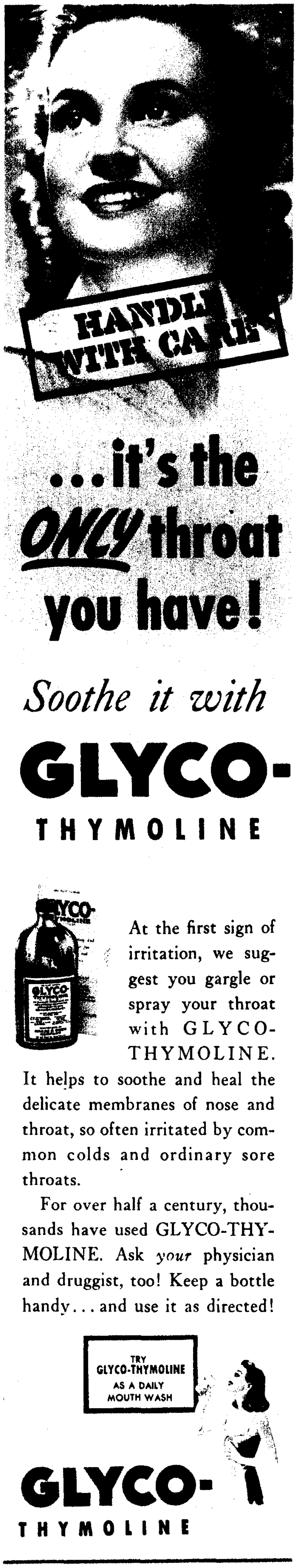

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GLYCO-THYMOLINE

shake with laughter, leaning on Henry's shoulder, and Henry pressed his head against her and laughed until he was yelping in falsetto.

The young woman looked at them kindly. "Have you had dinner?" she asked.

AFTER ham, which was very salty, and eggs, which were very hard, and baker's bread and crumby butter, and coffee with cream that was beginning to turn, they felt less like laughter, but they were still amused. They stayed amused all through the ten-o'clock news, the business of arranging beds, and the final dismal trip to the outside plumbing. The young woman was briskly competent through it all; when she learned that they would need two beds, she assigned Jane to the spare bedroom upstairs and brought an immense roll of bedding downstairs to make up the sofa in the sitting room for Henry. Then she briskly made up a rather inviting bed with clean sheets and about six thick quilts. "I don't think you'll suffer here," Jane said, looking at it.

"Lord, no," Henry said. "And look at all the books to read myself to sleep with," he said, and then took a closer look and saw that they were all agricultural yearbooks. "But what could put me to sleep faster than they? Good night, darling. Sleep well. And remember we've got the whole week end left, and we can get a lot done in a week end."

"Of course," she said and went smiling upstairs. He was a good sport; so was she. And this would be something to tell their grandchildren.

"This door doesn't close," the young woman said, showing her to the spare room, "but that doesn't matter. We'll be down the hall in the big room if you want anything."

"Fine," Jane said cheerfully. "And thanks very much."

Her navy-blue suitcase lay on the bed; the kerosene lamp threw vague waves of light and vague shadows across the striped wallpaper; outside, the rain was coming down harder than ever. It was a small, angular room, hostile and silent.

She opened the suitcase and was touched, because Henry had packed the white nightgown, and the old print dress that he had always said he liked so much, and red shoes that didn't match it particularly but which he also liked, and no toothbrush, and no cold cream, but four sets of half-lace half-satin underthings, and no dressing gown, and no slippers, but a string of pearls and a pair of long white evening gloves. . . . Men were donkeys, but men were nice. . . . Henry was nice. . . . Henry was a darling. . . .

She washed in cold water from the pitcher on the washstand, put on the white nightgown, and got into the creaking bed. And lay there for a moment simply wanting Henry badly. And then she thought about things as they would have been if things had gone well. . . . There was a minister in Gateley whom Henry knew; he had been expecting them at nine. Then dinner in Gateley with him—he had insisted over the telephone—and then a short drive on to the small hotel in Sweetwater Valley, tiled bathrooms and box-spring beds, country quiet with all the conveniences of town, and Henry in her arms. . . .

She sat up straight.

The kerosene lamp flickered ominously against the draft coming through the open door, and the door wouldn't close. . . . The bed, the whole room creaked and sighed, and outside the rain and the wind. . . . She lay down again, her eyes wide and irritation nagging at her mind.

Then she sat up again.

"This is too much," she said aloud. "I'm going down to Henry. . . ."

THE room was dark; at first she thought he was asleep but then she heard him moving, and he said, "Is that you, Jane?"

"Yes," she said and felt her way to the sofa. He was sitting up with his coat over his shoulders; he looked ready to rise up and run. "I couldn't sleep," she whispered.

"Couldn't you? Neither could I. Oh, Jane," he said, "what a honeymoon we've got for ourselves."

"Never mind," she said, "it'll soon be over," and the clock in the kitchen started banging out rapid strokes—eight, nine, ten, eleven. . . . Seven long hours to go. And everything suddenly stopped being funny.

It was as sudden as that, as if they'd come to a corner and turned it and found everything bare of amusement—bleak and bare and cold and unspeakably depressing.

"It wasn't such a bright idea, was it?" she said after a moment.

"It was a good idea but it didn't work out."

"You should have had your car overhauled before we started. Cars can't be trusted these days."

"Isn't it the truth," he said darkly. "And to think that if that car . . ."

She was silent. Then she said, "I suppose it wouldn't do any good to go out and try starting it again."

"What good could it do?"

"You're certainly a babe in arms as far as machinery goes, aren't you? It's odd that you should be so completely helpless, when you're a man. . . ."

"What difference does that make? I'm not a mechanic. I'm a manager. I've always depended on garages, just as you have. . . ."

"And it's probably just some simple thing that anyone who knows anything at all about cars would fix in a jiffy."

Her temper was going up; she felt it rising steadily just like mercury in a thermometer. And so, it seemed, was his.

"It probably is. But *I* can't fix it."

"You might try. . . ."

"It's still raining. And besides I wouldn't know what to do."

"I can fix my own typewriter, anyway."

"Which helps enormously," he remarked. "And if you'd thought of turning on the ignition this evening we might be home by now."

Through all her sudden sick rage that he should bring *that* up at last, hitting her when she was down, she had time to notice that he said "home," not Sweetwater Valley. He was no longer wanting to be in Sweetwater Valley on a honeymoon; he wanted to be home in his own apartment in his own bed, alone, with all the familiar noises of night traffic outside, and all the familiar surroundings of his own room. And so did she.

"I was waiting for you to bring that up," she said.

"You must admit it wasn't very clever of you."

"The whole idea wasn't very clever. And it was your idea."

"That's right," he said, "blame me, when you were thickheaded enough to forget to turn on the ignition—"

And now they were shouting at each other in the darkness, hurling words at each other as if words were solid and could hurt, dragging up things they both thought the other had forgotten, little things that had grown in the darkness of this awful night to a formidable size and importance.

"And you couldn't even let me pack for myself—you had to do it all so wise and important, and couldn't even remember to pack a toothbrush," she said in a high shrill breaking voice. "You—you *manager!* And nagging about that ignition—oh, you *are* heartless!"

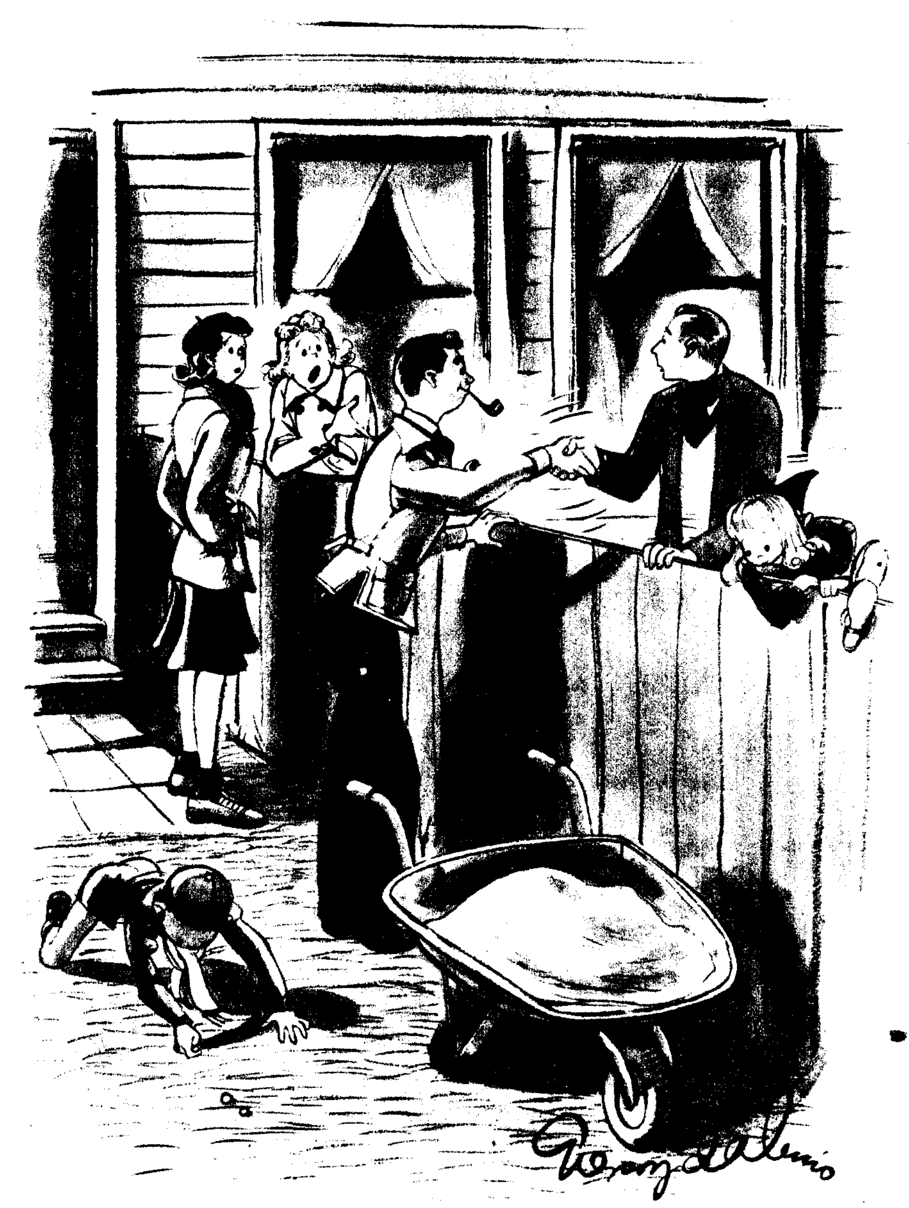
"And so are you!"

And then the voice of the old man in the next room came to them, howling in its fury, "Shut up, dang you, the both of you, and let me *sleep!*"

SHE went up to her room without another word, walking very quietly and repeating with every step, "I hate him. . . . I hate him. . . . Oh, I do hate him. . . ." She felt rigid with anger as she lay down on the bed.

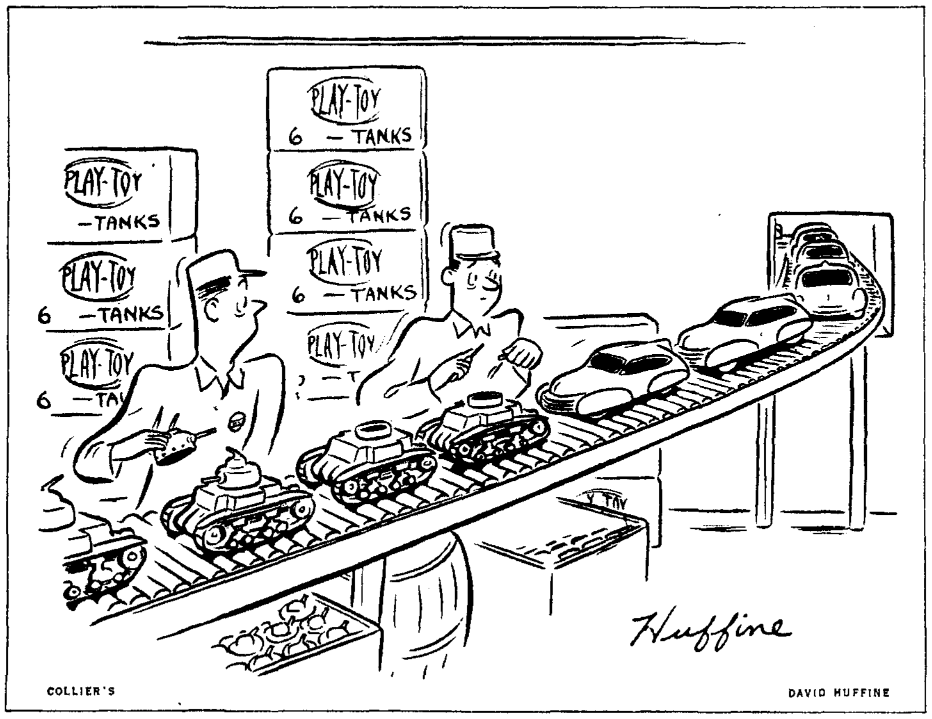
WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



COLLIER'S

"Good heavens! You two fought in the African campaign and never met until now?"



COLLIER'S DAVID HUFFINE

It was no better in the morning. It had stopped raining, however, and the young man paused by their car on his way to get his own out of the shed and stared at it, and then opened the hood and stared some more, and finally got a wrench and unscrewed something and took something out and blew into it and put it back, and then got into the car and started it up.

"It's a pity," Henry said, watching him, "that you couldn't have done that last night."

"It was raining," the other Henry said blandly. "I wasn't going to get all wet. Well, I guess you're all right now."

"Yes, thanks very much," Henry said and it was the last time he spoke all during their long ride back. There wasn't the remotest question of going on to Sweetwater Valley.

Jane sat silent, too, staring at the road. She couldn't bear to look at him. They had said too much to each other during that cheap brawl of anger; they had given themselves too much away; they had said things that made it impossible that they should ever meet again, even as friends, even as strangers. Merely remembering some of the things he had said to her made her want to sink out of sight in the upholstery.

When he reached across her to get cigarettes out of the glove compartment, the mere sight of his long brown hand made her hot with rage. . . . And the thought of meeting his enlightened eyes was material for nightmares.

AND it didn't help in the remotest degree that the plan had turned out to be a success after all. When he stopped at her house to let her out there was a commotion at the windows, and then Pris and Mrs. Palmer came pelting down the steps, excited and confused and joyful.

"Oh, Daddy," Pris shouted, "so you were really in love after all!"

"Get in the car," he said through his teeth, "and come on home."

"Come in the house, Mother," Jane said, taking her mother's arm and hauling her along.

"But Jane," her mother said, panting, "we're all so happy for you!"

"No more tears?" Jane said ironically.

"We both wept a bit, last night," she said, "but they were happy tears. . . ."

"Oh, Lord," Jane said. But she might as well tell her now. "I'm never going to see him again," she said in the cool bright hall. "And he ran off with my suitcase, too," she added bitterly.

"But Jane, you're married—"

"No, we're not married. . . ."

"But Jane— Oh, my word," her mother said, her face very still.

It went on like that. She had thought not to go to work that day at all, to go to bed and sleep, but an hour of it was enough for her. She had herself a bath, locking her mother out of the bathroom, put on a sand-colored linen suit, announced that she was going to work, and went, her head aching badly.

When she got off the bus, the first thing she saw was Henry's green car parked in front of the bank. It was either the heat or her headache, but she thought for a dizzy moment that she might be going to slide over in a faint, and that was incredible. She hurried to escape into the coolness of the bank. . . . "Oh, Jane," he said.

She stopped. "Oh, yes, my bag."

"Yes, your bag."

She went over to get it; he opened the door and handed it out.

"I should have brought it to your house, but I didn't want to talk to your mother."

"I quite understand," she said, fixing her gaze on his left shoulder. It was as perilous as ever to meet his eyes. She still felt weak—with anger, with the heat, with her headache—and she wasn't going to risk meeting his eyes. "And I think this is a good time to get it settled—I don't think either of us wants to meet again."

"No, I don't think we do," he said gloomily.

"Never again," she said, and her voice was suddenly shaking, and she looked at him and met his eyes at last. And his face was formidably stern and unforgiving, but his eyes weren't stern or unforgiving at all, and he was Henry, and it didn't matter that he knew too much about her, that she knew too much about him. She felt dizzy again. She said in a gasp, "Oh, Henry, I love you so much. . . ."

"Oh, Jane," he said and came out of the car in a swoop and started kissing her. "Oh, Jane, I've never hated you so much as last night and never loved you so much as now. . . ."

"Darling," she said and couldn't hold him close enough.

"My bag is still in the car," he said. "Give me back your suitcase. . . ."

"AND the funny thing is," she said as they reached the outskirts of the city, the green sunlit hills, the deep wide blue sky, "the funny thing is that they were right after all, the sentimental ones. . . ."

"About real love. Apparently they were. As if we'd been merely on the surface all the time until that awful fight made us break through to the depths. . . ."

"And love isn't really fun," she said thoughtfully. "Fun at times, but misery, too. . . . I hope the car keeps going this time."

"It will. It was the feed line. I had it thoroughly cleaned out after I dropped you this morning. And you were wrong about the gas pump, by the way. The black thing is where you put in oil."

"Really? So that's why the gas screen was missing," she said, and laughed and then sobered. "But this is the wrong tone again."

"Well," he said, "we couldn't stay on the elevated plane all the time. The thing is, we've been there . . . and we'll get there again. . . . It's *real* love. . . . On to Sweetwater Valley?"

"Holding our breaths," she said, smiling again, "past Cold Comfort Farm. . . ."

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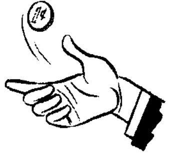

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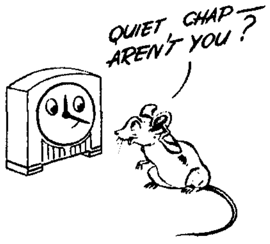
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Big-Money Trees

By Frank J. Taylor

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS

When Nature plays tricks with trees and produces a new kind of fruit, it means big money to Mr. Paul Stark, who keeps in touch with these things

ASTONISHMENT crept over the sunburned face of Mr. Paul Stark (whose game is finding money trees in other people's back yards) as he bit into a luscious golden-hued peach entered in the annual new fruits show held every summer in Louisiana, a town in Missouri. "I'm a son of a gun if this peach isn't an apricot!" he exclaimed.

And it was an apricot so big and round and juicy that the boys in charge of the entries mistook it for a peach. It being a bigger, better apricot than Mr. Stark had even seen, he lost no time jotting down the name and address of the discoverer, Mr. J. C. Sparks of New Castle, Colorado.

That's the way hustling Mr. Stark spots them. It takes the breaks to make the big-money trees in which five generations of Starks have specialized at the old Stark homestead on the bluffs above the Mississippi where in 1812 dour-faced James Stark pushed back the redskins and planted scions of apple trees he had brought from Kentucky in his saddlebags.

Finding one of these miracle trees is something like stumbling onto a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow. Not only for the Starks, but for you, if your weather eye happens to be the first to spot a new wonder fruit. You can sit back and pick dollars off the limbs, as did Mr. Sparks who found the peach-apricot, or Mr. A. H. Mullins to whom Dame Nature handed the famous Golden Delicious apple, or Mr. Lewis Mood whose apple tree threw a break in a single exotic limb that upset the whole apple industry. In horticultural language freaks are "breaks" or "sports." It's a game that anybody can play and, if you're interested, hitch along with Mr. Paul Stark, who not only rounds up all the sports he can find but who grows ten million young new trees a year, all progeny of breaks that occurred in somebody's back yard.

Not long after the new fruits contest closed, Paul Stark was out in Colorado checking up on the super-apricot. He found that old Mr. Sparks, a retired butcher, took up tree-growing as a hobby at the age of seventy. Among the various tree seeds he planted in his back yard was a handful of apricot pits. One of them sprouted and grew into the diminutive tree that bore the peachlike 'cots.

"Nature's handed you a brand-new variety and we'd like to introduce it to the public. How much do you want for your tree?" asked Mr. Stark.

Ordinarily a small apricot sapling brings about twenty-five cents, so the old gentleman figured it was like finding $2,500 when Mr. Stark offered him that sum, some in cash, the rest in royalties, plus the five-hundred-dollar prize of the Stark-Burbank Institute for the best new fruit of the year.

Mr. Stark was afraid to dig up and transplant his $2,500 tree because it might wither and die, so he hired a mechanic to build a stout metal cage around it, and left it growing in the old butcher's back yard. Mr. Stark is used to having jailed trees all over the country. He has a caged yellow golden apple in West Virginia, a blood-red apple in New Jersey, two more in Washington, an imprisoned grapevine in the Arkansas Ozarks, a dogwood in Kentucky.

The spring after he bought the peachlike apricot, Mr. Stark had Mr. Sparks, who agreed to be the jailer of the tree, unlock the cage and clip off a handful of small branches, or scions. These he wrapped in damp moss and shipped to Louisiana, where Mr. Stark grafted them onto the roots of ordinary apricot trees. By the end of the summer, these had grown into slim young saplings. That was in 1938. Two years later, cuttings from the saplings were regrafted on several thousand apricot roots, and now the progeny of that one little tree in New Castle, Colorado, is thriving in hundreds of orchards in a score of states.

One day a letter came to Mr. Stark from a Mr. Lewis Mood of Monroeville, New Jersey. Mr. Mood reported that one of his apple trees, which he bought from the Stark nursery several years previously, was acting most peculiarly. On one limb, the apples turned a blood red and ripened two or three weeks ahead of the apples on the other limbs, which were of the Delicious variety.

Mr. Stark hustled over to New Jersey and discovered, as he had suspected, that the odd limb was a freak of nature that tree men know as a bud sport. For no reason that anyone understands, a temperamental bud takes a notion to be different and grows into a limb that bears fruit with a higher color or an odd shape or a new taste or with ripening qualities unlike that on the rest of the limbs. Bud sports are extremely rare phenomena, and when a professional tree hunter finds one like Mr. Mood's early red apple he is liable to pull out a blank check and sign his name to it.

"We've been waiting thirty years for this break to come," beamed excited Mr. Stark. "If this is a real break and the fruit retains its blood-red color after propagation on other roots, we'll give you $6,000 for that one limb."

"It's a deal," agreed Mr. Mood.

A Revolution in the Apple World

After ordering the entire tree caged, Paul Stark cut enough scions to graft three hundred seedlings. From these, one year later, he regrafted three thousand roots. In the third year he had 350,000 progeny of that one odd limb, and within seven years there were over a million trees bearing Starkings, as the new red apple was known, in the orchards of Washington, Oregon, Virginia, Michigan and other apple states. The Starking outmoded the old Delicious completely and shook up the apple industry from one end of the country to the other.

There are three ways to get a break in trees, explains Mr. Stark: One is the bud sport, like the Starking, where a single limb mutates. Another is the chance seedling, like Mr. Sparks' peach-apricot. The third is cross-pollination, such as Luther Burbank did so patiently.

By reason of a chance visit of Paul Stark's father, Clarence M. Stark, to the Burbank farm at Santa Rosa, California, many years ago, the Starks fell heir to Burbank's experiments when the plant wizard passed away. Burbank was at crossroads at the time, discouraged and trying to run a commercial nursery to support his beloved experimental farm. After watching Burbank for two days, the elder Stark said, "Your heart isn't in the nursery business. If you stay in it, you'll go broke. If you stick to plant breeding, you'll go far."

Whereupon, Stark wrote out a check for $9,000, which he offered Burbank for seven trees and shrubs the young experimenter had developed. The money enabled Burbank to carry on. Thereafter, he

Tree men used bud sports to produce the Starking Delicious, Golden Delicious, Stark Delicious and Staymared turned all of his new fruits over to the Starks for introduction and, when he died, he left them his old zinc-lined trunk full of notes and seeds. All his trees, some of which had over one hundred varieties grafted to a single trunk, were turned over to Paul Stark, who had become, in the meantime, one of the plant wizard's closest friends. The Burbank experiments have yielded an outstanding early peach, several unusual plums, a fast-growing walnut, numerous new roses and other tree scoops. But hand pollination is slow work, requiring the patience of a Burbank, and while the Starks are carrying on the Burbank experiments, they are looking for the breaks in the back yards and orchards of the world.

The greatest chance seedling break they've discovered through the annual new fruits contest is the Golden Delicious apple. Paul Stark opened up a package one late winter day, and a dozen golden-yellow apples rolled out. Even at that time of year, after being in storage several months, they were beautiful to look upon, and Lloyd Stark, who was the first to sample one of them, turned to Paul excitedly.

"That's a new apple," he exclaimed.

The Quest of the Yellow Apple

Paul Stark sampled one and agreed. He jotted down the sender's name—A. H. Mullins of Odessa, West Virginia. The following September when he set out to inspect the Mullins' apple tree he found that the only way to reach Odessa was via a narrow-gauge coal railroad. At the end of the line, he was still twenty-five miles from Odessa. He hired a horse and buggy, drove as far as the road wound over the hills, then saddled a horse and rode a dozen miles more, before he came to a rusting mailbox, marked A. H. Mullins.

He knocked at the door of the Mullins' shanty. No answer. He climbed on his horse, ready to give up the hunt as a wild-goose chase, then chanced to gaze up the mountainside behind the house, where his eye caught a spot of yellow. Scrambling up the steep slope afoot, he came to a lone tree, growing out of the rocks and laden with the same delicious yellow apples he and his brother had eaten. He returned to the house and waited for Mr. Mullins to appear.

"I'll give you $5,000 for that yellow apple tree," he said.

"She's yours," replied the mountaineer.

Carefully wrapping a bundle of cuttings, Mr. Stark pushed them into his saddlebags and headed for Missouri. In the nearest town, he arranged to have the tree jailed in a burglarproof cage anchored to the rocky mountainside. Back in Louisiana, he climbed an apple tree that grew just outside his mother's kitchen and grafted his scions to the top limbs where the sap was still running. Two years later, the grafts bore great clusters of golden apples, which became known then and there as Golden Delicious. Today the progeny of this one chance seedling, which tree hunter Stark almost missed, bring millions of dollars to apple growers from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Out in Des Moines, the Iowa Historical Society has erected a rugged granite monument to an apple tree before which all the Starks bow most reverently. 'Way back in 1894, Jesse Hiatt, a Quaker farmer, noticed that one limb on one of his trees bore odd apples with five nobs or bumps on the bud end. The apples tasted different, too, and Farmer Hiatt sent a small box of them to the Starks. Unfortunately, the tag was lost, and the Starks were almost beside themselves, knowing they had a great break almost within reach but being unable to find it. They finally wrote to everyone who sent in apples that year and asked that apples from the same trees be sent along the following fall. Farmer Hiatt wasn't going to send any more of his bumpy apples in, but at the last minute decided to do so. By return train, Clarence Stark, father of Paul, arrived in Des Moines. He bought the propagation rights to the limb on Farmer Hiatt's tree, changed the name to Delicious, and tried to sell the new variety. Apple men laughed at him.

"Nobody wants an apple with bumps on it," they told him. "Better forget about Delicious."

Clarence Stark stu one or two young Delicious apple trees o every shipment of stock that left the nury and bided his time. Four or five years latwhen the trees began to bear, everybody o tasted a Delicious wanted another. Ap men soon clamored for the trees they hadurned. The Delicious launched a great apr boom in Washington and Oregon, and bet long, half the apple eaters in the countrydn't consider an apple the real McCoy unl it had bumps around the bud. And noby could fool the customers because Delous was the one and only apple trade-med by the bumps.

A bud-sport brelaunched Delicious on its way to fame, annother bud sport on a Delicious tree mutal to Starking. Both ran into big money, mons of dollars, showing that it pays to m the limb carefully if you think you've t something. Mr. Paul Stark says the nt remarkable apple he ever saw is nothir but a memory now, just because somebod orgot to mark a limb.

About a decadgo a package containing three apples arrid at Stark headquarters. Each apple wasivided sharply into quarters, from bud tstem, deep red sectors alternating with ight yellows. The color lines were drav as sharply as those on a barber pole.

The color dit rub off, and when Paul Stark bit into e of the apples, he discovered that benth the red sectors the flesh tasted like thaf a Winesap, while that under the yello part resembled the Golden Delicious. Neless to say, the brothers wired A. C. Campb of Chelan, Washington, who had sent in samples, offering to buy the rights to the ird break.

But when lr. Campbell asked his pickers to identify e limb from which they had picked the ples, none of them could remember forure which one it was. For three years, Mr. ampbell watched his orchard closely, bunever found another apple with red-and-yew sectors. The supposition is that the pning crew, making their rounds that first f, snipped off the elusive limb and thus a mo spectacular break was lost.

If you'rlooking for a money tree, one of the thingfor which to keep an eagle eye open is fruit that trade-marks itself. Ed Remy, wo lives in Yakima, reported one year thatone of his Lambert cherry trees was up ttricks. The Lambert is a dark red sweet crry, but this one limb on Mr. Remy's e turned out creamy yellow cherries, eac with a thin dark red strip down one sidethe red cutting through the flesh to the pit. ot only was the cherry a honey to behold, articularly in salads, but it seemed to fool e robins, which never got wise to the facthat the cream-colored cherries were ripe an ready for eating.

Spare That Seedling Tree!

Out in Rio Oso, California, William Yerke was hoeing weeds in his strawberry patchvhen he noticed a peach seedling coming u among the berries. When Mr. Yerkes had s hoe poised to chop out the tiny tree, somehing made him change his mind. Instea he moved some berries and let the treelive. Three years later, he discovered thatNature had dealt him a lucky break, a larg freestone peach with an appetizing bluh and a delicious flavor. More important stil it ripened after the Elbertas and Hales wee gone and "hit a hole in the market," as the produce men put it. Yerkes' tree won a pre in the new fruits show and became the pent stock of 200,000 offspring that have ened him around $2,500 for not letting his he fall on the little seedling in the strawbrry patch.

Mr. Paul Stark says that there are several ying needs in the tree business, in case ou're going to watch for breaks: One is for good-looking delicious pear, resistant to blight, that will keep and ship well. Another need is a climbing rose that can stand cold northern winters. Any unusually early- or late-bearing fruit that spreads the season is liable to be in the money. Another good bet, he says, would be an early-summer apple. Or a fuzzless peach.

"Get a hundred million people looking for something new," he says, "and you're liable to find it." ★★★

FRANKFURTERS
Mandarin Style

TRY THIS NEW RECIPE TONIGHT!

1 pound SKINLESS frankfurters or wieners
2 tablespoons shortening
1 bunch green onions
1 can mushrooms (or ½ lb. fresh mushrooms)
4 strips bacon
2 cups rice (brown or white)
½ pound mustard greens, spinach or turnip tops
½ pound peas
½ pound string beans
2 large green peppers
1 cup celery

Steam rice in double boiler. Brown the rice, onions (chopped fine) and mushrooms in melted shortening. Crisp and crumble the bacon. Form all this in a ring around your platter. Wash vegetables and cut in large pieces. Boil or steam until tender, drain, add bacon drippings, and pour into center of rice ring.

To prepare SKINLESS frankfurters: Simply bring water to a boil, turn off heat and drop in SKINLESS frankfurters. You don't have to boil them! In just 5 to 7 minutes they're ready to arrange in center of platter and serve—so tender *they cut with a fork!* And because they have no skins to split open, no flavorful juices are lost—you relish every single morsel. *They cost no more*—so ask today for your favorite brand of frankfurters made the SKINLESS way!

TRADE MARK **FRANKFURTERS AND WIENERS — THE NO-WASTE FOOD**

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Report from Italy

Continued from page 11

churches and famous monuments are in ruins, whole regions have been sown with mines, and factories have been destroyed or sacked of every machine. There is a scarcity of the most indispensable objects, a lack of medicines and, above all, an extreme lack of food.

Daylight broke into our conversation and I left for St. Peter's where I offered Mass at the Altar of the Chair of the Apostle, the altar at which I had been consecrated Bishop twelve years ago.

During the morning I called on Myron Taylor, President Roosevelt's personal representative to the Vatican, and on Alexander Kirk, our Ambassador to Italy. I saw also several old Italian friends, and war had etched its traces on them all. I learned much from them about what had taken place in Italy during the past months. After the armistice between the Allied Powers and Italy, the Germans had assumed power in Rome and they ruled heavily and harshly. I heard the gruesome story of the massacre of the three hundred and twenty hostages at the Tombe Ardeatine in reprisal for the killing of thirty-two German soldiers by Italian patriots.

I visited the catacombs, scene of the slaughter, and I talked with persons who were "nearest of kin" to two of the slain. Two priests were among the three hundred and twenty victims taken as hostages, bound, machine-gunned and buried in quicklime. The building in which the execution took place was blown up to bury them. Heart-torn, tear-stricken mothers, wives and sisters of prisoners tried to find out if their loved ones had been among the hostages, but the names of the massacred were kept secret for days so that all people with relatives in prison would be anguished. The mother of one of the executed boys gave me a photocopy of the letter she had received notifying her that her son was dead, and that she might call for his clothing.

Welcomed by the Holy Father

Shortly after my arrival in Rome I saw the Pope. This is always a deep emotional experience. It was afternoon, and the full light poured through the one window in his private office. The Holy Father was seated at his desk with his chair backed to the wall. He arose and welcomed me with open arms. I almost felt as if I were seeing a vision, for the Pope, dressed in white, appeared to me like Tissot's famous picture, Christ on the Waters.

The Pope had aged, thinned and saddened since last I had seen him. His is no robust physical stature nor has he strong, broad shoulders to bear the sorrows of the world. It is his spirit that pours through his body and gives him strength and endurance.

The Holy Father's study is small and near its window we took chairs, at right angles to each other. His full face turned toward me, in the afternoon light, seemed alabaster. Beyond him I could see his desk with five stacks of papers neatly arranged on it, and near the desk was the typewriter at which he himself composes and writes all his important letters and addresses.

The Pope did most of the talking. I wish his words could sound through the ears of all the war-stunned, war-deafened people of the world, could reach the brains and pierce the hearts of men hardened in the crucible of war. Thus the fruits of all the pains and agonies of broken minds and broken hearts might be enduring peace on earth. The right of a nation to live was, he said, as sacred as the right of an individual. But the will of one nation to live must never become the death sentence for another nation. This supreme and indestructible truth must prevail at the peace table if the peace itself is not to be the vestibule to another war. Explicitly and courageously, he denounced the errors and abuses of totalitarian systems. But he has always maintained that the guilt of beginning and prolonging a war is no graver than the making of an unjust or breakable peace. . . .

It was a long-awaited experience to be able to go about the city again. In former days, groups of seminarians had been familiar sights, and their nationalities were identifiable by the varicolored cassocks and sashes they wore. Americans wore the usual flat, beehive-shaped hats and black cassocks flashed with sky-blue bands and buttons and wide red sashes. They were soldiers in God's army. Now the Americans who walk the streets of Rome are khaki-clad, with varicolored shoulder patches. These are soldiers in another army.

In the beginning of the occupation, the Romans received the Americans as liberators. They acclaimed them with flowers, with joy and with gratitude. This first enthusiasm was dulled when we did not do everything that the Italians had expected. The Italians themselves realized to the full that they had been defeated, but they expected that the transition from enemy status through "co-belligerency" status to become full allies would have been more rapid. Disillusioned, stunned and completely crushed, the Italians ask now only the right to work to gain their daily bread.

The solution to the confused and clouded Italian problem does not rest alone with the Allies. There are internal problems and the greatest one is disunity among the Italians themselves. We in the States have our own particular differences, but we are one in fundamentals and essentials. We have divergences of opinion and interests. We differ in racial origins, but we are one in patriotic devotion to the welfare of our country, the prosperity of our countrymen, and in the protection of the rights of our minorities. And woe to us if this cohesive essential unity does not continue to prevail over the subversive influences of disunion. The Allied Powers have had great military victories and they will have others until and after the assassination or suicide of Hitler. Nevertheless, peace will not come until liberated countries have established truly democratic governments, always with the essential safeguard of the protection of the civil rights of their minorities.

I welcomed every opportunity to see and learn for myself and by myself about conditions in Italy. The major problems are food, clothing and work. Hundreds of thousands of people are homeless, hungry, sick and ill-clad. During the days I walked about Rome, I met old friends in new surroundings and saw new faces amid old scenes.

One day I attended an audience which the Pope grants to Allied soldiers every day at noon. When our allies first reached Rome, arrangements for the audiences were made through military and diplomatic channels, and placings were assigned according to military rank. Thus, only officers were near the Pope when he spoke. Observing this, I felt that in the house of him whose home is home to all mankind, there should be no distinction made between field marshal and private soldier.

True Spirit of Democracy

When I told this to the Holy Father, he at once agreed and said: "The only pass required is the uniform." And now these audiences are unique for, together are grouped generals, shoulder to shoulder with G.I. Joes of all nationalities. The Pope usually speaks in three languages, for there are always present soldiers from the British Commonwealth of Nations, America, France and Poland. He passes among them, blessing all the religious articles they bring; and everyone is amazed to see him totally unguarded and unprotected. At one of these audiences, an American soldier gave the Holy Father the mahogany head of an angel that he had picked up in the ruins of Monte Cassino; and another, reading that there was no chocolate in Italy, brought him a dozen chocolate bars.

One afternoon, I went to the Palazzo Venezia, which has become known through the world more for its balcony from which Mussolini spoke than for all other historic events during the past five hundred years. It is now an art gallery and it contains some of the most celebrated pictures of the Renaissance. Art treasures were brought to Rome from all parts of Italy for safekeeping during the war and I doubt if ever before so many masterpieces have been assembled in one place.

Mussolini's study is called "Sala del Mappamondo," named from the large map of the world that originally occupied the center of one long wall. While the artists considered it famous for its impressive decoration by Mantegna, I am sure others will remember it as the office of Mussolini, whose achievements in reverse have been gigantic. The room with its decorative columns is empty now except for the pictures. Mussolini's desk is gone, only the outlets for the telephone and radio remain as relics of the modern in this centuries-old hall. The balcony alone is unchanged, though the view into the great square beneath it is totally changed. No longer does the flotsam of upraised hands and upturned faces surge from the sea of black shirts. Now, the Venice Square is a parking space for trucks, jeeps and command cars of the armies that, for the first time in history, have taken Rome from the south.

The economic devastation in Italy is almost total. Few people outside of the country, and even the Italians themselves—and I have talked to hundreds—can conceive the death blow that has been dealt the Italian economy. The wanton scorched-earth tactics of the German army have caused one of the greatest tragedies of this war. And I have seen this tragedy.

Deliberate mining of the power and industrial plants, bombing of bridges and strategic rail centers, systematic flooding of vast land-reclamation projects, expert demolition of port facilities and communications, the looting and leveling of homes—these have set Italy back half a century.

The meager national diet has caused widespread hunger, disease and moral degeneration. Information from an official Allied source revealed recently that thousands of minor girls between the ages of ten and twelve were being treated in Naples hospitals for diseases that came from selling their bodies for bread.

Another affliction of Italy is its black market. This illicit trading seeks out the highest bidders, not buyers, encourages hoarding of essential commodities and creates strong inflationary trends. Medicines are in short supply, and lack of clothing will further aggravate deaths this winter. The tubercular death rate is rising rapidly, and infant mortality has increased sharply—one out of every three children dying in their first year. I saw thousands of homeless and helpless living in the fields, under bridges, in barns and barracks and within the ruins of devastated buildings.

The Chance to Rise Again

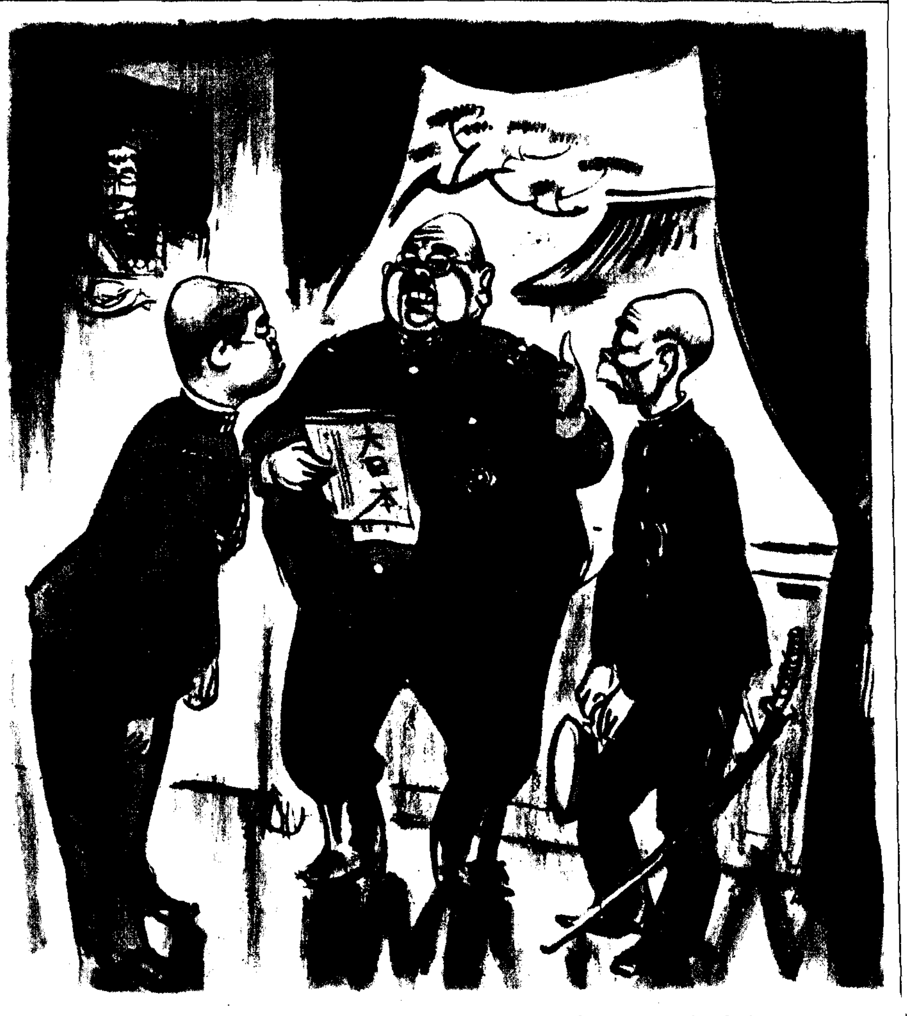
Italy has the head, heart and hands to rebuild her economic structure if given a chance. She knows she must return the hard way, but in clearing away the wreckage strewn by Fascism and the war, the road back must not lead to economic and political ruin, making Italy a land of beggars, a land of slavery and a land of slaves. The break-through of hunger and unemployment would mean a sweeping victory for Godless government, and the peace would be lost before the war is won.

Those who have seen Italy lying in ruins from south to north, those who have seen her overturned cities, her crumbled monuments, her homeless, shelterless, starving, sick and dying people, cannot forget this picture and, remembering it, cannot remain heart-hardened or dry-eyed.

I flew north to General Clark's headquarters, and I received the warmest of welcomes from the valiant, soldierly commander of America's Fifth Army and from his efficient and energetic Chief of Staff, Major General Alfred M. Gruenther. In the sixteen months that had elapsed since I had seen them in North Africa, the Fifth Army had traveled a long, difficult, bitter road to the Arno River. The Army itself seems to partake of the personality of General Clark. Manly, rugged, indomitable in spirit and in power, it has gone onward in the attainment of its objectives.

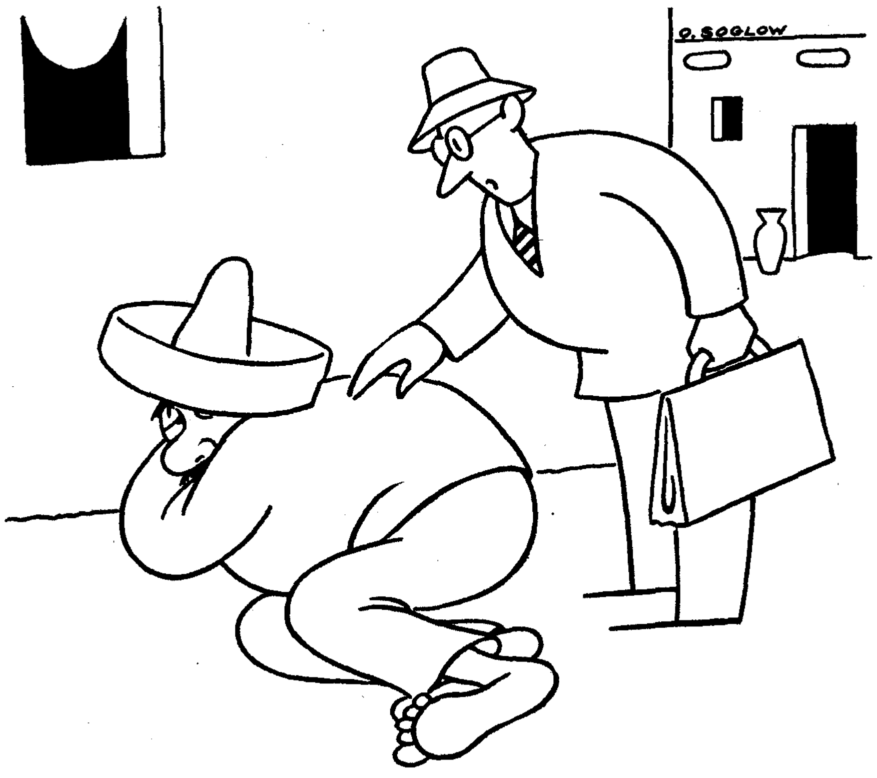
General Clark is a soldier, but he is also

TOKYO TALKING **by MICHAL BERRY**



"Average American soldier very overconfident. He think he can lick ten Japanese. Statistic show can lick only four"

COLLIER'S



COLLIER'S "Pardon, friend—got a minute?" O. SOGLOW

a man, a husband and a father. He is conscious of his responsibility to his country, to his men and to the future. Tall, straight and sturdy as a young oak, he is as quick-moving as a panther. Resourceful and determined, he places great emphasis on training in which he stresses three points: discipline, physical conditioning and realistic battle environment. "Thus," he says, "my men have better chances to survive."

The general works hard himself and demands hard, intelligent work of others. Equipped with an extraordinary memory, he is a master of detail. He knows at all times the location of every unit in his command and is completely intolerant of carelessness, because carelessness costs lives.

General Clark brought General Gruenther and myself to his van, where we had a half hour's talk before luncheon. They were just as eager to learn of America at home as I was to learn of America on the battle front.

General Clark's van, a new one, was a surprise gift from his staff. I had the privilege of using his old van, which is indeed historic, for he had used it from Salerno to Cassino and northward during the most trying days of the Italian campaign. Wishing to visit as many units as possible, I left immediately after luncheon and went to an evacuation hospital about an hour's ride from headquarters, where I met the personnel and the patients.

Ambulances with their precious freight of wounded soldiers were being brought to the hospital. Some of them had been wounded in combat only an hour previously, and they told me they had been picked up almost as soon as they had been hit. Quickly, but with unhurried efficiency, the wounded were given blood plasma, treated for shock and X-rayed. The X-ray picture was ready in a few moments and, together with the history and diagnosis, went with the patient into the operating tent.

Consolation for the Wounded

Prayerfully, I followed each single one as he was borne away to be operated on by some one of our country's ablest surgeons. It was consoling to me to see prompt, adequate treatment given to our soldiers. There are few fatalities among the wounded who live to reach evacuation hospitals. One boy, badly shot up, nearly unconscious and in pain, remembered I had confirmed him back in the States. He struggled to say: "Thank you, Father, for coming to see me," and these words, though I have heard them again and again, always make my whole trip worth while no matter how far or difficult the journey.

The Fifth Army soldiers always have had their food on time, even on the march, and they nicknamed their quartermaster general "Never-Lost-a-Meal" Sullivan. We drove back to General Clark's headquarters where we had one of our "Sullivan suppers," and afterward the general and I took a walk in the pine grove along the shores of the Tyrrhenian Sea. The general is so tall and takes such long strides that the only way in which I could keep step with him was to take two steps to his one, but I had some consolation in the fact that his black spaniel, Pal, had to take even more steps to cover the ground than I did.

We did not go near the water, for the general warned it was dangerous to walk in places that have not been mine-swept, and just the previous day a soldier who had been ten months in combat had gone to a rest area, where he went in swimming, stepped on a mine and was killed. Death seems to be around every corner every minute.

The next morning, I left headquarters to say Mass in the field for General Coulter's 85th Division. Later I went to the 4th Corps to visit another outstanding American Army unit under the command of General Crittenberger. I met all of the general's staff, including Major Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., former United States Senator from Massachusetts, and talked with officers and enlisted men.

General Crittenberger was gracious enough to give me a map detailing the advances of the Corps, on which he wrote: "This record of accomplishment is inscribed as a souvenir of the 4th Corps and in grateful appreciation of the strength and inspiration which your visit gave us." This map, with its inscription, is a precious keepsake and I shall always remember the general's expression as he presented the map and pointed out the march: "That line was written in American blood."

The next day, we went to visit the 2d Corps and the 88th Division. We used a sedan as far as the road conditions would permit, but a long distance had to be covered in a jeep. The road was very rough and the dust was very thick.

With Monsignor Chataignon, one of the great chaplains of the war, I finally reached the Command Post of General John E. Sloan who brought me forward to the 351st Infantry. General Sloan, now one of General Clark's Division Commanders, had been one of his professors, and General Clark smilingly told me that if things went wrong he would blame it on his teacher.

During my days with the Fifth Army, King George VI came to see us. He was accompanied by General Sir Harold Alexander, Commander in Chief of the Allied Armies in Italy. The King received a most cordial welcome and reviewed the American troops. He walked from one end to the other of the mile-long line of soldiers and paused many times to say a word of greeting and congratulations to individuals and units. His field marshal's uniform bore the Royal Air Force insignia over the left breast pocket, for King George has earned his rating as a pilot. Just before we sat down to luncheon there was a heavy explosion. General Clark told us it was a mine. As the smoke belched upward, I recited the form of absolution, for it was almost certain that someone was dying or was dead. The soldier who had stepped on the mine had been killed.

King George is a very natural, cordial person of average height and stature. His light blue eyes are friendly and apparently he seems to bear very well the responsibilities of being the King and Emperor of approximately one quarter of the world's population.

The King stressed the necessity of maintaining unity between America and England not only as essential to victory but also as fundamental to world peace. This, I know, is America's aim.

When the King asked General Clark how old he was, they found they were both forty-eight. General Gruenther is forty-five, and when General Alexander, General Keyes and General Crittenberger told their ages, I found out that I was the oldest one at the table, so I shall soon be forced into military retirement. General Alexander has not a gray hair in his head and looks very young. He was so soft-spoken in manner that it was difficult to think of him as the commander of all the armies on the Italian front.

I returned to Rome and had several audiences with the Pope. Talking in the quiet of his private study with its simple classical ivory crucifix on the wall above him and a delicate porcelain statue of the Pietà in a niche opposite him, it seemed a far cry from the violences of war from which I had just returned. And yet the war is closer to no one, and no one feels closer to the war than the Pope. Not only have bombs fallen around him, but he himself has gone to the dead, the dying and the bereaved, wanting to share in the sorrows of his people.

I was invited to call on Prince Umberto who lives and has his offices in the Quirinal Palace. I stayed with him for half an hour and naturally we talked of Italy's past passion and her present tragic plight. In spite of the many factors and factions against him, Umberto, in his anomalous position, seems to be doing everything that he can to unite and sustain his divided, discouraged, dispersed people. Dressed in civilian clothes, he seemed more like a businessman than a monarch.

Then I met Premier Bonomi, the man who had been Prime Minister of Italy before Mussolini and who again has been summoned in his elderly years to assume the almost impossible responsibility of heading the government of six parties. Premier Bonomi's lifetime of integrity, his intense desire to do everything to co-operate with the Allies in reconstructing Italy are factors helpful to him in this gigantic task. He knows that the armistice terms are very hard, that Italy is still only partially liberated, that even in the freed regions there is disunity and despair. But beneath the burden he struggles, encouraged by his belief and hope in the assurance of the Allies that the armistice will be modified in Italy's favor if she aids the United Nations during the remainder of the war.

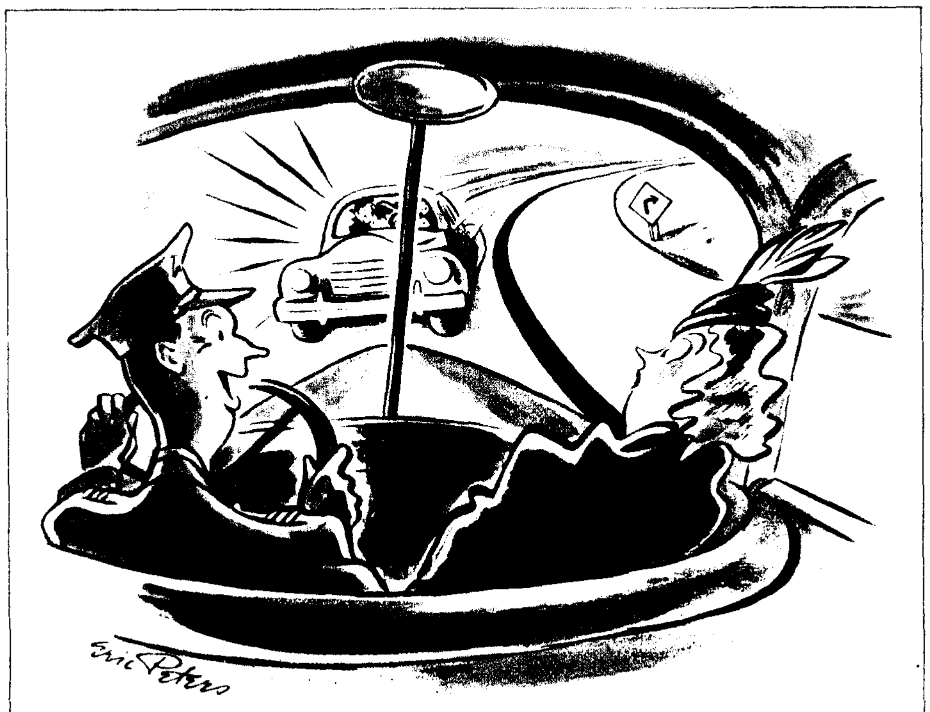
At the Grave of a Hero

I was able to fulfill my desire to pay tribute and say prayers at the cemetery in Anzio which has become sacred American soil. I offered Mass at an altar erected over the grave of Father Joseph Gilmore, a chaplain from the Archdiocese of New York. The cemetery, framed with elms, is located not far from the sea in a flat area surrounded by gentle slopes covered with groves of olive trees. A freshly painted flagpole with its brand-new American flag stands in the center of the plot.

Father Gilmore had been in the Anzio area only a short time and was a chaplain in reserve awaiting the assignment of any priest on regular duty who might be killed. In charge of the hospital reception unit, he went long periods without sleep that he might be with every wounded patient as soon as he was brought to the hospital. One night when he was attending patients in the admission tent, the medical installation was bombed and strafed. He was anointing a soldier when the Germans came again and dropped their bombs. Father Gilmore and a number of soldiers were killed instantly. Soldiers whispered the act of contrition in his ear and prayed by his side long after he was dead.

Flying away from Italy, the happiness of being there for its memories was counterbalanced by the realization that those memories are now specters of the past. We were over Monte Cassino, not only a dead city but a city of the dead! Cassino is a valley of death, and through this valley death still stalks, for there are an estimated half million mines mixed in the ruins. Cassino is the world's Gethsemane.

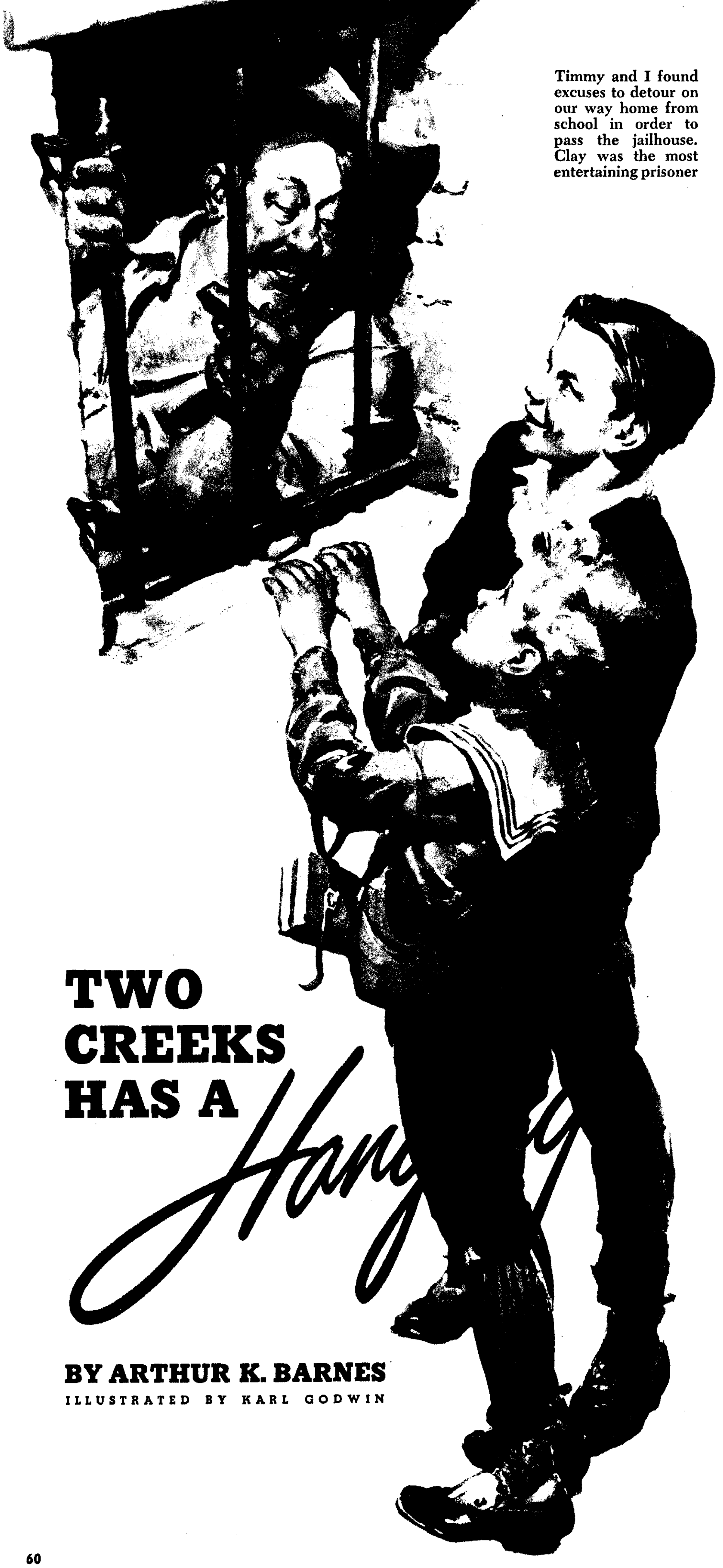
Before me I could still see the face of the saintly old abbot of Monte Cassino, nor shall I ever forget the anguish in his voice as he told me of his trek from the sepulcher of the monastery into the open rainfall of bombs, holding his crucifix before his eyes. And to me he whispered, "All that I have left are my eyes with which to cry."



"It's swell to be back on wide-open highways after a year in England!"

COLLIER'S ERIC PETERS

Another article by Archbishop Spellman will be published soon



TWO CREEKS HAS A *Hanging*

BY ARTHUR K. BARNES

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN

Timmy and I found excuses to detour on our way home from school in order to pass the jailhouse. Clay was the most entertaining prisoner

EVERYBODY in Two Creeks said afterward it was the best hanging they had ever seen. I guess this was because of Clay Gowan, the hangee, who weighed three hundred pounds, and was always laughing with a sound like rocks falling in a cavern. He was a Falstaff in a ten-gallon hat and cowboy boots, and people everywhere said he was very likable.

My little brother and I got acquainted with Clay while he was in jail. There wasn't a tree in Two Creeks large enough to hang such a big man, and the execution was delayed while they built a gallows. So Timmy and I found excuses to detour on our way home from school in order to pass the jailhouse and visit.

Clay was the most entertaining prisoner you can imagine. He was always making jokes or gambling noisily with the turnkey, and he had a mouth organ from which, completely hidden in his great fist, he drew marvelous tunes.

After our third afternoon of impromptu concert amid the carpenters' clatter as they built the scaffold, Clay grinned at us kids through the bars and asked if we would do him a favor. Round-eyed, with visions of smuggling a file inside a fruitcake, we agreed.

"May seem foolish to you lads, but I always been one for cleanliness." It was true. Clay was always neat and scrubbed. "Now I'm agoin' on a long journey. You know about that? Well, I'd mark it up as a good turn if you lads could manage to sort o' wash off that there gallows, so when the time comes—y' understand?"

Of course we didn't understand such double talk, but each after noon after the carpenters had gone home, Timmy and I solemnly poured a bucket of water over the raw, gleaming lumber. In some vague way we felt holy. We also felt conspiratorial, because Pa was the judge who had tried and sentenced Clay Gowan, and we knew our sensations would be anything but holy if he found us out.

We were expressing the sentiments of Two Creeks, though; sympathy for Clay was almost unanimous. Even Ma ventured her opinion, something she dared to do only when she felt very strongly.

"Seems a shame," she observed, "that good-natured man has to hang. Don't someways seem right."

But there was no doubt about Clay's guilt. He had received word that his sister was very sick, so he tried to borrow Sheriff Arter's gray gelding—only horse within a hundred miles big enough to carry him. The sheriff not being what you could rightly call a warmhearted man, Clay finally just had to help himself. And horse thieves were hanged in those days. So Pa had the right on his side when he thinned out his lips and said:

"I don't make the laws, Ma. I just administrate 'em." Then Pa stared at us. "And if you boys have any notion of seein' Clay Gowan hang Saturday, you can forgit it. You're astayin' home."

But even fear of Pa couldn't keep us away from that hanging. Having waited till the folks were safely gone, we scrambled up into the church bell tower to join a half dozen other kids.

IT WAS what you might call a gala occasion. People had come from all over the countryside, and we were told Clay had made a nice speech saying he was sorry he had found it necessary to take the sheriff's big gray, and that he hoped everyone would be glad to hear his sister was getting better. After that he had played My Bonnie Black Bess on the mouth organ, then climbed the scaffold and allowed the rope to be placed about his neck.

But as the sheriff took hold of the trip lever, Clay's face went stark white. Realization hit me for the first time that this man was intended to die, and I shut my eyes.

They opened quick, though, when Timmy gasped, "Lookee! Nothing's happened!"

It was so. The trap had not fallen and, at Pa's suggestion, Clay stepped back to let Sheriff Arter fix the trouble. Presently someone pulled the lever, and the trap dropped smoothly, and Clay took his place again, still white and not very steady. I didn't close my eyes this time, and I could see surprise actually ripple over the crowd as the trap stuck for the second time.

Then Pa called out, "Better make real certain, Sheriff. By virtue of the old law, you can't hang a man but three times."

There was real excitement then, and plenty of heads nodded agreement. Sheriff Arter glared at Pa but he was mighty careful to check his pet gallows completely. He even stood on the trap himself, a mean-eyed runt who held his job only because of his reputation as a manhunter. When Pa worked the lever, the trap opened, and the sheriff plunged down slick as grease, amid jeers and laughter.

But in vain. For when Clay Gowan again tried to fulfill his sentence, the trap refused to open for the third straight time. It was like Election Day, with people yelling and running about and applauding Clay and it wasn't for hours that somebody discovered that Clay had ridden off on Sheriff Arter's horse once more. I guess he figured he'd earned it.

It was Pa who solved the real mystery. He poked about the gallows for a long time while everyone watched. Finally he announced, "The trap's warped, that's all. Long as there was just a light weight like the sheriff on it, it worked fine. But Clay's so heavy he flattened it out and jammed it tight. . . . Funny thing, there was another case like this few years ago. English feller went free after they failed t' hang 'im. Odd coincidence."

"Tarnation odd." Sheriff Arter squinted about suspiciously. "Seein' we ain't had so much as a heavy dew fer nine weeks, how come that gallows t' be warped, Judge?"

Timmy and I wasted five seconds exchanging glances of horrified comprehension; then we skedaddled. But when Pa and Ma got home, not another word was spoken in our house about the hanging of Clay Gowan, except once.

That was when Ma said, "My, wasn't it wonderful the way things turned out? I was awful proud when your pa remembered the law just at the right time."

Pa and Ma looked at each other the way grownups do when they talk without saying anything. I thought Pa was going to laugh, but he only said, "I don't make the laws, Ma. I just administrate 'em."

a short short story complete on this page

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BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

Home is O'Hara

Continued from page 51

A sergeant, Mrs. O'Neill had said. He found it difficult to organize his thoughts, and he wished that he had never been wounded, wished, almost, that he had stayed in Italy with his battalion. Perhaps Mrs. O'Neill was wrong, he argued to himself. Perhaps there was some simple explanation. Old lady O'Neill had always been a gossip, eager to see the bad where she could miss the good. If he waited until tomorrow, perhaps everything would be all right.

Then he glanced again at the clock and realized that he must go, as he had known that he must, all through the day, even during the best of the hours at Mooney's. He rose, stretching his bad leg, and buttoned the damp greatcoat to the throat, settling his field service cap on the side of his head. Despite the desert and the effects of his wound, he was an impressive figure of a soldier, his skin tanned and tight and his muscles good. He nodded to the woman behind the counter and waved goodby, then stepped through the sodden blackout curtain into the street.

On Castle Lane, Mrs. O'Neill had said, near the first turning. He found himself cursing the old woman, and resenting the efficiency of her espionage. What business was it of hers, he wondered. She seemed to find something holy in causing trouble. Well, there was trouble enough this time, he reflected, and God alone knows where it will end.

HE WAS secretly pleased at his ability to find his way through blacked-out Belfast, especially through the maze of narrow streets and intervening alleys which comprise the central part of the town. He soon found Castle Lane and walked to the first turning, keeping well in to the wall, away from the street, where most people found it safer to walk.

A thin pencil of light came from the imperfect blackout curtain at the doorway of the place, and he stationed himself in the shadows well out of sight, not taking the cigarette which he wanted. Waiting there in the darkness, the smells and the sounds of Belfast, the moist, steamy air, the tangy smell of drays and their horses, the clang of the tram bells on Royal Avenue, reminded him that he was home at last. How many times had he envisioned his return to this, his home place, when he should have a new issue of battle dress, everything pressed, his brass gleaming; when they should set out after a lazy afternoon at home and walk into the Abercorn Restaurant, bold as if he were a major with red staff tabs, to order the best meal in the house and to hell with the cost?

Well, he told himself, that was a dream like other dreams, without substance, but it had sustained him in the desert. When he was finished with this business he would find a little girl, if the Yanks had left any, and go out to see what was left of the old town. He felt with pleasure the thin sheaf of pound notes pinned inside his tunic pocket, glad to know they were there, three years' savings, plus his sick-leave ration money.

O'Hara stiffened suddenly. He knew that he could not be mistaken, but he listened again and heard the laugh a second time, and he knew that she was coming. Again he cursed Mrs. O'Neill for a busy old fool. Then he lighted the cigarette which he had wanted for half an hour and gave them ten minutes start before he tossed the butt into the street and followed them into the place.

There was a small bar, near the door, and a row of booths along the other side of the room. There was a chandelier of colored glass, and the mirror behind the bar was framed with glass, used like tile to form designs and pictures. There seemed to be a back room too, for from behind the curtain at the far end of the front room came the sound of a gramaphone and a girl with a sailor in tow came through the curtain, laughing, to occupy one of the booths. O'Hara thought that the place looked very un-Irish, and the gramaphone was too loud for his taste. Then he realized that he was here on an errand, and not for his own pleasure.

He stood at the bar with his broad back toward the booths, and he permitted the rich brown foam on his stout to settle before he drank. Watching the mirror, without design—he had formed no plan of campaign—he realized with a shock that he was staring directly at her reflection. For an instant he thought that she had seen him—she was smiling and her eyes flashed as they had always flashed for him. Then he realized that the angle prevented him from being seen, and knew that the smile must have been for her companion.

She did not look three years older than she had that day she had packed his things, at the end of his embarkation leave. Her skin was clear and good and he noticed that she had resisted the temptation to bleach her hair, a wartime fashion which had irritated him when he had walked across Belfast that morning. She seemed almost too gay and she was wearing a light tweed coat which he did not recognize. He observed, and was surprised that he was pleased, that she wore her ring on the usual finger.

There was a little stir in the booth and he could see her partner. He was, as Mrs. O'Neill had reported, a sergeant, but he looked unlike the sergeants O'Hara knew, and in fact did not at all resemble the Yankee troops he had met in the desert. Eisenhower's men had been tough, sweaty, dirty and cursing, much like the men beside whom O'Hara had traveled from El Alamein. This one was unaccountably clean, with a pressed tunic and new buttons. O'Hara guessed that he was a clerk in someone's office, or a lucky man attached to a base supply depot.

The sergeant leaned toward her now and, taking her hand in his, kissed her fingertips. Then he slipped his arm around her and she laughed, very clearly, and whispered something into the sergeant's ear. His arm was around her loosely, his hand cupped over her breast. They sipped their drinks and then leaned back, so that O'Hara could no longer see the sergeant. He noticed that they were both drinking whisky.

O'Hara watched all of this dispassionately, exactly as he would have watched the point man of a German patrol, waiting for the enemy to get clean in the sights of his Lee Enfield, and well within range, before squeezing the trigger. When they rose and went to the dance floor, he took advantage of the break to stretch his bad leg, and to move a foot or two to either side on his damp, heavy boots. He felt curiously as he had felt during night advances in the desert, dry-mouthed and a little scared, but sure of himself and conscious of the danger of hurrying. It was a stalker's war in the desert, and in this Belfast pub, watching her, he behaved with the stalker's instinct bred into him by Montgomery.

When they returned, flushed from dancing, O'Hara was on his third drink. He watched the sergeant order more whisky and pay for it from a pound note. He did not keep track of the hour which followed, but he knew that he had consumed five pints of stout before they rose and prepared to leave.

The sergeant helped her into the light tweed coat, and O'Hara drew back toward the wall, out of sight, until they were past the blackout curtain. Then he drained his glass and followed them. They turned off Castle Lane and he dogged them down the narrow street, making no noise as he walked, until they came to an alley.

They were talking now and he could hear the murmur of their voices although he could not understand what was being said. A moment later they entered the alley and he closed in on them, keeping well against the wall. Silently he cursed Mrs. O'Neill, and he cursed the war and Montgomery and the desert, cursed the bad fate which had carried him from Belfast and the sure things he knew.

He came to the alley and there was enough light for him to see them, a few feet away, embracing, the rush of their heavy breathing very clear. Only a moment was required for him to assure himself, then he strode into the alley, the steel-clad heels of his boots announcing him.

The sergeant turned, releasing her, and O'Hara grasped him by the shoulder. For an instant, in the darkness, he saw the man's white face, angry and confused, then he hit him once, with his opened hand.

"Buzz off, mate, and be quick about it."

She gasped when she heard O'Hara's voice. The sergeant turned toward her and seemed about to speak, when O'Hara hit him again. "Buzz off, mate. Quick!"

WHEN the sergeant had gone he turned to her, feeling as he had felt earlier, in the pub, detached, his consciousness almost suspended. Then he doubled his fist and struck out straight as he had been taught to do, first his right fist, aiming at the white circle of her face, then his left, to her stomach, all of his weight behind the second blow. He heard the oddly wooden noise as her skull slammed into the brick wall behind her, and he slapped her across the face with the palm of his hand. Her knees sagged, then she slipped to the ground, making almost no sound as she fell. He stood above her, feet spread apart, watching her for several seconds, then turned and walked out of the alley, back toward Castle Lane, marching straight to the first pub. He was trembling and he realized that he was sweating despite the chill in the air. He called for a double whisky and drank it at a gulp, then ordered another.

As he drank his second whisky he stared vacantly at the edge of the bar and wondered what he was to do with the rest of his leave, for he knew no one in Belfast now. He contemplated the bar thus for several minutes and he did not understand that he was crying until the barman shook his arm and said, "What's the matter, Corporal? Have a drop too much tonight?"

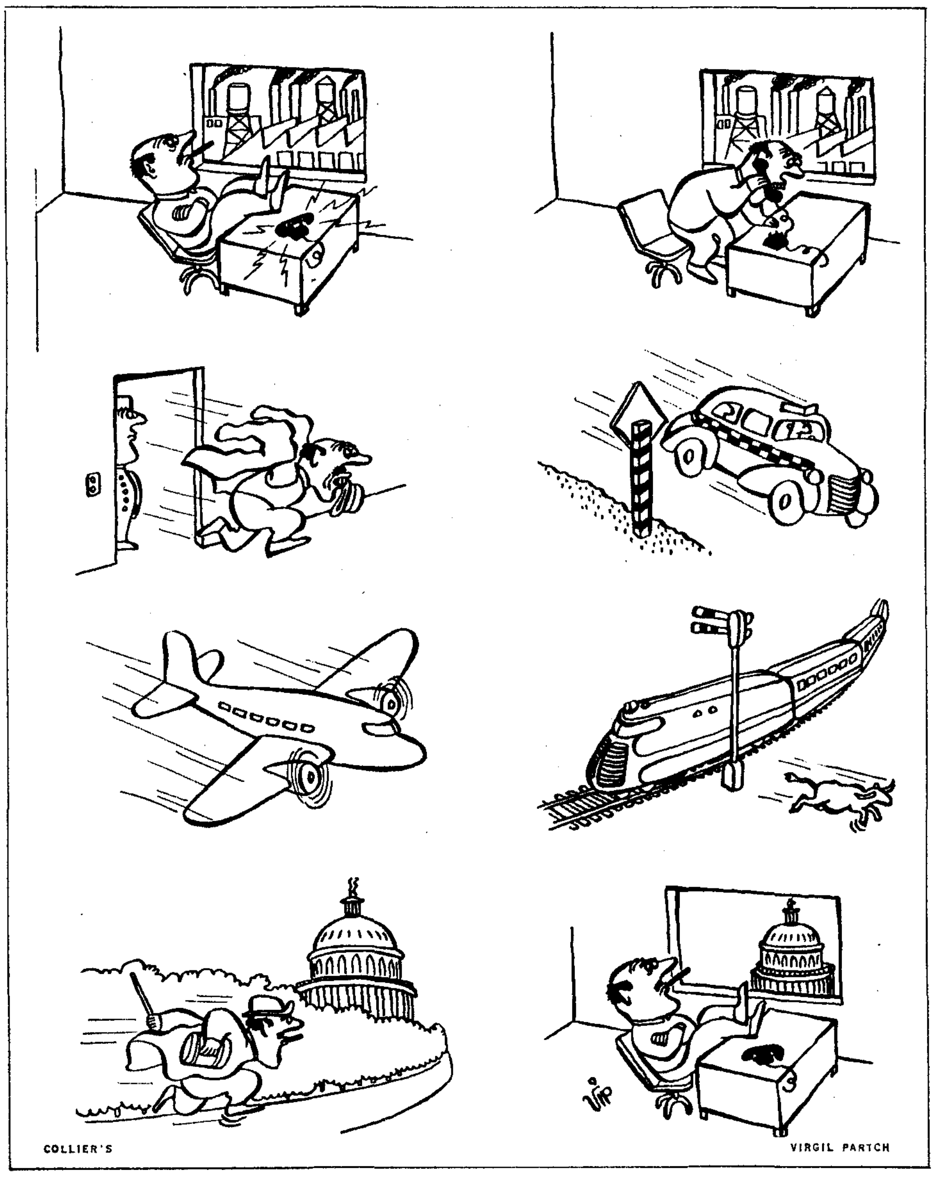
THE END

IN REVERSE

The Reverser	The Reversal
Holdup man **in Los Angeles**	When he found his victim was broke, he gave him twenty cents.
Mack Matthews **of Gustine, Texas**	An Indian tribe ordered arrowheads made by him.
Law clerk **of White Plains, New York**	He left his entire estate to his employers.
Candidate for mayor **of Digby, Nova Scotia**	He changed his mind and campaigned for people not to vote for him. *
Gentleman **of San Francisco**	He sued his wife for separate maintenance, charging nonsupport.
Chief clerk **of New Mexico penitentiary**	He was charged with embezzling money belonging to the convicts.

* He was elected, anyway.

—W. E. Farbstein



Any Week

Continued from page 4

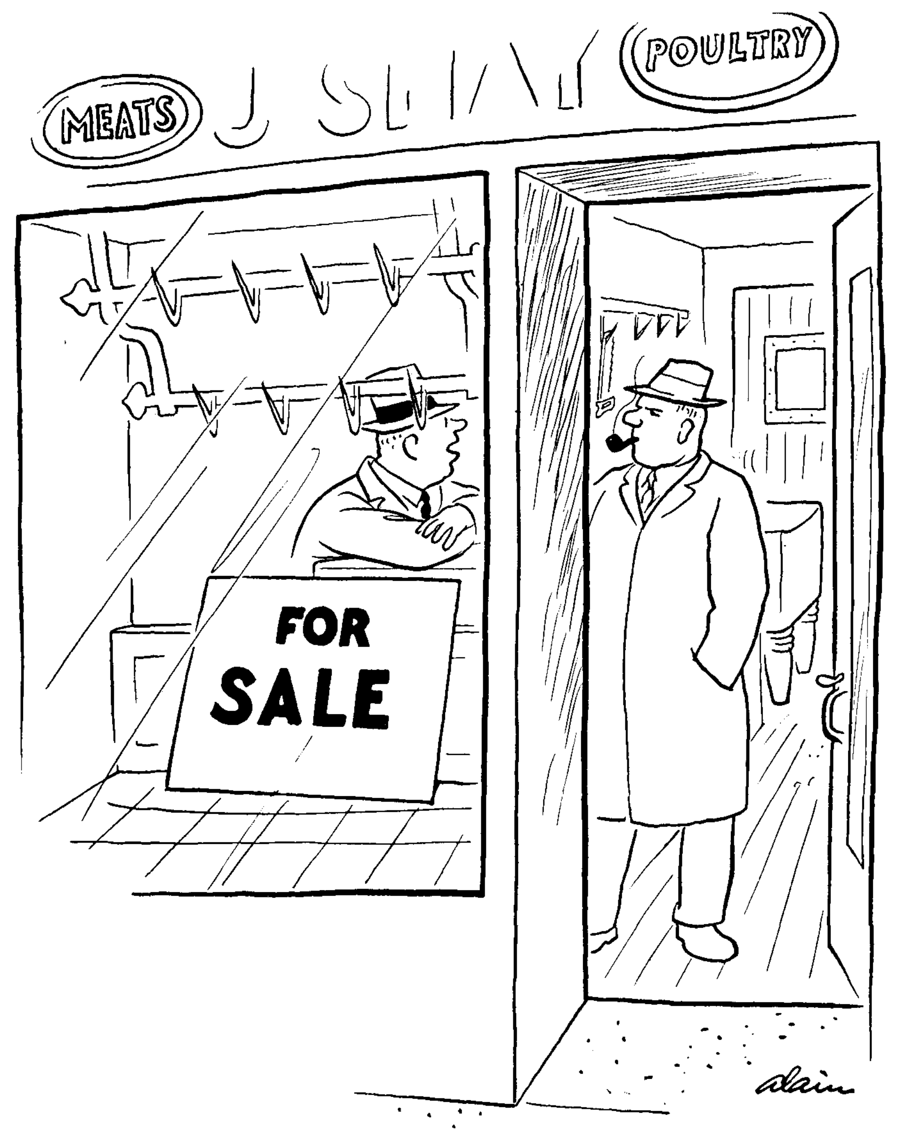
MISS TOONI GORDI of New York City reports that she knows a fellow who has been quite a family problem. Just couldn't seem to find his niche in this busy world although he'd been looking over jobs of various kinds for five years. But it wasn't until a month ago that he managed to fit himself into the scheme of things. He is now, Miss Gordi says, an interviewer in an employment agency, and very, very happy.

OTHER customer grouses include a reverberating bellow from Roaring Gulch, Utah. The Honorable George H. Watson, scribe of The Great American Prospectors Association, reports that his outfit has just adopted resolutions demanding the restoration of gold and silver money on the basis of fourteen ounces of silver to one of gold. But worse: "We demand more hundred-proof straight bourbon—or fight. The hell with cigarettes! We have no minor vices!" And Mr. Alex Ekonomy of Detroit, Michigan, thinks that he probably helped build the Sherman tanks the British army used against Greek elements in Athens. We have read Mr. Ekonomy's letter several times. Emotion seems to have robbed it of clarity. But we'd say that this is not what he's been building Sherman tanks for. His third postscript is fairly clear, though: "Ekonomy spit in Greek King George eye, Fooey."

MISS VERA NOONAN STONE has not worked in Washington very long. But long enough, she says, to take exception to a recent utterance of Major General U. S. Grant 3d, head of the National Capital Park and Planning Commission. Recently the general delivered a speech wherein he pictured Washington as the ideal place to buy a home and raise children. He said that this was particularly true because in Washington there was "no industry or condition making it necessary to avoid special neighborhoods because of nuisances." And it is at these words that Miss Stone raises her heckles. "The general," says she, "ought to drop in and see Washington sometime. Our wolf industry is the largest in the world. It is becoming quite a nuisance. And if he doesn't think there is a neighborhood that is necessary to avoid, he ought to try the Pentagon Building."

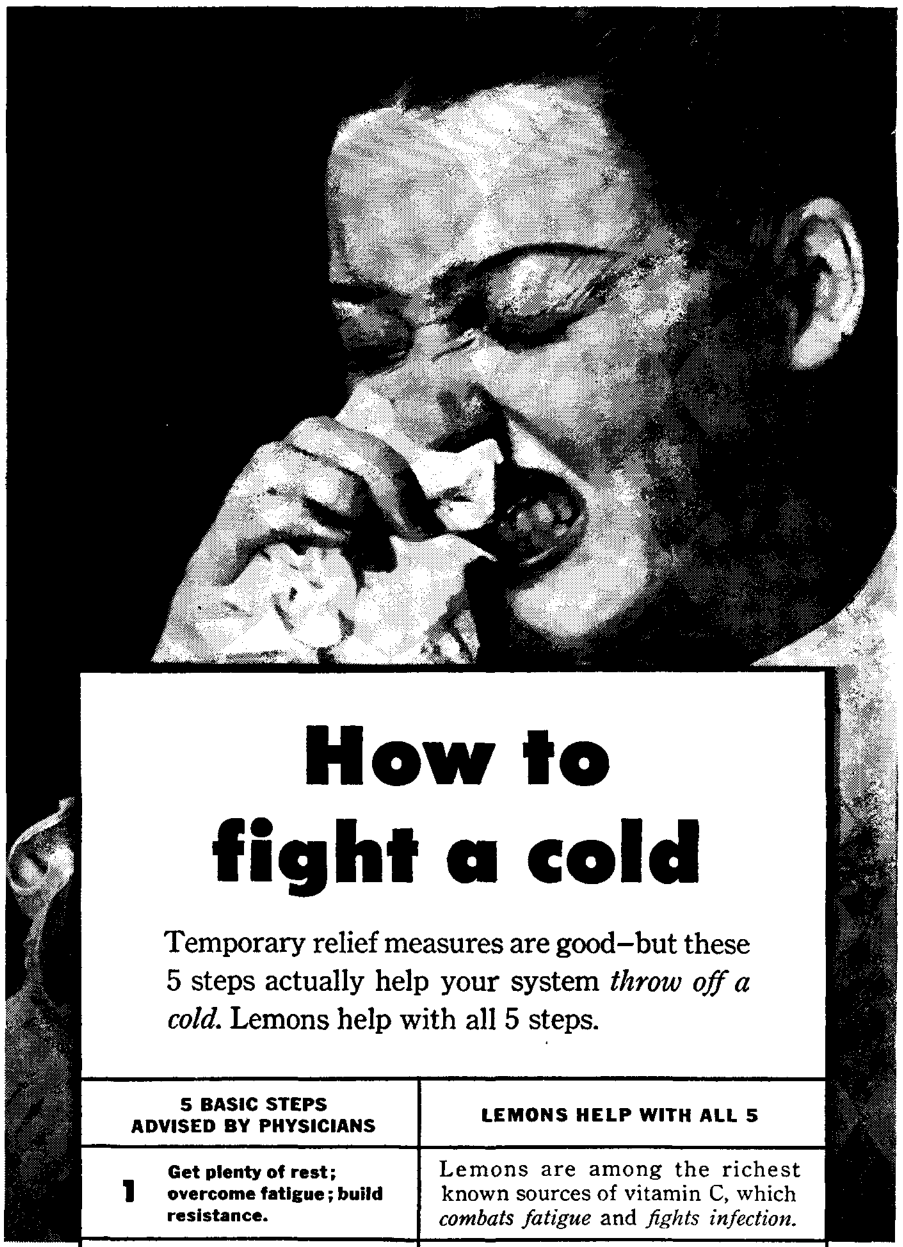
AND it is our prediction that Congress will not raise its members' pay from $10,000 to $25,000. One of the reasons is that somebody is certain to attach to such a law an amendment requiring the gentlemen to earn it. Miss Ruth Sarles of Washington has dug up a Congressional ruling of 1856 which has not since been discarded. It reads in part that the secretary of the Senate and the sergeant at arms of the House "shall deduct from the monthly pay of each member or delegate the amount of his salary for each day that he has been absent from the Senate or House . . ." Of course, nobody has been docked, but the ruling is still on the books. Once in the Wilson administration, the House, desperate for a quorum, invoked it and instructed the sergeant at arms to withhold the pay of the absent ones. But they all got their money back, Miss Sarles says.

BUT here's another grouse: A butcher informs us that a customer (sex not designated) brought him a brimming bucket of "cooking fats I've salvaged." The butcher was pretty busy, weighed the bucket, gave the caller 96 cents and 48 red points and forgot all about it until that evening. The bucket contained 23 pounds of water all covered over with one pound of fat. . . . W.D.



"They asked me a thousand-dollar rebate on account of having to buy the ill-will"

COLLIER'S DANIEL ALAIN



How to fight a cold

Temporary relief measures are good—but these 5 steps actually help your system *throw off a cold.* Lemons help with all 5 steps.

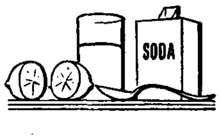
5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1 **Get plenty of rest; build overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2 **Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
3 **Insure regular elimination.**	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4 **Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5 **Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

TRY THIS NEW COLD ROUTINE WITH LEMON AND SODA

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add – slowly – half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS

PIPE TYPES ... By T. WEBB

THE PHILOSOPHER. Never seen without a corn cob between his teeth. Listens to your opinion on any subject except pipe tobacco. Can't see why *every* pipe smoker doesn't smoke Briggs. Has his reasons too: Briggs is aged in oaken casks for YEARS—*extra-aged* for extra flavor, for mild, *good* mellowness. Try Briggs—*yourself!*

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"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"

A LUXURY TOBACCO AT A POPULAR PRICE

BRIGGS
CASK-MELLOWED
Extra Long for Extra Flavor

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IF you like your cocktails DRY

Try this Myers's Rum dry cocktail! The elusive flavour of dry Vermouth, the sultry tropical richness of mellow Myers's Rum—let your own taste discover how perfectly they merge in a dry cocktail.

Myers's Rum is 100% Jamaica Rum, 97 proof. For free recipe book write to—

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Pour ½ cocktail glass of Myers's Jamaica Rum into a Shaker. Add ½ Cocktail glass of dry Vermouth. Add ¼ teaspoon sugar. Ice. Shake

Junior Republic

Continued from page 23

thing among the postgraduate toughs who have transformed themselves into the Republic's leading citizens.

Older citizens explain to the newcomer that the Republic's slogan is "nothing without labor." That means that you must find yourself a job. You may apply for any job on the campus—in the bank, carpenter shop, kitchen, dairy, laundry or on the farm. Of course, the citizen or adult boss of any of the more desirable work projects may decide that you can't qualify and refuse to hire you until you've had a training course. Or he may take you on and then fire you, leaving you a choice between ditchdigging and manure-shoveling. You don't believe you care to work at all? Okay, no work, no pay. That makes you a vagrant, and vagrants land in jail.

Each worker has to be self-supporting in terms of the Republic's token currency, called "chink" by the citizens and worth six cents on the dollar in U.S. currency. His wages vary according to his skill and industry. He is paid also for putting in a half day at school at 20 cents an hour and up, according to his grades and effort. Out of income, he must pay—in chink—for room, board, clothes and luxuries. It is to a citizen's interest to make as much as he can, since living quarters, spending money, in fact his whole standard of living, depend on how much he earns. Mom's white house, for example, is one of the nicest on the campus, but it costs a little more to live there.

The Republic system works. Remarkable reforms take place. I heard about some of the reforms direct from four citizens, three boys and a girl, with whom I spent an evening in one of the pleasant Republic living rooms. From their window-breaking, larcenous, lying, hooky-playing, cussing pasts, these four had about-faced to become pillars of their community.

One, whose difficulties began when his mother and father were divorced about four years ago, told how his father put him in New York's Bellevue Hospital for observation. "He thought I must be nuts to act so bad, but the doctors said I was okay." Social workers suggested the Republic. "And I'm glad they did," said the boy. "I like it here."

Another boy hated the Republic so much when he first came that he joined up with another rebel and ran away, stealing cars all the way from New York to Tennessee.

"They were ready to slap us into the penitentiary for the Lord knows how long when Mr. Urquhart showed up and talked them out of it," said this citizen. "Mr. Urquhart said he'd answer for our good behavior. He's quite a guy."

This boy's behavior was good enough, six months after his return, to earn him a government post.

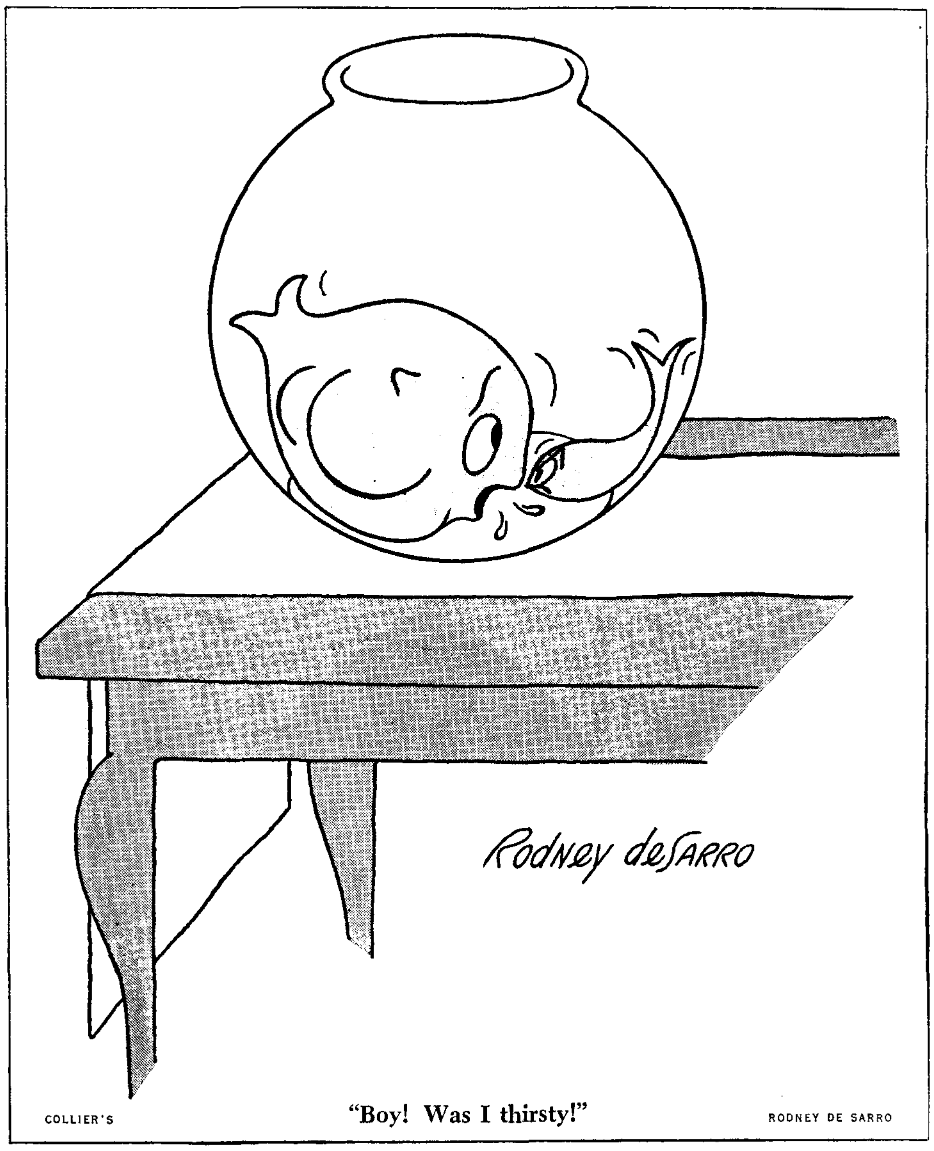
The Republic won the heart of the girl who had had her troubles, too, when they arranged to have her missing front teeth replaced. One of the boys, sitting there with us, looked over at her when she spoke of her teeth and said, "She's pretty, isn't she? We're all crazy about her."

And Coeducation Works, Too

The Republic believes that boys and girls should see a good deal of one another for normal adjustment. With 30 girls to 50 boys, no girl is a wallflower. Boys and girls have separate cottages, but they share the same dining room, go to movies together, and attend occasional dances in the dignified drawing room of the Urquhart home.

The third boy hadn't done anything worse than cut school habitually, and his folks had given him a choice between a military school and the Republic.

These four fine-looking young people now are rated "good citizens," but they don't take their goodness too seriously. They burlesque their own slogan "nothing without labor," by adding: "And nothing much with." As for crime, well: "We've learned that at the Republic, crime doesn't pay—very well."



COLLIER'S "Boy! Was I thirsty!" RODNEY DE SARRO

SUSPICIOUS PEOPLE

THE PEOPLE	THE SUSPICIOUSNESS
Couple, Chicago	They were married for the fourth time, just to make sure.
Thief, Syracuse	Before stealing a lawn mower, he tested it out on a strip of grass.
Legislator, Albany	He introduced a bill to require saloons to specify its cubic content on the side of every whisky glass.
Holdup man, Houston	When police found a $10 bill in his shoe, he explained he was afraid he "might get held up."
Doctor's wife, Chicago	She forbade her husband to accept women patients who were pretty.
Burglars, Des Moines	Although an office safe bore the combination on an attached card, they blew it open anyway.
Attorneys, High Point, North Carolina	Nobody would claim a letter received at the post office addressed to "the best lawyer in High Point."

—**W. E. Farbstein**

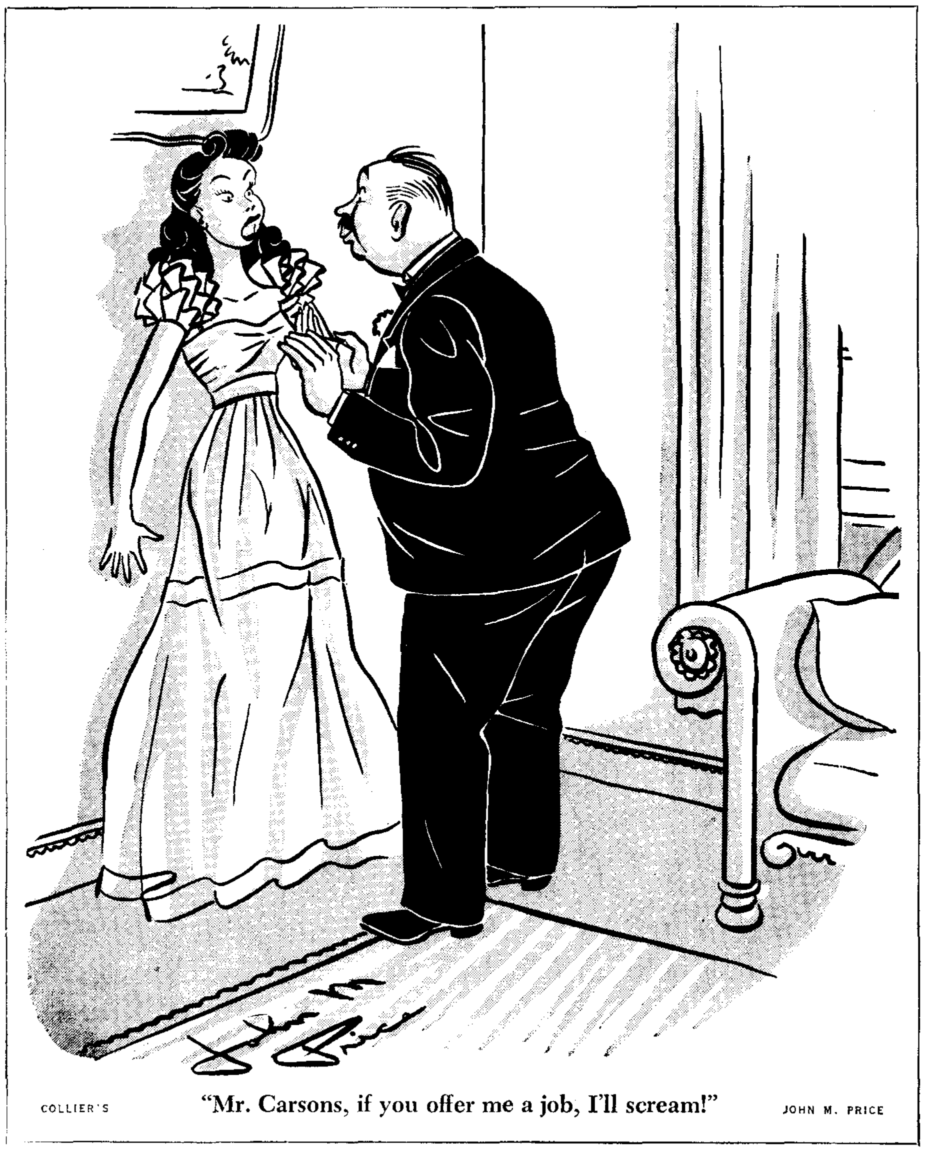
"We used to enjoy the tinkle of glass as we threw rocks through windows," said one of them, "and I guess I'd like to bust a window yet, but I can't afford it. The court makes us pay for every window out of our wages." The judge at the moment is a 15-year-old girl with stern ideas of justice.

Another boy had spent all but two weeks of his first three months at the Republic in jail. Prisoners get second-class meals (no second helpings, no dessert), they are barred from dancing, movies, sports; they may not even talk to free citizens. After a week or so of this, a delinquent usually gives in, goes to work and obeys the laws.

"I might be in jail yet," said this citizen, "only I wanted to go to a dance with this girl. I fixed up a sandwich sign for myself to help me get out of jail quicker. On each side of it, I printed 'Please don't talk to me.' "

Citizens who commit serious offenses—lying, stealing, obscenity—are not sent to jail. Adjudged "socially ill" and therefore not ready to live in a free society, they are placed in the "social sanitarium" under the care of the "social doctor" who is a trained case worker. They live as a unit in a building separated from the cottages of the free citizenry. They may be taken out of school and made to study in their own quarters under a visiting teacher, and they put in two extra hours of hard labor at night. The labor may be scrubbing floors, or digging ditches by lantern light.

"Social san is really tough," said one of the boys, "but we say around here that you can't



COLLIER'S "Mr. Carsons, if you offer me a job, I'll scream!" JOHN M. PRICE

"TO A SPEEDY RECOVERY!"

Say it with Flowers by wire

A loved one is ill and you are away. Show your love and sympathy by telegraphing flowers.

To a Speedy Recovery, Dearest
All my love
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In any event—wire Flowers

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1. Go to a florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window. Tell him the name, address and town of the person to receive flowers—state the amount you wish to spend. You pay nothing extra for flowers by wire—except standard rate for telegram.

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You can take them any place for their good taste is their ready acceptance. You'll like the delicately blended home-made flavor that only pure cream, fresh butter and fine coffee can give. So for that pick-up and quick-up ask for those little pepper-uppers... Miss Saylor's Coffee-ets. Your dealer should have them soon.

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For the soldier—the war worker—the outdoor man—the child at play—and all those exposed to sun, wind and weather ... It's CHAP STICK—to keep lips fit. Specially medicated, gently soothing for *dry, parched, chapped, cracked lips.*

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Now She Shops "Cash and Carry"

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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. *They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood.* Get Doan's Pills.

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GET QUICK relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops! "Cavity Toothache" frequently strikes at night. Be prepared. Buy either package from your druggist today. Keep it handy. Follow directions. C. S. Dent & Co., Cincinnati.

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be a good citizen until you've been there."

It may take only a week or so, or it may take from six months to a year, but most citizens eventually settle down into useful members of the group. It takes about a year, usually, to work up to one of the coveted government jobs. Citizens must pass civil-service tests for most jobs, and bar examimnations to qualify for attorney general, judge or prosecutor.

What if the citizens pass an unwise law?

"Well," says Director Urquhart, "we don't interfere even then. We let them find out for themselves that it is unwise." There was, for instance, the time a squad of boys harvesting hay decided they'd prefer less work and more pleasure. They legislated a short-hour day on the spot, knocked off at three o'clock and played baseball. At six o'clock they showed up in the dining room, tired and hungry, to find that the girl cooks and waitresses, subscribing to the same short day, had gone off picnicking. The short-hour law was repealed.

When it was established almost fifty years ago by public-spirited William R. George, father-in-law of the present director, the Republic was considered radical. Sociologists and educators came from all over the country and from all over the world to observe it. It led the way with educational methods now in use in many modern-minded institutions.

Mr. George, a maker of jewelry cases, had been in the habit of taking groups of poor boys up to his Freeville farm for vacations.

At the end of each summer, he and his neighbors gave the boys a supply of winter clothing. But as he watched them squabbling over who should get the most or the best of the clothing, he decided that he and his well-meaning neighbors were doing the boys more harm than good.

"We are pauperizing them," he said.

As an experiment, he displayed an unusually nice suit to the boys and asked, "Would any of you like to work for this suit?"

Most of them said, "What? Work for that old hand-me-down?"

But one boy said yes, he'd like to work for it.

He did work for and earn the suit—and the very first day he owned it, some one stole it from him. Tearfully, he asked the other boys, "Do you think it's right for a kid that don't work to steal from a kid that does?"

The boys answered with indignant Noes and demanded that the thief be found.

Right then "Daddy" George decided to keep a few boys the year round, to let them work for their keep and their clothes, and to let them sit in judgment on one another's behavior. Gradually the Republic grew, and its fame spread.

An Alumni Honor Roll

As the years passed, distinguished alumni proved the Republic's theories. Graduates include a well-known publisher, a respected scientist, an Episcopal rector, the head of a Western school, one Hollywood Oscar winner, two Pulitzer Prize winners, several prominent lawyers, and any number of war heroes. But the board of directors is equally proud of its less distinguished graduates.

"One young woman graduate is a telephone operator and happy at her job," said Mr. Urquhart. "She wrote me that she was going to be married. Several of our boys have farms of their own, and one's a carpenter; not a contractor, just a carpenter. We think we helped these young men and women learn how to keep jobs, and that's the important thing. We don't try to force them all into professions. Lots of them don't belong there and wouldn't be happy trying."

All citizens learn to do manual work, and often go directly from the Republic to skilled jobs as dairy hands, carpenters, restaurant workers, chicken farmers. The girls take turns living for six months at a time in the home economics cottage, where they learn to cook, serve, can, sew, and take care of young children. The babies of staff members are loaned out to the cottage for practice work. The boys' jobs in farming and carpentry and so on are open to the girls, too, if they are interested.

A course in good manners is part of the training. The citizens jump to attention when "Mrs. Daddy," as they call the 70-year-old widow of the founder, enters a room. Their behavior in her presence is something the headmaster of any prep school could approve.

A small percentage of Republic students has to be kicked out, still unreformed. One boy who robbed a store in nearby Ithaca was brought back to the Republic for another chance. But three weeks later, he robbed the same store again. Ithaca's residents howled, and Mr. Urquhart had to let the boy go.

"Too bad," he says, "because I think that boy would have come out all right if we had been able to give him still another chance."

It costs about $1,000 a year to keep a citizen at the Republic. But as Director Urquhart observes, it costs the government around $2,000 to maintain a criminal in state's prison for a year.

The first and most expensive consideration is staff. It is neither easy nor cheap to find a man and his wife with the background, training and disposition to serve as house mother and father for each cottage. Each specialist—home economics teacher, cabinetmaker or farm supervisor—must also be something of a psychologist, endowed with the patient kindness it takes to deal with mixed-up adolescents.

Since the war, two of the Republic's most valuable shops have had to shut down—the aeronautics shop, and the print shop where citizens used to write and print their own newspaper. There isn't money enough to pay wartime prices for instructors.

The schoolhouse caught fire a year ago, and the burned-out portion has not been rebuilt, so classes are crowded. The cottage method of housing (with only ten or fifteen students to a house and not more than three to a room) is expensive, but worth while educationally for the family feeling it gives. Rooms are always scrupulously tidy and attractive besides, with bright spreads and curtains and polished pine furniture. The furniture was made in a Republic shop.

"Our physical equipment could be better," says Mr. Urquhart, "but there is nothing makeshift about the principles upon which we operate. They worked well fifty years ago, and they are still ahead of the times."

The Republic has a long waiting list. A drive for funds, now under way, aims at increasing the enrollment to at least 125 by next July 10th, the Republic's fiftieth anniversary.

THE END

The Era of "Therapies"

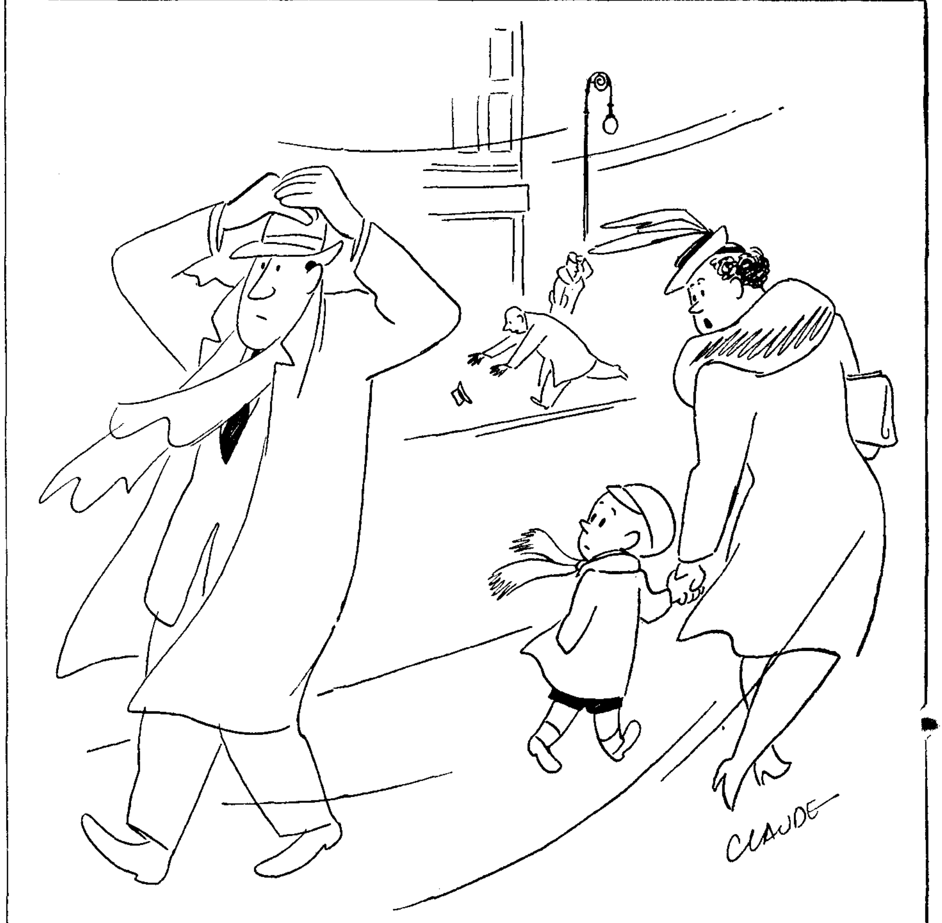
In the left column are listed 20 words all ending in "therapy," which comes from the Greek and means cure. In the right column you will find words hinting at the particular brand of "therapy" you can expect from the words in the left column. See if you can match the words in both columns. Score yourself as follows:

A score of 18-20 is excellent; 15-17 good; 13-14 fair; 11-12 average.

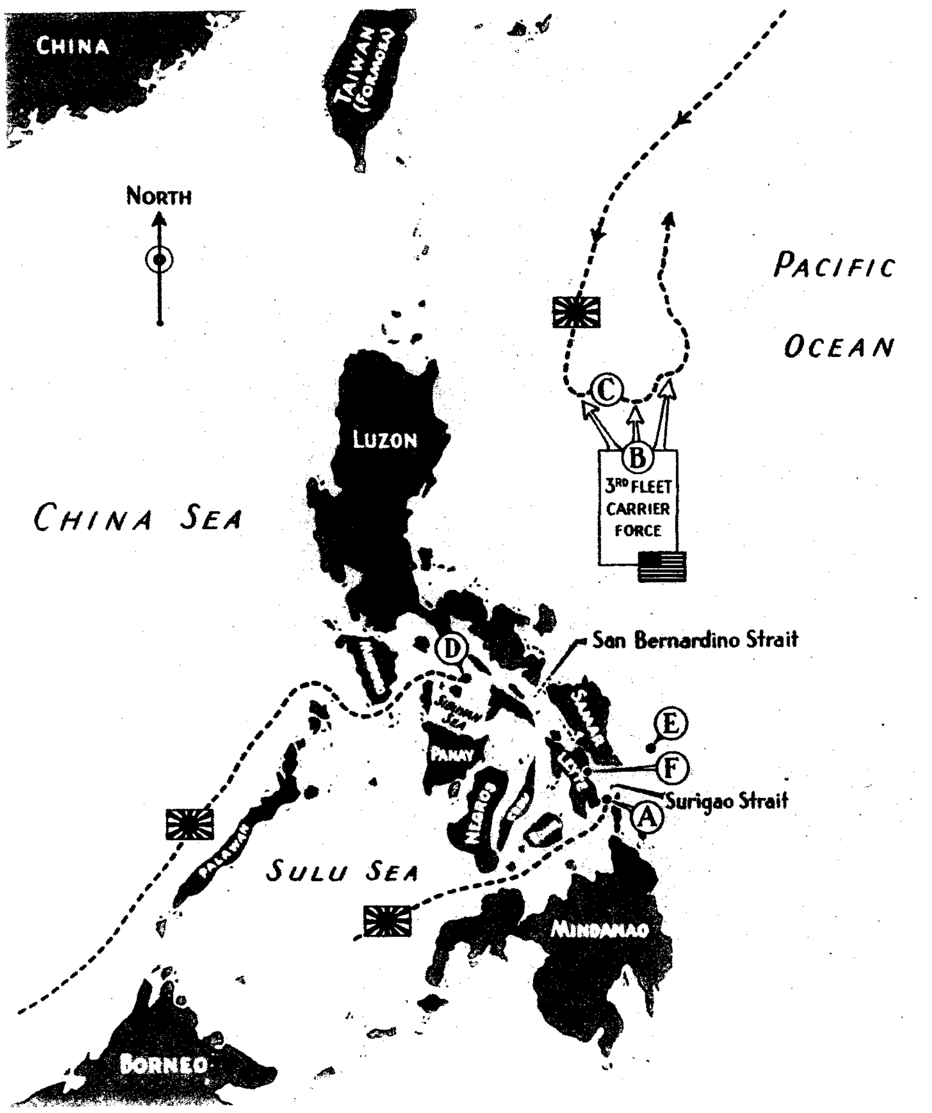
(Answers on page 69)

1. **Bacteriotherapy**	**Milk**
2. **Pharmacotherapy**	**Electricity**
3. **Phototherapy**	**Radium**
4. **Hydrotherapy**	**Animal blood**
5. **Galactotherapy**	**Sterilized pus**
6. **Heliotherapy**	**Certain lights**
7. **Physiotherapy**	**Special environment**
8. **Pyotherapy**	**Drugs**
9. **Frigotherapy**	**Baths**
10. **Roentgenotherapy**	**Water**
11. **Thermotherapy**	**Sun**
12. **Galvanotherapy**	**Synthetic chemicals**
13. **Balneotherapy**	**Natural methods**
14. **Endocrinotherapy**	**Suggestion**
15. **Serotherapy**	**Cold**
16. **Chemotherapy**	**Heat**
17. **Curietherapy**	**Patient himself**
18. **Psychotherapy**	**Microbes**
19. **Climatotherapy**	**Hormones**
20. **Autotherapy**	**X-rays**

—Gerard Mosler



COLLIER'S "Of course he's not a Nazi" CLAUDE



Map of Philippines area showing location of various phases of battle. (A) Southern Jap force caught in trap and demolished. (B) Mitscher's carriers attacking Japs to north. (C) Course of Jap force. (D) Air attack on Jap central force. (E) Our escort carriers giving air cover to troops on Leyte. (F) MacArthur's beachhead

America's Greatest Naval Battle

Continued from page 19

easy for the ghost ships. The first salvos smashed directly on the enemy's leading units around four o'clock.

The range was so short that it was difficult to miss, but the Jap warships, because they were approaching head-on, could bring only their forward turrets to bear against our battleships. The enemy nevertheless kept coming doggedly up to the same point—as precisely as trained animals—to make the turn and, now slowed to twelve knots, each ship received the same punishing dose of steel. It took Weyler only fifteen minutes to do a good job. Then he gave the order for the battleships to cease firing.

The reason for that order, however, was partly due to the fact that one of our destroyers, the Albert J. Grant, had been hit and heavily damaged during her torpedo run. Now she was dead in the water and drifting down toward the enemy ships—within range of Weyler's big guns. Also, the retiring enemy vessels were getting out of point-blank range. But the crippled Jap ships were not to be spared further torture, for our cruisers and destroyers immediately took over from the battleships, pounding away at the fleeing enemy.

With grim satisfaction, Oldendorf stalked his cornered prey. He saw two Jap ships burning, early in the engagement; then a battleship, obviously in trouble after being heavily shelled, started to blaze. Next he watched another big ship, probably a Jap heavy cruiser, go into its death throes. There seemed to be no end to the one-sided carnage. A large enemy destroyer, with its whole stern ablaze loomed up, and Oldendorf ordered his ships to finish it off. In the admiral's words, "Our ships started firing at the Jap. There was a destroyer there when they started—and suddenly there was nothing."

Of the estimated fifteen Jap ships that had ventured into Surigao Strait that night, not one returned to its Singapore base. At dawn, Oldendorf could see eight columns of thick black smoke rising from as many enemy ships, one of them a battleship.

"I sent planes out to get pictures of that one," he complained later, "but the damned thing sank before they could get there."

The two Japanese admirals commanding the force opposing Oldendorf might have questioned the validity of that complaint, but they had gone down with their flagships.

During that entire action, men aboard the American ships were too busy most of the time to worry about themselves. And, considering the death blow we dealt the enemy, our casualties were surprisingly light—one destroyer damaged. This was the Grant and she was in trouble—plenty of trouble. A salvo from a Jap cruiser had caught her just after she had launched five torpedoes. A series of explosions all but lifted the Grant out of the water. A direct hit in the engine room severed steam lines, severely burning everyone in the vicinity. Many fires were started as ammunition blew up, and the screams of the wounded and dying could be heard all over the ship.

Morris Reporting

The ship's doctor, Lieutenant (j.g.) Charles A. Mathieu of Portland, Oregon, was killed, and his place was taken by a young pharmacist's mate, W. H. Swain, Jr., of Thomasville, North Carolina, the only medical man aboard who was still alive. While the battle was still raging, Swain ministered to dozens of wounded and saved many lives. The Grant's skipper, Commander T. A. Nisewaner of Boise, Idaho, a determined young man, was following to the letter Lawrence's famous order: "Don't give up the ship."

Captain McManes, the squadron commander, watched the Grant's skipper fight to save his ship, and McManes was full of pride.

"He kept her afloat until daylight, when they could get another destroyer alongside to give assistance," McManes said. "Her freeboard, when I first saw her, was not more than twelve inches, and her guns were so low over the water she looked like the old Monitor—you know, a cheesebox on a raft."

The task force commander feared the Grant was doomed and would have to be abandoned. Since one of the other destroyers had burned out a radio transmitter, the Grant was ordered to make hers available as a replacement. Back came the answer from Nisewaner: "My ship has been seriously damaged, but, speaking for myself and my officers and men, we intend to keep her afloat and we *will* do so. I protest most vigorously and request reconsideration of your order."

Shortly afterward, another destroyer turned up with a spare transmitter, and the intrepid Grant's skipper was allowed to keep his intact. He kept his ship, too, and the crippled Grant later weathered a typhoon before getting back to a repair base. She will soon be ready to take on more Japs. Nisewaner is a determined guy.

There was considerable mopping-up to be done by our forces in Surigao. Planes knocked off the remnants of the Jap surface force, and PT-boats ranged through the waters of the strait, filled with debris and dead Japs, picking up survivors. Some of the Nips protested at being taken prisoner, but Oldendorf ordered his men to haul them out with boat hooks.

There was plenty of discussion over the coffee cups later that morning. The big question, of course, was: Why had the Japs allowed themselves to fall into Oldendorf's trap? There were several possible answers. Apparently their plane reconnaissance had not been good or it would have reported our true strength in Surigao Strait. Again, they may have expected our ships would be busy defending the Leyte beachhead from attacks by either the central Jap force or by their carrier force approaching from the Formosa area.

Teatsorth Reporting

This Jap carrier force may have been dispatched from the north for that very purpose, but now, on this morning of October 25th, their plans were being altered by two men named Halsey and Mitscher. To understand how this came about, we must go back to the previous afternoon, October 24th, when a boy from New Jersey, flying high over the Pacific, let out a yell of wild delight. It was just before 4 P.M., and Lieutenant (j.g.) Stuart Crapser of Springfield, Massachusetts, a rangy, blue-eyed Helldiver pilot, was cruising his search plane back toward his carrier after a fruitless search of the Pacific area to the north. Suddenly his gunner, Aviation Radioman J. F. Burns, of Garwood, New Jersey, gave off with his triumphant yell.

Jones Reporting

Thousands of feet below the broken clouds lay four enemy flat-tops and their escort, less than one hundred and fifty miles north of our own force! It was a two-way discovery; the enemy spotted the search plane at the same time and dispatched fighters. Frantically, the usually reticent Lieutenant Crapser radioed five messages back to Admiral Mitscher's flagship announcing his unexpected find.

Meantime, another search plane, piloted by Lieutenant (j.g.) Herb Walters of Tyler, Texas, spotted—not far away—two Ise-class battleships with flight decks on their stern, and turned in his report. All told, the enemy force consisted of seventeen ships, somewhat fewer than the total reported earlier that day by a land-based patrol plane. There was one light carrier of the Shokaku class; three light carriers of the Chitose and Zuiho classes; two battleship carriers; a heavy cruiser of the Mogami class; four other cruisers; and six destroyers. The next move was up to Halsey, and the Third Fleet commander reacted with characteristic vigor. He

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immediately sped his main force northward.

At two o'clock the next morning, October 25th (just before the battle of Surigao Strait began far to the south), a night-flying Hellcat contacted the Jap carriers seventy miles away, bearing on a collision course for Halsey's ships. Third Fleet surface vessels were ordered to prepare for a night battle, but, shortly afterward, possibly aware of the contact, the Rising Sun carriers turned north.

But their doom was sealed. Never in the history of naval warfare has such an aerial onslaught been delivered as descended upon the Japanese flat-tops that morning.

Before the take-offs, serious young Lieutenant Roger S. (Smiley) Boles of Santa Paula, California, told his fighter squadron aboard this carrier flagship: "We're so close to the Japs that the torpedo planes will have to make a couple of orbits to get enough altitude for the attack." The fighter pilots, lounging in their flight jumps and helmets, chuckled appreciatively. "Take it easy, stick together and"—Boles hesitated soberly—"we'll come out all right."

These men were, in a way, the second generation of this war. Many of them were still in school when Midway was being fought. Now they were experienced in combat and hopeful for a chance to show what they could really do in the showdown.

Just before six o'clock, they went to their planes. The impenetrable gloom of night was beginning to lift; on the flight decks were the fighters, dive bombers and torpedo planes of the first strike, their dark shapes motionless. As the first light of dawn came, the carriers of the task force turned eastward, pitching and rolling slightly, into the wind.

The first Hellcat roared off, dipped, then soared away, clutching at the sky. Before its wheels had lifted, another Hellcat was in the launching spot. And so the planes took off, one by one, for the attack, and another deckload of planes came up from the hangar deck in readiness for the second wave.

In Flag Plot, task force headquarters aboard his carrier, Admiral Mitscher awaited word from search planes as to the enemy's exact location this morning. At 7:40 A.M., the words came: "Many surface gadgets, course 015, distance 150 miles." That meant the enemy was heading in a northeasterly direction, while Mitscher's carriers and battleships were coursing due north. Mitscher put on more speed.

To Commander David McCampbell, the Navy's leading ace with thirty-four Nips shot down, Mitscher assigned the direction of the first strike against the enemy. McCampbell is not only a terrific fighter pilot but a cool leader. Only the day before, he had knocked down nine Jap planes to set a world's record for kills in one day. But it was McCampbell's brain rather than his trigger finger that Mitscher wanted to use today. We'll let Dave himself tell this part of the story.

Reynolds Reporting

"We took off at dawn," McCampbell said, "and orbited (that is, circled and waited for orders) about fifty miles north of our fleet. I had with me a large force of fighters, torpedo planes and dive bombers. The ship had previously sent two scout planes ahead to locate the Jap fleet. They found it sixty miles north of us, and we were then directed to attack."

"How was the weather?" he was asked.

"Just made for us," he grinned. "We spotted the fleet thirty miles away. There was a great sight. What a mass of stuff down there—seventeen warships in formation! To my surprise, only a few planes came up to intercept, about twelve Oscars—carrier-based Zekes. We paid no attention to them but went in after the ships. They sent up the damnedest AA I'd ever seen, bursting all around us in every color of the rainbow. They put up phosphorous shells which exploded and fell in streamers. There was even a thing that looked like a pinwheel. The sky was full of it.

"I gave the boys assignments, and they went to work. The fighters strafed the outer screen of destroyers, hoping to divert their fire so the bombers and torpedo planes could make their runs and pull out safely. It worked pretty well. The bombers from my air group went in on a carrier and laid seven 1,000-pounders right in the middle of its flight deck. That took care of her, so I sent the torpedo planes after the nearest battlewagon.

"It was nice to see that carrier roll over. The boys really went to town on that Jap task force, and, when you get right down to it, that's the job we've really been trained for. Knocking out Jap planes is only incidental to us. We were trained to go after ships, and what happened that morning showed that we had been taught pretty well.

"Everything went by the book. First the fighters would strafe, then the dive bombers would drop their loads, and they were immediately followed by the torpedo planes. Huge columns of smoke now came from the burning ships, and the water was full of Japs. One carrier was sinking, and you could see that other ships were really hurt. The Nip destroyers never bothered to pick up survivors, as far as I could see."

"How long were you over the target?"

"Three and a half hours," he replied. "And while I was there I saw one carrier, two cruisers and two destroyers actually sink. By this time, my gas was running low and I was relieved by another strike group from our force. When I left, four other ships were dead in the water, drifting helplessly, and I knew they were dead pigeons."

Jones Reporting

McCampbell landed aboard to receive the congratulations of a delighted Mitscher. Running up a record of 34 Jap planes is spectacular, but the job of directing that huge air attack was far more important and one that demanded the consideration, judgment and icy calm of a Dave McCampbell.

The size of this attack can be judged from the fact that nineteen Helldivers from one carrier alone were assigned to one enemy light carrier! One by one, the orbiting dive bombers reached the step-off point, eleven thousand feet above the doomed warship, and peeled off at two- and three-second intervals. They scored at least seven hits. Lieutenant (j.g.) George Peck—a blond, burly youngster who once played a tough game of quarterback for San Diego State College—was the third or fourth Helldiver to descend on the carrier.

"Somebody had got some hits ahead of me, because she was smoking," said Peck. "Still, she had enough speed to turn a bit as we came down. Not that it did any good. There were just too many of us. Why, I saw two dive bombers diving side by side on the same target. My bomb went smack into her flight deck, and just as I pulled up, I saw a torpedo heading into her."

Japanese warships, by reason of their small compartments and miserable living quarters, maintain a high standard of damage control. But nothing could save this carrier, lunging about as seven bombs and three torpedoes ripped at her vitals. She came to a dead stop; explosion after explosion racked her frame, and she was shrouded in smoke.

One torpedo-plane pilot, Lieutenant Joseph C. Black of Knoxville, Tennessee, made his run on her, saw her condition, and simply swerved behind the carrier's blazing fantail. He resumed his course and launched a torpedo against a near-by battleship, scoring a hit which sent up a white column more than a thousand feet into the air.

What kind of defense can be made against such an assault? It is hard for us to say, because no American seagoing force has ever been subjected to a comparable attack. Two enemy light carriers were hit in that first attack; one blew up very shortly, while the other hung on grimly above the water line until late that afternoon. Several other ships in the formation were hit, some beyond escape.

Still, the enemy was not defenseless. He maneuvered. One carrier turned so fast in a nearly full circle that she completed her turn within two minutes after Helldivers began dropping on her. The Japanese launched an estimated twenty fighter planes as the first strike came in, but this was a very leaky umbrella.

Halsey could assume later that in the previous day's aerial attacks against this task force, the enemy carriers had intended to pick up their aircraft in the morning, after permitting the planes to remain overnight on Luzon airfields. In any event, the few intercepting planes were destroyed or dispersed by Hellcat fighters.

A young Navy pilot, Lieutenant John R. Strane of Duluth, Minnesota, was caught by seven Zeros, and bailed out of his burning Hellcat. Strane watched the rest of the attack that day from his life raft, ten miles outside the Jap screen, until a destroyer picked him up.

The badgered enemy also resorted to antiaircraft fire of volcanic proportions. Fourteen-inch armament sprayed the attacking planes; and the skies, as on the previous day in the Sibuyan Sea, were daubed with purple, green and yellow bursts. Low-flying torpedo planes rocked viciously, and it was a disconcerting discovery for a pilot to feel a freight train whizzing past and to look back on a distant explosion. It now seems that those main-battery bursts exercised an effect chiefly psychological.

As usual, the most accurate, therefore the most deadly, weapon in the enemy arsenal consisted of his five-inch and forty-millimeter bursts, which can be fired quickly and at quite long ranges. Aircraft returned to American carriers with huge flak holes a foot or more in diameter, exposing the structural framework. Their windshields were covered with oil, testimony to the enemy's savage defense. Said one pilot: "Walk on that AA? Hell, I just put my plane on it and skidded in!"

Many pilots could hardly believe that they lived through that barrage, and more than a few didn't survive. But they pressed home the attack, and some airmen attacked twice if their release mechanism did not function on the first run. Young Ensign Fred Schuler of Athens, Ohio, came out of a run with the torpedo still in the belly of his plane. Spotting two cruisers on his way back, he went in alone and put his fish into a light cruiser which already was making only five knots and leaving a trail of oil.

Reynolds Reporting

Or consider another eager ensign, Wallace F. Leeker of St. Louis. His torpedo plane sustained a hit which set a wing afire while he was still six thousand yards from his target, a light carrier of the Zuiho class. He steadied his flaming aircraft on its course and closed in to one thousand yards, where he launched his torpedo. It plowed into the carrier, and Wally Leeker, wearing a satisfied grin all the way back to his carrier, sped away. Miraculously, the fire on his Avenger died out ten miles from the scene of action.

Meanwhile one hundred miles south of this scene, Jap planes had been attacking our carrier force. Mitscher stood on the bridge of his flagship, his wizened face expressionless. Twelve Jap planes came in, and ack-ack fire from our destroyers began to dot the cloudless sky. A Jap plane careened down crazily.

"What destroyer got that one?" Mitscher barked.

"The Sullivans, sir," his flag lieutenant reported.

Mitscher grunted with satisfaction.

Three minutes later, the Sullivans (so named in honor of the five Sullivan brothers lost in the cruiser Juneau) brought down another torpedo plane. The Sullivans were fighters again this day.

Land-based planes came out from Luzon, but the naval fliers were waiting. Some twenty-one Nip planes had gone hurtling into the sea. Mitscher's fleet escaped almost unscathed. One Jap plane flew into a flurry of flak directly above a carrier and crashed on the deck, killing the ten men of the gun crew which had shot it down. They were ten Negro messboys who had volunteered to man the 20-millimeter guns. They had saved their ship from damage.

By noon, Halsey had the satisfaction of knowing that his fleet had sunk seven warships: four carriers, two cruisers and a destroyer. Two battleships had been badly damaged and were crawling away, while three stricken cruisers and four destroyers looked for rain squalls to hide in.

Here was a glorious chance for Halsey to wade in now with his carriers and fast battleships to wipe out the fleeing, damaged Jap ships. But, strangely enough, at this hour, a large part of his carrier force was steaming south at high speed. At one moment we had been on the brink of an annihilating victory; the next moment we appeared to be retreating. What had happened?

Jones Reporting

The answer had already been given with startling effect aboard Mitscher's flagship. Mitscher's Flag Plot was crowded with officers listening to reports from the scenes of action. The communications officer brought in a dispatch and handed it to the admiral. Adjusting his horn-rimmed glasses, Mitscher read it silently, then handed it to Thirty-one Knot Burke, his chief of staff, saying quietly, "What do you think of this?"

Burke read the dispatch. It was a plain-language message from Rear Admiral Sprague, in command of our comparatively helpless escort carriers which were supporting MacArthur's beachhead on Leyte Island, far to the south. Radio Tokyo later in the day described this message as "frantic." Actually, it was about as urgent and pointed as the Navy's rules of procedure permit. Sprague hadn't even taken time to have it encoded because he was in a hell of a hurry. He said, in effect: "Am being engaged by enemy battleships. Urgently request support."

A look of grave concern crossed Burke's face as he replied: "I think it's bad, sir."

The final chapter of America's Greatest Naval Battle will appear next week.

ANSWERS TO THE ERA OF "THERAPIES"
(Page 66)

1. **Microbes**
2. **Drugs**
3. **Certain lights**
4. **Water**
5. **Milk**
6. **Sun**
7. **Natural methods**
8. **Sterilized pus**
9. **Cold**
10. **X-rays**
11. **Heat**
12. **Electricity**
13. **Baths**
14. **Hormones**
15. **Animal blood**
16. **Synthetic chemicals**
17. **Radium**
18. **Mental suggestion**
19. **Special climatic environment**
20. **Patient himself**

Russia's First Buffer State

Continued from page 25

been assigned to Finland. With their tan greatcoats, rows of medals and profusion of gold braid, Red Army officers add a brilliant spot of color to the gray Helsinki street scene, as do Russian naval officers in their natty blue uniforms. This correct attitude of the Russians comes as a sort of anticlimax to most Finns, who were panic-stricken at the news of the armistice and in some cases fled to Sweden, taking as much as possible of their movable property along.

Up to now, the Russian Control Commission has been a source of both bad and good news for the Finns. The Moscow armistice agreement was worded so as to give the Russians wide latitude in interpretation—something about which the Finns felt (and still feel) very uneasy. In the reparations clause, they got their first bitter taste of this loose wording. The $600,000,000 originally asked for by the Russians was reduced in the treaty to $300,000,000, which pleased the Finns no end. But there was a catch in it.

Reparations are to be paid not in cash but in kind, and the Russians have decided they will credit Finnish deliveries against reparations only at prices obtaining in 1938. Since these are vastly lower than today's, Moscow's dictum means in reality that the Finns will have to deliver products worth $700,000,000 at today's prices! The Finnish delegates were so elated over the fifty per cent cut that it never occurred to them, incredible as it may sound, to ask what would be the basis for valuation.

On the other hand, the Russians have produced some agreeable surprises. The principal one was the decision to permit Finnish steamer traffic along the north shore of the Gulf of Finland, to which the fifty-year lease to the Russians, under armistice terms, of the Cape Porkkala district due south of Helsinki seemed to deal a mortal blow. This route is vitally important to Finland because of the low cost of sea transportation.

The Russians have now agreed to let Finnish vessels navigate Porkkala waters. More than that, the Russians are favorably considering the Finnish request to be allowed to use the important coast railroad between Helsinki and Turku which runs through the Porkkala concession, thus saving the lengthy detour which has been necessary since the Russians took over.

Minions of the Kremlin

When viewing the activities and actions of the Russian Control Commission installed at Helsinki, one must keep in mind the fact that they are merely hired men, committed to blind obedience of Moscow's orders. Any leeway in application must be very slight, even for the head of the commission, Colonel General Andrei Alexandrovitch Zhdanov, rumored as Stalin's heir apparent. Zhdanov's frequent trips to Moscow prove he has to run to obtain directives for every new little thing that comes up.

Zhdanov has, I believe, been a sore disappointment to Finnish Communists. Despite their best efforts at bootlicking, the Soviet high commissioner has steadfastly refused to receive the Communist delegations that have come to see him to obtain this or that or just to flatter him. He receives the Finns—but only government officials—on government business. Why doesn't Zhdanov see his Finn fellow Communists? Probably on instructions from Moscow. In the Soviet capital they don't want to commit themselves as to which Finnish Communists they eventually will support.

Meanwhile it is not opportune—in fact it is embarrassing—to have a visible link between Finnish Communists and Moscow representatives. The Russians don't want to be blamed for Finnish Communists' actions at this time, preferring to have these take the blame themselves.

Then, too, it's just possible that the Russians might regard Finnish Communists as a bit outdated; they have been so long isolated from spiritual leaders in Moscow that the Russians may want to keep them on probation before admission to the fold. Meanwhile they are being used only as errand boys.

To prove that their hearts are in the right place, Finnish Communists are a particularly active lot. Legalized after having been outlawed for so long, they're making up for lost time. One isn't far wrong in assuming that their various demands have at least the tacit approval of Moscow, even though that capital doesn't want to be committed. Finnish Communists have started a sort of nerve war against the Paasikivi cabinet; everything the government does is wrong. Labor Minister Eeri Vuori, trades-union head and the man who fought Tanner and consistently worked for Russo-Finnish peace, they derisively call a "Fascist lackey." "Betrayer of the working class" is another epithet hurled at him. Of

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course it is part of the Communist program that all Social Democrats are bad.

The following are briefly the demands of Finnish Communists on the government just now:

(1) Measures to remove all elements called Fascist from the administration, and from communal institutions and key posts generally; (2) an immediate investigation regarding war criminals and establishment of people's tribunals to try them; (3) expulsion from parliament of representatives of the nationalist People's Party; (4) amnesty for military deserters and for all persons sentenced by the so-called Fascist regime, even in cases where the offense was only partly political; (5) expropriation of estates belonging to corporations and big landowners.

It is not inconceivable that, as matters now stand in Finland, this Communist nagging of the Paasikivi cabinet may end its existence well before the general elections. The leader of the Communists is a young medical student, Mauri Ryoemae, just out of jail after serving eight years of a 17-year sentence for pro-Russian activities. Ryoemae told me he was subjected to the harshest treatment in prison, and his appearance seemed to confirm this. He exudes a burning hatred for men of the old regime. It is characteristic of the Finnish atmosphere today that most Finns still regard Ryoemae and his companions in confinement as traitors.

However, while the strength of the Communist Party is unknown and although admitting it is bound to grow considerably, the Social Democrats must still be regarded as the foremost Finnish party. Since the elimination of Tanner, who was the strong man of Finnish politics until he fell in November, it is Vuori who leads the party. He has had an adventurous career. In the Finnish Civil War of 1918 he fought on the Red side, subsequently becoming a political prisoner for years. Mannerheim, once his sworn enemy, now trusts him and has on several occasions during the past difficult years summoned him to headquarters for consultation.

Vuori faces the seemingly hopeless task of adjusting the labor market to peacetime conditions. All men now being demobilized demand jobs. Women who have taken men's places must be readapted to normal existence. Many women, having lost their husbands, need jobs themselves, as do evacuees from territories ceded to Russia.

And Manpower Doesn't Help

Finland is indeed in a tight spot. One would think that this sudden abundance of manpower, in a country where yesterday it was so scarce, would be a godsend. It isn't, though, because industry cannot just start up producing without fuel and raw materials, both of which the country lacks. Whatever production Finland can attain at this moment must go to Russian reparations. Any ideas Finland has of sending exports elsewhere must cease; the bulk of her merchant marine is being transferred to the Russians. Import of what few raw materials Sweden can spare is rendered most difficult by the German naval blockade and the scarcity of land communications. There is only a single-track railroad connecting Sweden with Finland, and in their retreat toward Norway, the Germans blew up all bridges and viaducts for more than sixty miles on the Finnish side.

The entire Finnish industry and all transport are now using wood as fuel, and it looks as though they will have to continue to do so for years to come. Finland has no lack of timber, but people who are not lumberjacks by trade don't like to tackle a tree-felling job in winter. This particular work requires warm, robust clothing and good heavy shoes, neither of which can be found in Finland today—especially boots and shoes.

Demobilized soldiers who have lived in the forests practically five years on end are fed up with that sort of existence; they want to stay close to home now that they have finally got back there. It is beginning to look as if the problem will have to be solved by compulsory draft, for the great Finnish woodpulp and paper industries also need timber.

The Finns had hoped the Russians would accept most of the reparations in timber and lumber products but that has been another disappointment. Only one sixth is wanted in these goods—lumber for the reconstruction of Leningrad and Petrosavodsk, and a certain amount of paper, but that's all, even though Russia actually is suffering from an acute shortage of paper. The balance of the reparations is going to be exacted in machinery, locomotives, freight cars, ships and metal-industry products.

A prominent Finnish industrialist said to me: "We told the Russians we had no means of producing these, but they replied that that was no concern of theirs and it was our business to acquire the means. In order to deliver, we must import raw materials—for instance, steel plate of various kinds. However, to import, we need credits, and credits of that size can be raised only in England or the United States. That's our only hope for solving the problem."

Look for Finland to make a major "touch" on Uncle Sam as soon as possible.

The Finnish people are starving, but one can buy everything in Finland on the black market for a price: $50 for a pound of coffee; $7.50 for a pack of twenty imitation American cigarettes; $6 a pound for butter or sugar; 50 cents a pound for potatoes; $20 for a pint of raw liquor; and whisky at $120 per bottle! Restaurants serve uneatable meals at a regulation price of 50 cents, but à la carte, the sky is the price limit. A thin slice of beef is $2.40, a couple of dried eggs $1.60, etc.

Whence Come Black Market Goods?

The mystery is where all these things come from in a country scraped to the bone like Finland. Their late comrades in arms, the Germans, have always proved past masters at the art of organizing black markets, however, and the perfect organization here may be theirs. If so, that is the only trace left of the Germans in southern Finland except that about six hundred German residents—some with wives, most of whom were Finnish—were interned when they refused to return to the Reich after the German-Finnish break on the ground that they had spent most of their lives in Finland and considered themselves Finns. They preferred a Finn internment camp to liberty in the Nazi homeland. Handfuls of German prisoners taken by the Finns in the Lapland fighting only pass through southern Finland en route to Russian prisoner-of-war camps.

I had a good look at the Lapland war—in reality a series of patrol skirmishes. Nevertheless, men died or suffered all the hardships of a major-scale war; so it was war all right. To get to Lapland from Helsinki nowadays is a combination of acrobatic and endurance feats. The rail trip to Oulu, for example: Ordinarily an overnight trip in comfortable *wagons-lits*, extra roomy because of the "Russian" broad-gauge Finnish railroads, today it takes twenty or more hours in overcrowded day coaches. Finn sleepers now are being used for Red Cross transport.

I actually spent twenty-two hours on this trip sitting upright in a coach so jammed with travelers that you had to make up your mind beforehand whether to keep your arms down or up, because, once inside, it was too late to change your mind. It was something like a New York subway rush, only worse. Long before leaving Helsinki the train was so full that latecomers, in order to get on, had to climb in through the windows.

During the trip, all ingress and exit was by way of the windows. Every available inch of space was occupied, including the toilets and baggage racks. At the end of that nightmare trip, during which it had been impossible to get the least bit of food or drink, and took a feat of strength to move one inch either way, my legs felt like jelly and my body as if it had received a severe beating, plus torturing to boot. The journey from Oulu northward, over a muddy cowpath called a highway and necessitating many detours because of the blasted bridges, was almost easy compared with the train.

Northern Finland presents a picture of never-ending wilds, mud, dirt and smoke-blackened ruins, poverty and infinite sadness. On the Arctic highway toward Petsamo the road is better but the spectacle is the same—only the rubble and mud were beginning to

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be camouflaged by the first winter snows. The gleam of campfires penetrated the dusk; it never gets really light at this time above the Arctic Circle at midday—just an opaque semidarkness. Finnish soldiers stood in groups with their backs to the torrential snow-mixed rain. Through the roaring wind and darkness, unending columns of trucks and automobiles laboriously pressed forward in the slush. At the side of the road, primitive wooden crosses mark the Wehrmacht's exit route from Finland.

Up there a hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle on the treeless, frozen tundra, young Finn recruits, freshly drafted, fought the Germans in round-the-clock obscurity. Plodding along there also are demobilized soldiers returning to their home town or village, only to find it burned down by retreating Germans. Indignation against the Germans is genuine enough—it's no Helsinki propaganda trick. In the houses left standing, the Germans have played their own characteristic little tricks. Privies are mined to be set off by opening the door; there also have been examples of mines being connected to children's toys. I talked to one family whose six-year-old girl had been killed in that manner.

Shortage of Transportation

Some 110,000 people still live in a district about the size of Kentucky and not served by any railroad. Feeding and housing them has become a great problem. One government commissioner told me he needed 200 modern trucks just to distribute the barest necessities. All he could command were twelve worn-out army trucks, only three of them in good enough condition for long-distance hauls. Horses and carts are equally scarce.

Among the soldiers up there, the Lapp disease rages. It's a sort of arctic counterpart of the African desert trooper's *cafard*—spleen brought on by darkness and loneliness. Wehrmachters call it "forest madness." Although the Finns are made of sterner stuff, they get it, too. The cure: liquor. The Finns can get hold of only the rawest kinds up there, but they drink it with gusto—denatured alcohol, motor alcohol, furniture polish—it doesn't faze the average Finn, although it would kill a horse. Some Finns die of it, but surprisingly few.

Of course, only a very special sort of war can be waged under the climatic and topographical conditions obtaining up there. Heavy artillery is more or less out of the question. Light pieces, such as three-inch field guns are more useful. The Germans use a kind of Alpine artillery that can be taken apart and carried, each man lugging one part. Even so, artillery hasn't played much of a role in this eerie war; machine guns and particularly grenade throwers have been much more practical. The Finns naturally have an edge on the Germans through their superior knowledge of the terrain.

At a Disadvantage in the Air

Bad autumn weather ruled out most flying activity except reconnaissance. Anyway, the Finns haven't got any planes to speak of. Their few bombers, which are of German origin, must start from fields in central and even southern Finland. The Russians have taken over most of their air-worthy combat planes.

The equipment of the Lapland fighters is quite a mixture: rifles of Russian, German, Finnish and British make, machine guns, grenade throwers and artillery of German, Swedish, Russian and American manufacture. War booty taken from the Russians is used to great extent, too. The Finns do have skis for each man, sleighs and warm winter uniforms, but German General Rendulic's troops are not so badly equipped, either, and most of them are Austrian Alpine troops.

A chapter of the northern Finland war was rapidly approaching its close before my eyes. The Wehrmachters were retreating as fast as they could and still retain their equipment. At this rate the last German should soon be out of Finland. The next chapters in Finland's history are likely to concern domestic housecleaning and adjustment of its relations with Russia. One doesn't need to be clairvoyant to see that some of the text for both of these chapters is going to be contributed by Moscow.

The End

Fightin' Irish

Continued from page 20

nice, but it wasn't getting her anywhere.

Then Colonel Darryl Zanuck came home from the wars. Well, you know—the old dynamic personality back on the lot. Bells ringing, buzzers buzzing, colored lights flashing. Yes, Colonel! Yes, Colonel! Right away, Colonel! One day the colonel had a lot of tests run for himself, and when June's white evening gown, piano player, palm-tree production flashed on the screen, with June apparently sitting on nothing, he turned to a secretary and asked who'd had the idea of making the Life of Houdini, and, for heaven's sake, why wasn't this girl working?

"Well," they said; and, "It's like this, now, Colonel," they said. And first thing you know there she was back in the Middle West on location playing Cri-Cri, the rich girl in Home in Indiana.

"You see," said Colonel Zanuck, after viewing the result, "I knew it was time I got back to the lot. Put her into Irish Eyes are Smiling."

They did, as Irish. She hit in that one, too, her blue eyes and golden hair not hurting Technicolor any to speak of. After that she went into the just-finished Where Do We Go from Here? as Lucilla.

"I had an awful time," she says. "I sat on Fred McMurray's lap a whole day and there was a bearskin on the floor. It was terrible—I mean the lap was all right, but they'd got tired of curing the skin halfway through, and under the light heat . . ."

Until she was 18 last summer she had to go to school on the lot while making pictures. It was a sort of double life: One minute trying to analyze the tariff policies of the Taft Administration, the next playing a love scene with Dick Haymes.

Her new one is The Dolly Sisters, with Betty Grable. Betty is going to be Jenny and if you think June is going to be Roszika you are nuts. That's all changed now; the sister is Rosalie, on account you are supposed not to be able to pronounce Roszika.

She's afraid of lightning, hates tailored clothes, loves pink, red and blue—not necessarily together—likes tennis, swimming and horseback riding and hopes she will someday be half as good as Helen Hayes.

She isn't in love and says she doesn't intend to get married for seven or eight years—and then not to a professional. Careers and marriage don't mix, she figures. The man she marries had better resign himself beforehand to being managed the rest of his life.

Like Father—Like Daughter

She takes after the father-composer and is putting together a jazz symphony that Jimmie McHugh thinks is very good. Still, Jimmie thinks Puccini is very good, too. Some of June's product will be used as background music.

"Just for a start, of course," says Miss Haver. "After a while, when I've had more practice composing, I hope to get into the juke boxes—the ones with four kinds of colored lights. You could really go to town with a jazz symphony that way."

She's not yet nineteen, but she's a long way from $2 a week and four quarts of ice cream. She lives at home with her folks, studies like mad and loves her sisters. Dorothy, her stand-in, is 23; and Evelyn, 17, is getting ready to act. June is right in the middle.

"Just the ham in the sandwich," she says. But don't ask her that one about Phyllis Haver.

The End

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Pickup Boys

Continued from page 26

military and naval equipment was not made for souvenir purposes. The extent to which Uncle Sam and the serviceman disagree on this point is a phenomenon of this war. Considerable amounts of food and kitchen equipment find their way back from time to time.

Weapons, clothing and precision instruments are regularly stopped; in these cases the military inspectors are ruthless. Apparently, too, was some commercially minded citizen of our Armed Forces. Inspectors at one of the big ports opened a suspiciously bulky package. In it were twenty boxes of G.I. shirts, trousers, shoes, caps, underwear, raincoats, socks, gloves and ties—enough dry goods to start a small store.

A few lads have sent back pornographic pictures, which are summarily destroyed. But the prize seizure to date is a consignment of narcotics valued at $36,000. When such "souvenirs" arrive, official leniency snaps shut like a beartrap. Such offenders are in real trouble.

Although the certification system clears military trophies, other souvenirs have to undergo customs inspection to determine whether they are to come in free. Even a regulation allowing personal effects to come in duty free adds to the collection of seizures. Apparently there is some confusion in the mind of the sender as to what constitutes his own property and what is a gift. It seems one particularly tough sergeant listed a couple of quarts of costume jewelry, a bottle of perfume and a girdle as "personal" equipment.

Uncertified stuff that is dutiable often runs to as many as 2,000 pieces on one incoming ship. Paintings, antique silver, tapestries, rugs, rare books—items valued at hundreds or thousands of dollars—pop up among ash trays, stuffed lizards and menu cards.

Plumage forms one of the chief items of mail contraband—birds of paradise, aigrettes and osprey sprays, along with feather novelties from Central and South America. Two of the most beautiful—and grossly illegal—feather objects to arrive in this country were a pair of fans made of golden paradise plumes. Sent by a sergeant in the South Pacific to his mother, they must have cost a week's pay.

Finally, there is arriving at our sea and air ports the vanguard of what is likely to expand into a host of wild or partly tamed birds and animals from every part of the world. Our boys undoubtedly will get some of these creatures into the country—witness the "mascot menageries" some zoos are already forming of animals brought home by servicemen. For the most part, however, they will never get nearer than the shore line, being taken over by the customs and the Bureau of Animal Husbandry on sight.

Taboos on Importing Pets

Living trophies are up against very intricate sets of laws. While some creatures can be imported for educational or scientific purposes, others are blacklisted as parasites, disease carriers and agricultural pests.

About a dozen animals and birds are on this continuous black list. Topping the list is a furry little creature that any G.I. might take a shine to: the mongoose. A mongoose looks like a weasel, has appealing manners and kills rats and snakes. When transplanted, however, and freed of the checks and balances that control his breeding and feeding in Africa and India, the mongoose produces progeny so numerous that they may devastate an entire country.

Fruit bats from the tropics are taboo, too, although probably no serviceman in his right mind would try to bring one in unless he were a naturalist. But he might try to make a pal out of an Egyptian ichneumon; they would have to part company at the home shores, though. Hares, rats and mice are barred, and no creature with hoofs, not even a faun, can be admitted at present.

Birds proscribed by the black list include the European yellowhammer, bullfinch, chaffinch, greenfinch, starling, sparrow and English skylark.

But the difficulties facing the doughboy's imported pet are still more formidable. No foreign animal or bird may come in, as a rule, excepting under a permit issued by the Department of the Interior's Fish and Wildlife Service. Anyone arriving at an American port with a creature for which he has no permit may put up a bond, pending the permit's arrival, or he may leave his pet with the customs official and pay for its keep until the permit shows up.

Consider the poor Marine who has adopted a parrot. Because of the danger of psittacosis, most birds of that family have to undergo a six months quarantine. However, if the Marine's parrot is obviously tame, it may come in providing the owner swears the bird is his, that he's had it for two years in which time it hasn't associated with any other parrots, and that he doesn't intend to sell it. Presumably he can then walk off with his pet—but not if the port is New York. No parrot may enter that state, or Connecticut or Florida or Maryland. It can go to Pennsylvania, if it stays out of Pittsburgh.

Caught Between Customs Laws

Suppose the pet is from a country that doesn't allow its birds or animals to be taken out without a permit? There are about a dozen of these countries and they're not fooling when they say they don't want their fauna tampered with unless they give formal consent. So when a U.S. customs inspector gets one of these cases he doesn't fool around, either. He demands two permits: one from the "country of origin" and one from this country. He won't get them. Since the country of origin has issued none, there's not a chance the U.S. will. So it's a matter of parking the creature with the customs people until the foreign permit can be obtained, or the serviceman kissing his pet goodby. The latter procedure is advised; it's much quicker.

The final hurdle our boys face is our own Migrating Bird Treaty Act, and it applies to almost every bird in the Western Hemisphere. It's safe to say that exotic feathered things are poor bets. If G.I. Joe feels he must bring in something live, he had better settle on an alligator, lizard, snake, tortoise or toad.

What happens to trophies when they're seized? While the boys are the losers, museums, zoos and scientific institutions profit, as contraband objects may go to them. Our boys are landing on places that have never before been seen by white men, tanks are crashing through hitherto inaccessible haunts, airplanes are dropping crews in formerly impassable jungles.

Naturalists and anthropologists see whole storehouses of treasures opening up, for the South Pacific is an untouched field, they say. They cite the case of Mount Data on Luzon, in the Philippines. There, in an area three quarters of a mile by a mile and a half, are birds and animals found nowhere else.

While the fighting services are discouraging this souvenir hunting, scientists are briskly promoting it, addressing their appeals to servicemen who are amateur naturalists and collectors. Not only do they want rarer specimens, but most of the importation barriers are down for "scientific and educational" purposes. So as long as a bird, reptile, shell, flower or mammal, or whatever it may be, arrives safely in this country, and the fighter can tell where he got it, specialists here will be satisfied.

To help things along, the boys overseas are getting suggestions about feeding, crating and shipping live animals by boat and plane. In this project, farm boys seem the likeliest bets. The high mortality of creatures taken out of their native haunts is caused by their refusal to eat, and the country lad is a past master of bringing up animals and birds that need special care.

So it may happen, as the savants hope, that out of the souvenir mania will come some great and solemn good. And if the miracle occurs, their guess is that the rarity that turns up—perhaps a brother to the famous duck-billed platypus—will be labeled *Curiositatus G.I. Joensis.* That would be a kind of trophy that would surprise even Private Joe Jones.

THE END

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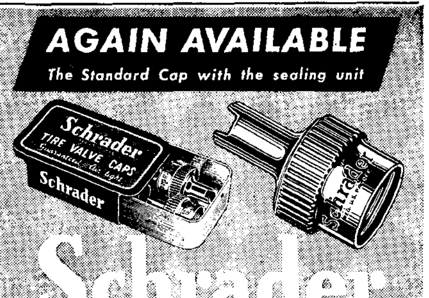

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The Week's Work

Gregory d'Alessio

GREGORY D'ALESSIO is a fine cartoonist, a good husband, a vice-president of the Art Students League—and a Campfire Girl.

It is his membership in the Campfire Girls which causes him the most trouble. His friends, being about 50 per cent cartoonists and gag men, find it very funny that he is a Campfire Girl. He does not find it funny. In fact, much as he sympathizes with the objectives of that organization, and much as he approves of his wife's interest in it, he sometimes is discommoded by the Campfire Girls. D'Alessio works at home, and that means he is at home all day, and that means that sometimes he would like to go to the kitchen and get himself a sandwich, or go to the bathroom for a shower, or go to the living room to listen to the radio. But all of these places, he finds, are generally filled with Campfire Girls.

However, he does not mind the evening meetings of fifteen Campfire Girls which take place weekly in his apartment under the auspices of his wife. On these occasions, he relates, the Campfire Girls build a fire in the center of the living room, as they cannot have a proper Campfire Girls meeting without a campfire.

The campfire consists of a couple of electric bulbs covered over with red crepe paper, the effect being very pleasant and outdoorsy, although a little dangerous because of the electric cord strung across the room.

What reconciles him to the whole procedure is that the Campfire Girls like to sing, and when they sing, they like him to play his guitar. D'Alessio loves to play his guitar. So everybody is happy.

D'Alessio's wife, Hilda Terry, is a successful cartoonist, too, and she works at home, too, although in a separate room because, her husband says, she is sloppy about papers and things.

As for him, the Welcome Home! series, of which the cartoon on p. 54 is one, is his very own, gags included. He fixed it that way because he wanted to string the series together into a book, which he has done, and the book should come off the presses any day now, entitled Welcome Home! He also does a daily cartoon which is syndicated by fifty newspapers throughout the country.

IN THE picture story entitled Gateway to Victory, p. 12, you see no thrilling battle scenes, no wounded, no dead. The New York Port of Embarkation is orderly and very quiet, compared to war fronts, yet it is as essential to victory as the bombers that fly over Germany.

In these pictures you see American boys as they say farewell to home and set out for war—on the Rhine or the Yangtze Kiang. You will note that, although the port is a vast industrial-military machine, it takes into account the fact that the men it "processes" probably are under a nervous strain. Its three camps (Camp Shanks, at Orangeburg, N. Y.; Camp Kilmer, at New Brunswick, N. J.; and Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn) have plenty of facilities for physical recreation. Each camp has athletic fields, all kinds of equipment, gymnasiums. Vigorous physical activity helps to break the strain of waiting for sailing orders.

The New York Port of Embarkation, along with seven smaller but similar ports, represents the final summation of America's war effort at home. In this story, Collier's gives you a comprehensive pictorial record of the work of the Port, until now one of the best kept secrets of the war.

Ben Merson

BEN MERSON, author of The Quack Hack, p. 16, lives in uptown New York with his wife, two sons and a dog, in an apartment which, he tells us "is known as Grand Central on the I.R.T. (sometimes called the subway).

"When passers-by have nothing to do," he says, "they drop in. Some use the powder room; some the telephone. Others stay until they receive money from home. Occasionally, we recognize a few."

These erratic circumstances derive, Mr. Merson feels, from the fact that he chose newspapering as a career, stayed with it fourteen years, and is still with it.

For many years he worked the lobster shift—that is, from midnight to morning. "I am now conditioned so I can work best at night," he says, "and if I must work by day, I pull down the blinds and turn up the lights. When not working, which is as often as possible, I pass my time fishing, dabbling in philology (Brown and Brooklynese) and cooking. I cook good, I think, especially borsht and cabbage soup, for which I have secret recipes." . . . A. P.

Smart Gal— My Roommate!

JANE USED TO HAVE A FIT every time she saw me force that harsh, nasty-tasting laxative down my throat. Even *I* had to admit finally that the stuff was probably a little too rough on me.

Some laxatives are too strong!

SO I SWITCHED LATER ON to another kind of laxative . . . one I figured would be easier on me. Well, it was *so* "easy," it just stirred me up inside without giving me the relief I needed!

Some laxatives are too mild!

ONE NIGHT Jane left a box of Ex-Lax on my pillow. I took the hint—and am I glad! Ex-Lax is so pleasant to take and so effective, too! It tastes just like fine chocolate. It works *gently*, yet *thoroughly*. Not too strong, not too mild...

EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—
Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax—the Chocolated Laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle!
As a precaution use only as directed

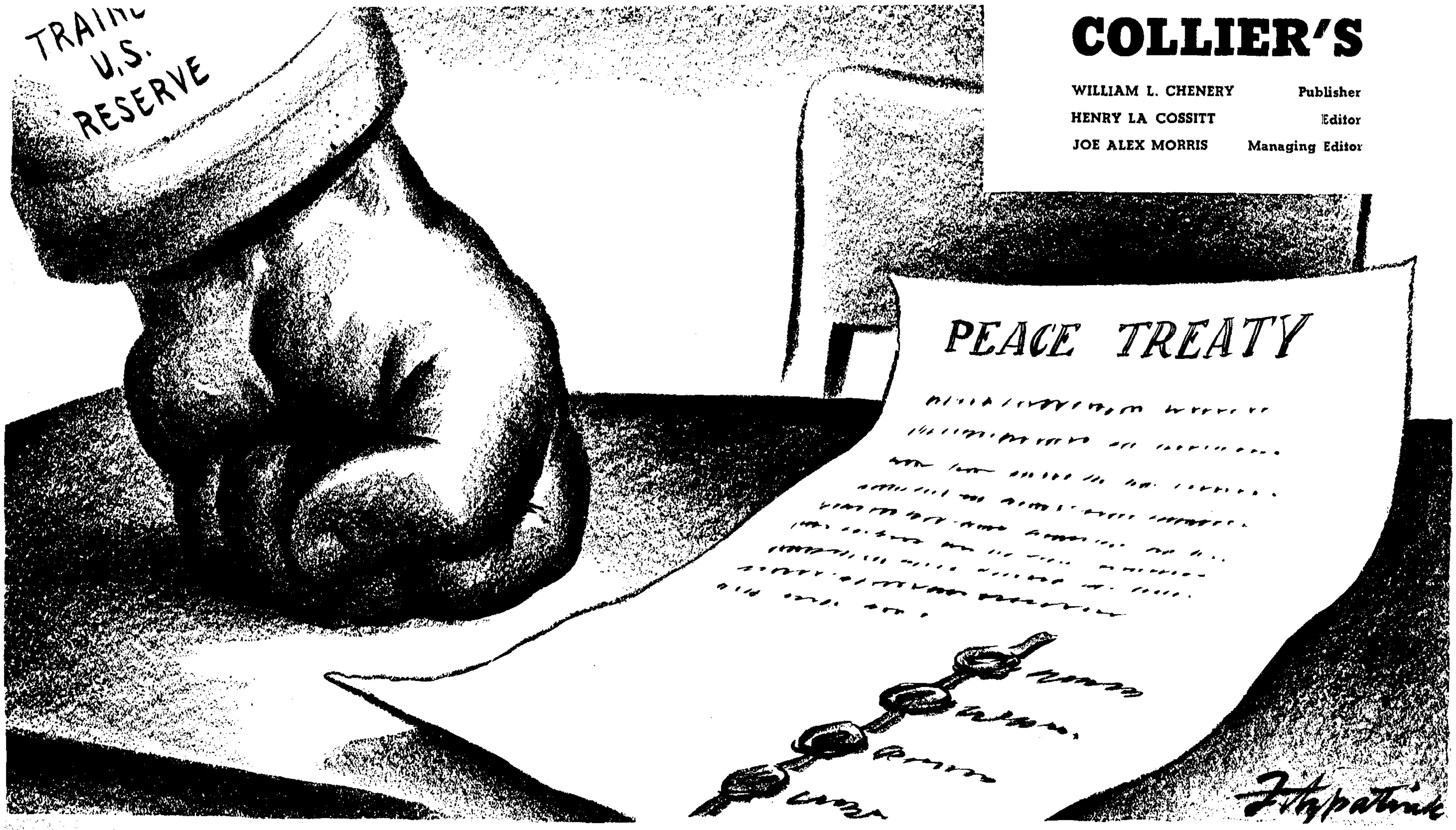
10c and 25c at all drug stores

EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
HENRY LA COSSITT Editor
JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor



WE NEED A TRAINING LAW NOW

WE'VE heard and pondered a number of arguments against compulsory universal military training in the United States after this war. But all of these arguments that we've heard up to now have been based on misconceptions of what such a system will and will not do to the United States and the American way of life.

The plan envisioned by Chief of Staff George C. Marshall, Representative James W. Wadsworth (Rep., N. Y.) and its numerous backers from coast to coast is *not* a plan to saddle a big standing army on the United States taxpayer. It is *not* a plan to create a military caste in this country. It is *not* a plan to turn us into a nation of jingoes or imperialists.

What it is, fundamentally, is a plan to bring about just one change in the big pool of young and able-bodied manpower on which we've had to draw heavily whenever we have got into a war. Those young men, each time, have been untrained in the rudiments of warfare. Hence, we've had to haul them into the services, start from scratch with their training, waste a vast amount of energy and money and numerous lives, and offer up silent prayers that the enemy would not be clawing at our vitals before the young men were ready to fight.

It is proposed, after this war, to transform our pool of young manpower into a pool of trained instead of untrained men. It would be done by drafting all able-bodied American men, year after year, for about a year's service in training camps, where they would be taught the fundamentals of war. They would go back to civilian life as soon as they had done this hitch. Age limits, to give each man leeway in fitting his educational schedules to his term in uniform, would be between about seventeen and twenty-one.

Our standing Army would be nothing but what it has always been, though perhaps somewhat larger—a nucleus of highly trained officers and noncoms and a few privates, around which a big fighting Army could be built when necessary. Congress would retain its constitutional power to declare war. Our social system would be in nowise changed. The only thing that would be discarded—and much for the better—would be our traditional dumb unpreparedness for all our wars including this one, with the single exception of the Mexican War.

Besides saving lives and waste motion in event of another war, a system of compulsory universal military training will save us a lot of money. We are all more or less aware of the huge wastes, most of them unavoidable, which went with our headlong rush to get up the necessary war-making steam after Pearl Harbor. Had we had a trained, young reserve of around 5,000,000 men, and the fighting gear for each man stored away in some warehouse for instant use, we could have glided into the war at top speed and efficiency and with minimum waste—assuming the Japs under such circumstances had been rash enough to attack us at all.

We ought to get this law on the books now, before the war ends. One reason why we need it now is that assorted birdbrains may be able to talk us out of it if we let it wait till after the war, as they did last time. Another reason has to do with the making of the peace.

Suppose all the delegates at the peace conference or conferences know that the United States intends, for an indefinite time to come, to maintain and keep always rejuvenated a reasonable portion of the enormous war-making power it has generated in World War II. In that case, our delegates will have far more muscle with which to obtain agreements desired by the United States than they will have if it is generally understood that the United States will celebrate the Allied victory by scrapping its war machine as fast as it can and forgetting all about matters military until Pearl Harbor II.

By all odds and after all the arguments are in, we believe, this country needs a compulsory universal military training law, and needs it now.

DIRTY WORK AT HOOD RIVER

IT HAS been a great pleasure to record and applaud here from time to time various manifestations of true American-style tolerance and general decency toward loyal Japanese-Americans in this country—cases where Americans who know what Americanism is have stood up and protected these peoples' basic rights.

We now record, with deep regret, a flash from the other side of the picture; to wit: In Hood River, Oregon, the local American Legion post recently forced the removal from the county war memorial of the names of 16 Hood River Japanese-Americans now serving in the Army.

That is tops in blind hatred, a record of some kind for ingratitude, possibly an all-American low in intolerance and bigotry.

We cannot but believe that better judgment and real patriotism will win out in Hood River sooner or later. The sooner, obviously, the better.

DIMES VERSUS POLIO

ON JANUARY 14th, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis is starting its annual March of Dimes, to run through January 31st. We hope you'll contribute—and more than a dime if you can.

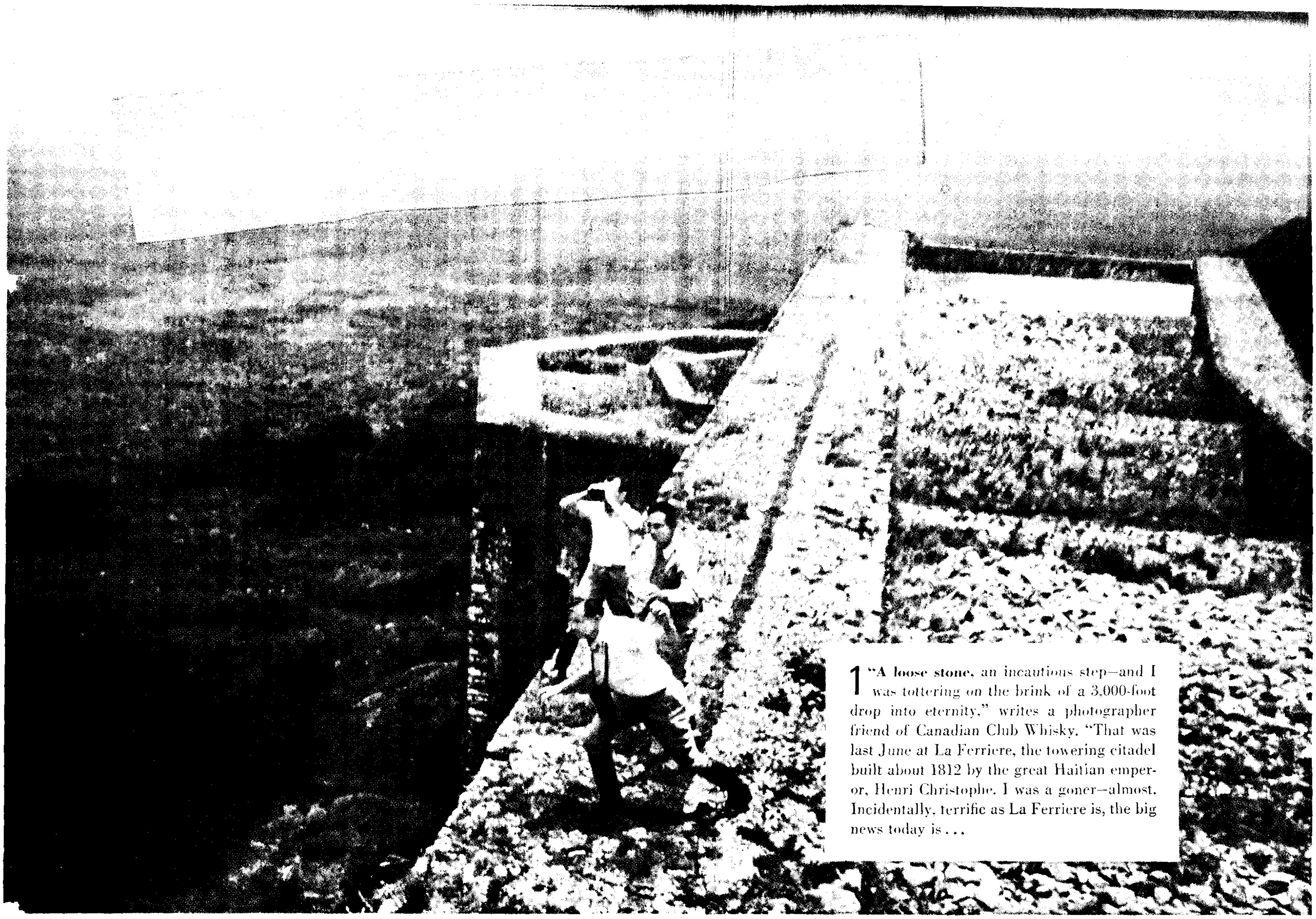
Though infantile paralysis—poliomyelitis, more familiarly known as polio—is not the most prevalent disease there is, it is a bad one, and its consequences can be tragic.

The year 1944 was the worst polio year in the United States since the record year of 1916, when 27,621 cases were reported. In the first nine months of '44 (latest figure available at this writing), almost 16,000 cases were reported. States hardest hit were North Carolina, New Jersey, Kentucky, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland and Massachusetts.

One bad characteristic of polio is that it is properly a rich man's or well-to-do man's disease, but does not inquire into any family's income before it strikes. A year's care, with proper treatment, costs a minimum of $1,800 per patient.

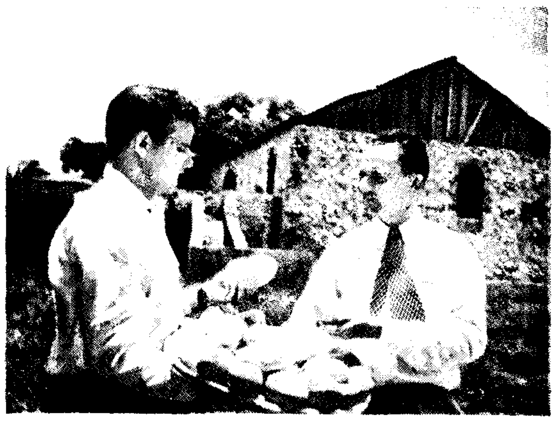
The National Foundation helps pay for treatments in cases where the family budget can't stand the strain. It also organizes epidemic communities to fight polio, provides special training for nurses and physicians, circulates educational material and finances research into all aspects of this still mysterious and still frightening disease.

We hope there will be numerous and generous contributions this year to National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, 120 Broadway, New York 5, N. Y.

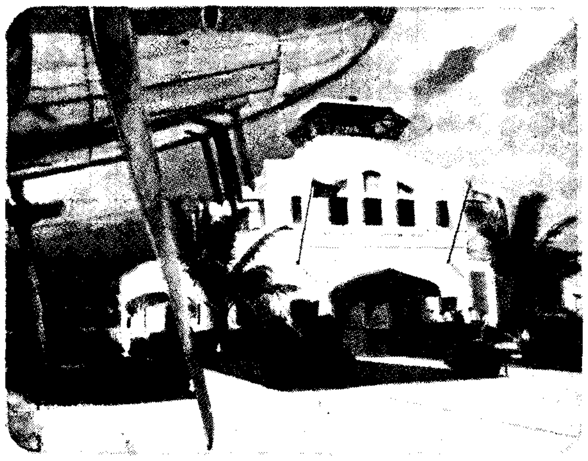


1 **"A loose stone,** an incautious step—and I was tottering on the brink of a 3,000-foot drop into eternity," writes a photographer friend of Canadian Club Whisky. "That was last June at La Ferriere, the towering citadel built about 1812 by the great Haitian emperor, Henri Christophe. I was a goner—almost. Incidentally, terrific as La Ferriere is, the big news today is . . .

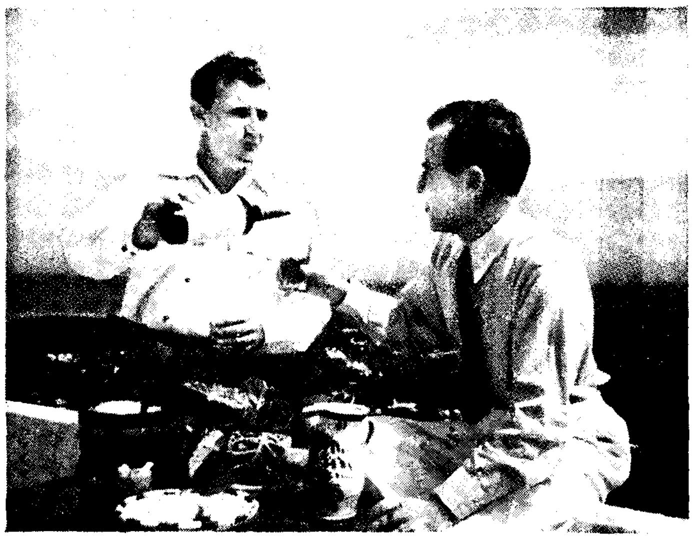
2 **"Haiti's** recently discovered deposit of bauxite, source of aluminum. Important also to the U.S.A., this deposit promises prosperity long-awaited by the gallant little country.



3 **"This tiny republic** has never been rich—except for her soil. It produces fruits galore, magnificent coffee, sugar, and sisal for rope and twines used on many an Allied shipment.



4 **"It's a grand country** to see and, come normal times, *easy* to see. Very soon it'll be just a few hours by Pan-American Clipper from most eastern cities in the States. And not expensive to reach.



5 **"As for giving up** the back-home comforts, banish the thought! Why, in my Port au Prince hotel I found Canadian Club Whisky as familiarly regarded as in any good hotel back in New York."

Once the war is over, you will find it even easier than now to visit Latin America. There you will find Canadian Club again. This whisky is *light* as Scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

- That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

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Hiram Walker & Sons

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